Mar. 21, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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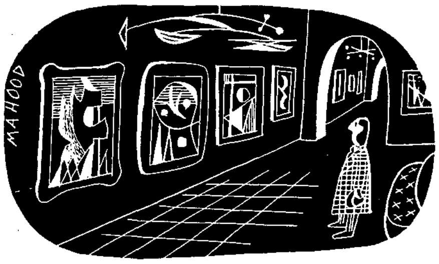
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—An invitation to laughter conceived by Muriel Resnik and advanced with great skill by Sandy Dennis, Rosemary Murphy, Don Porter, and Gene Hackman. It has to do with the ups and downs of the mistress of an industrial big shot who keeps the girl in residence in an executive suite. The play was directed in lively fashion by Henry Kaplan, and has a bright set by Robert Randolph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon's pleasant trifle about the adventures of a married couple starting out life in a Manhattan walkup. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar give good accounts of themselves in the central roles. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Case of Libel—A dramatization of the courtroom struggle between Westbrook Pegler and Quentin Reynolds. Van Heflin is highly effective as the plaintiff's lawyer, and all kinds of admirable performers assist him. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 5-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Chinese Prime Minister—In this comedy by Enid Bagnold, a lady just reaching seventy decides to give her children the back of her hand. Rather slow going, but distinguished by the performances of Margaret Leighton, Alan Webb, and John Williams as assorted old-timers. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Deputy—A compressed version—five acts have been reduced to two—of Rolf Hochhuth's drama in verse, which deals with the alleged silence of Pope Pius XII during the moral crisis brought on by the Nazis' extermination of Jews during the Second World War. The verse as rendered into English is no great shakes, but the play has a powerful impact. Jeremy Brett has the leading role and does well, as do most of the others in the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—A perceptive portrait by Sir Alec Guinness of the drunk, loquacious, and talented Welsh poet, who is described here in the course of a couple of visits to the United States. The drama is the skillful work of Sidney Michaels, and has been astutely directed by Peter Glenville. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays and Friday, March 27, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, March 26, at 2.)

Habimah—H. Bartov's "Each Had Six Wings" is the last offering in a seven-week engagement by the National Theatre of Israel. Earphones provide a simultaneous English translation. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 22.)

Luther—John Osborne's powerful reconstruction of the career of the great reformer. John Heffernan now plays the title role. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 1:50 and Saturdays at 2:20. Closes Saturday, March 28.)

Nobody Loves an Albatross—Robert Preston, prancing about amusingly, has the lead in this comedy about Hollywood television. The play was written by Ronald Alexander and directed galvanically by Gene Saks. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**beyond the fringe 1964:** Four lively wits (Paxton Whitehead, Patrick Carter, William Christopher, and Patrick Horgan) in a revue, now revised, with new material added. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **mary, mary:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Mindy Carson, Murray Hamilton, and Tom Helmore are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **never too late:** A play about a sixty-year-old gentleman dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **who's afraid of virginia woolf?:** Edward Albee's account of some events at a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Mercedes McCambridge, Donald Davis, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Henderson Forsythe, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Foxy—Bert Lahr at the top of his game in a variation of Ben Jonson's "Volpone" that puts the whole mercenary cast of characters in a primitive town in old Alaska. The book is by Ian McLellan Hunter and Ring Lardner, Jr., and the lyrics and music, which are frequently pleasant, are by Johnny Mercer and Robert Emmett Dolan. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 7-5900. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Hello, Dolly!—An adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," in which Carol Channing and a fine supporting cast have themselves a high old time. The lyrics and music were provided by Jerry Herman, and the book is by Michael Stewart. The enterprise is also fortunate in having direction and choreography by Gower Champion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Here's Love—Meredith Willson's hymn to Santa Claus, Christmas, Macy's, and Gimbels is long on color but not really lively in the song-and-dance division. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—Although not quite as stimulating as "The Rainmaker," from which it was adapted, this musical still has merit, mostly because Inga Swenson, as the heroine, is wonderfully beguiling. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—A dilatory musical having to do with a Hollywood striver who would be glad to throw his own mother into the snow if she didn't pull her weight on his sled. Budd and Stuart Schulberg wrote the book, and the lyrics and music were created by Ervin Drake. Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi are in it. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**a funny thing happened on the way to the forum:** Plautus, that jolly old Roman, as adapted by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The players include Dick Shawn, Jack Gilford, and assorted cuties. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** Darryl Hickman plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St. W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oliver!:** Dickens' "Oliver Twist," more or less. With Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand and Sydney Chaplin in a musical about Fanny Brice, with music by Jule Styne, lyrics by Bob Merrill, and a book by Isobel Lennart. The director is Garson Kanin, the producer Ray Stark. Previews through Saturday, March 21. Opens officially on Sunday, March 22. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly at 8:30 for both previews and regular performances; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Murderer Among Us—A comedy adapted by George White from a French original by Yves Jamiaque. Tom Bosley, Pierre Olaf, and Loring Smith head a cast under the direction of Sam Wanamaker. Presented by Jeff Britton. Previews through Tuesday,

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Advertising offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1365 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. W. 1. Vol. XL, No. 5, March 21, 1964. Second-class postage paid in New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1964 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00. Other foreign, $11.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 24. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 25. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40 for both previews and regular performances; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Never Live Over a Pretzel Factory—Jerry Devine's comedy, starring Dennis O'Keefe. Produced by Paul Vroom, Buff Cobb, and Albert Marre, who is also the director. Previews Friday, March 20, at 8:40; Saturday, March 21, at 2:40 and 8:40; and Wednesday through Friday, March 25-27, at 8:40. Opens officially on Saturday, March 28. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—"But for Whom Charlie," a comedy by S. N. Behrman about good and evil in the modern world, has as its setting a philanthropical foundation that takes care of indigent writers. Not always as compelling as it might be, the play has one large virtue—the presence of David Wayne as an aging author who takes a dim and droll view of our times. The direction was handled by Elia Kazan, and the production and lighting were supervised by Jo Mielziner. Performance Thursday, March 19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Eugene O'Neill's satire "Marco Millions" stands up better than you might expect after thirty-six years, and the present production is quite spectacular. Hal Holbrook, David Wayne, and Joseph Wiseman are among those happily present. Performances Friday, March 20, at 8:30; Saturday, March 21, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Tuesday through Thursday, March 24-26, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "After the Fall," by Arthur Miller, isn't up to the author's usual standard, but as it goes its autobiographical way it does provide a moment or two of dramatic excitement. Performances Sunday, March 22, at 2 and 7:30; Friday, March 27, at 8; and Saturday, March 28, at 2 and 8. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

City Center Gilbert & Sullivan Company—"The Yeomen of the Guard": Thursday, March 19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore": Friday, March 20, at 8:30, and Saturday, March 21, at 2:30 (primarily for children) and 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Mikado": Sunday, March 22, at 1 and 5:30 (both primarily for children). . . . ¶ "Patience": Wednesday, March 25, at 8 (company première), and Thursday, March 26, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Gondoliers": Friday, March 27, at 2:30 (primarily for children) and 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance": Saturday, March 28, at 2:30 (primarily for children) and 8:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, April 5.)

APA at the Phoenix—George M. Cohan's "The Tavern," Thursday and Friday, March 19-20, at 8:40. . . . ¶ A Molière twin-bill, "Scapin" and "Impromptu at Versailles," Saturday, March 21, at 7 and 10. . . . ¶ Luigi Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are," Sunday, March 22, at 2:40. . . . ¶ Maxim Gorki's "The Lower Depths." Previews Wednesday, March 25, at 2:40 and 8:40; Thursday and Friday, March 26-27, at 8:40; and Saturday, March 28, at 2:40 and 7:30. Opening on Thursday, April 2. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

The Amorous Flea—A sprightly little musical, which Bruce Montgomery (songs) and Jerry Devine (book) have made from Molière's "School for Wives." Lew Parker and Imelda de Martin head the cast. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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The Blood Knot—An obvious and tricky drama that is more than redeemed by the performances of the two actors who appear in it. James Earl Jones is wonderful as a South African Negro, and J. D. Cannon is good, too, as his half brother, who is also half white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A sparkling revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. The book, in spite of some bright moments, is rather painful but no more so than "The Comedy of Errors," on which it is based. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Caretaker—A revival of the Harold Pinter play, with Leonardo Cimino, Donald Moffat, and Norman Bowler serving as the entire cast. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

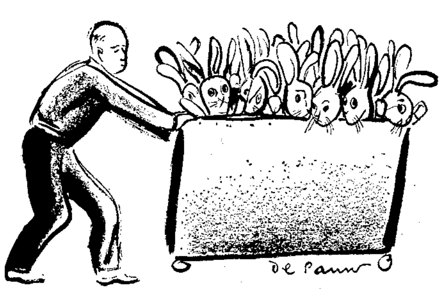
Cindy—A musical with lyrics and score by Johnny Brandon and book by Joe Sauter and Mike Sawyer. Opens Thursday, March 19. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Immoralist—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which is based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Jerico-Jim Crow—A fervent performance, by a choir and a handful of soloists, of traditional Negro songs, with a narrative by Langston Hughes. The singing and some of the acting are fine. The singing and acting of Gilbert Price and Hilda Harris are extraordinary. Weekends only. (The Sanctuary, 143 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Saturdays at 5:30, 7:30, and 10, and Sundays at 5:30.)



Jo—This wispy musical concoction adapted from "Little Women" does no justice to its lively original, but the score and dancing are occasionally rather pleasant. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Fridays at 4, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Life Is a Dream (La Vida Es Sueño)—Pedro Calderon de la Barca's seventeenth-century play, being presented in both English and Spanish. The opening performance in English will take place on Thursday, March 19, at 7:30. Thereafter performances in English on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:30, Fridays at 10, Saturdays at 7, and Sundays at 8:30. Performances in Spanish on Mondays and Wednesdays at 8:30, Fridays at 7, Saturdays at 10, and Sundays at 3. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240.)

Little Eyolf—A revival of Henrik Ibsen's drama, translated by R. V. Forslund. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pinter Plays—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Play and **The Lover**—Samuel Beckett's "Play" involves three corpses, encased in urns, who talk separately and in chorus, to no apparent purpose. "The Lover" is Harold Pinter's very funny new comedy, which may be part parody of Noël Coward and Edward Albee but is stamped in every line with Mr. Pinter's own delightful originality. Starting Tuesday, March 24, "Dutchman," by LeRoi Jones, and Fernando Arrabal's "The Two Executioners" (translated by Richard Howard) will replace "The Lover." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesday, March 24, at 7:30; Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Squat Betty and **The Sponge Room**—Two one-acters, imported from London. They are full of bright, quirky lines and notions, but the production doesn't do the plays justice. Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall are the collaborating dramatists. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. OR 3-3377. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Streets of New York—This charming and frisky musical comedy (based, in an offhand way, on Dion Boucicault's nineteenth-century melodrama) has good songs, by Barry Alan Grael and Richard B. Chodosh, and an amusing book, also by Mr. Grael. The singing and general deportment of every member of the company are as near to faultless as makes no matter. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully

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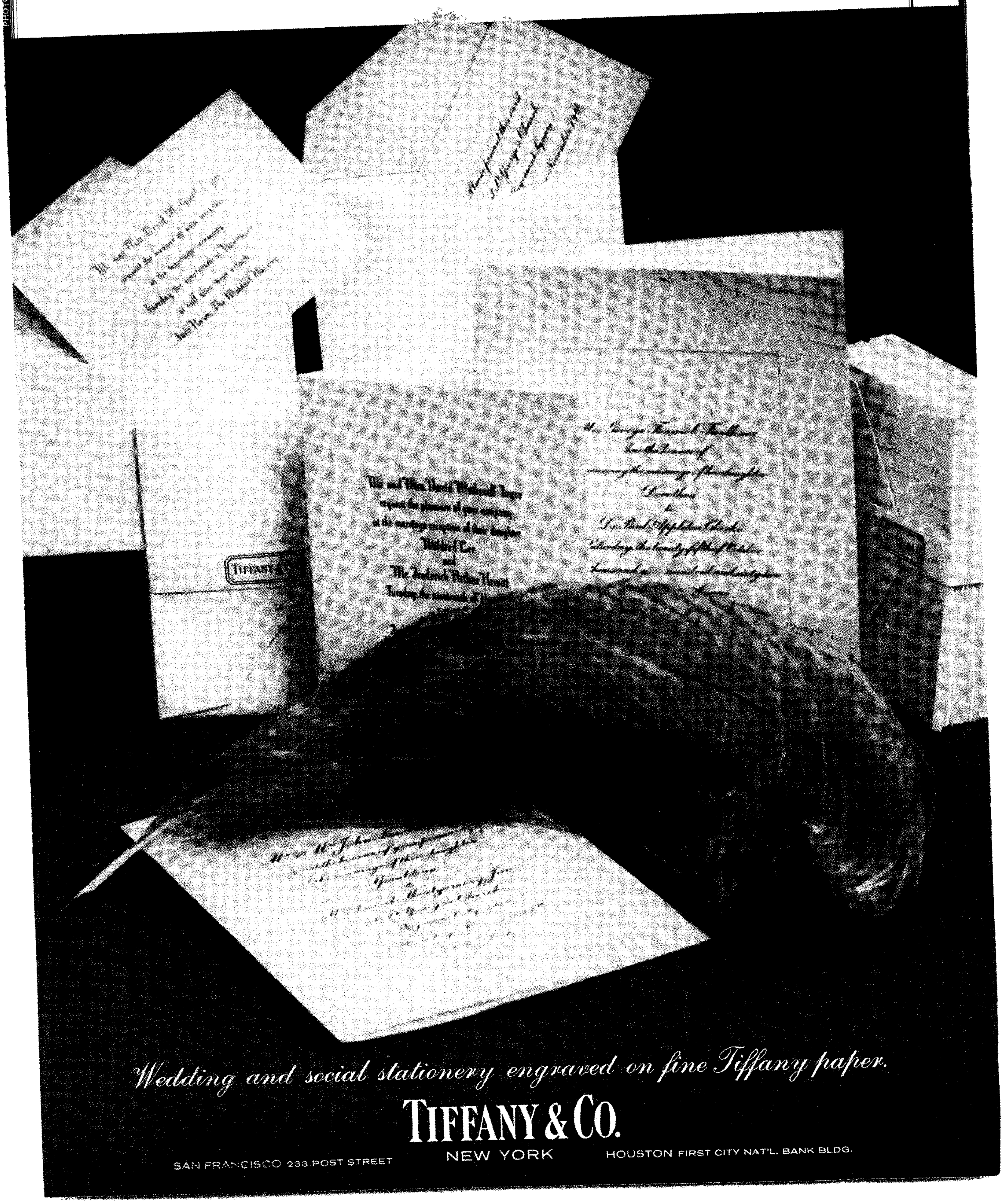
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer, and there is one first-rate performance—that of Alan Mixon, as a Greek herald. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Trumpets of the Lord—The combination of a set of poems, by James Weldon Johnson, with a set of spirituals, gospel songs, and freedom songs makes this all-Negro musical a jubilant occasion. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The White Rose and the Red—A dramatization by Fanny Bradshaw of scenes from Shakespeare's "Henry V," "Henry VI," and "Richard III," with Staats Cotsworth, Betty Lou Holland, and Earle Hyman. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Olé Olé!—A company of four flamenco dancers and a guitarist. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LO 3-1870. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Contemporary Dance Productions—The first in a series of three programs, this one performed by Katherine Litz, Jack Moore, Doris Rudko, and Anneliese Widman and their companies. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, March 22, at 2:30.)

Mazowsze—A company of a hundred Polish folk dancers and singers, with a symphony orchestra. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, March 22, at 3 and 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey will unveil their latest ode to spring on Tuesday, March 24, and will be around through Sunday, May 10. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam about among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

Magic Show—The 1964 edition of "Magic, Mirth, and Mystery," put on by the Society of American Magicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 21, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The days when orchestrations were lovingly fashioned out of gold leaf and such are revived twice a night in the Royal Box by the current Glenn Miller band, presided over by Tex Beneke. Ray Eberle and Paula Kelly, who sang the words for the late Master, are still singing them, helped out by an eager bunch of collaborators. It is possible to both listen and dance to the tunes they call. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The floral tributes that adorn the walls of the restaurant come from Never-Never Land, but the music is for real. George Anaya's little band, which makes it, is Latin and American. It does menu music from eight to ten and prancing music from then until one, and it stays home Sundays.

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El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—How to be a social success by really trying. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra perform for anyone who'd prefer just to dance. In the Champagne Room, the loudest noise is Freddie Fassler's Vienna-by-night violin. Sundays, the only sound is taped music in the alcove called Perona's.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, a dignified little duchy, Renato Rossini plays guitar, brisk at dinner and hand-kissing later on. He's absent Mondays, but a Ben Cutler band is in a good humor every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Tuesday, March 24, is the end of the road for Caterina Valente, who, endowed with a voice like lilac wine, is at ease in every key, tempo, and country. She's the chef-d'oeuvre at dinner and supper in the Persian Room, where Emil Coleman's and Mark Monte's industrious groups do hour after hour of dance tunes for the patrons. On Wednesday, March 25, the Kessler Twins, a brace of young German carollers, will make their metropolitan bow. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays. . . . ¶ A luxurious dessert and any drink in the house await the visitor between eight and one (except Sundays) in the Palm Court, transformed by the magic of light into an esplanade in Lugano, with real Lugano violin by Gunnar Hansen.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, Peter Duchin's orchestra and Quintero's Latin Americans make the music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, baby sister of the Maisonette, the comestibles are brought to table on the wings of piano by Walter Kay and violin by Jani Sarkozi. Eight to two is their run. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns represents great calm, great peace, and chortling music from the small posse of Arturo Arturos, which sets to at half past seven during the week and and at six on Sundays. Curfew on Sundays at eleven, on weekdays at twelve-thirty; closed Mondays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—The spirit of the Cairo Shepheard's back in the days of Empire lives on, seven nights a week, to incessant but jovial dance music (part machine-made, part man-made) that begins at eight. Some of the décor is Peter Larkin's merry Egyptology (he's put Mona Lisa smiles on all his Sphinxes); the rest is the audience, which has put best bibs and best tuckers on itself.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Milt Shaw's band is percolating in the Embassy Club, which is on a routine of dinner and supper and eurythmics—eight to one in general, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Empire Room, Jack Carter abandons the career of one-liners that made him famous in favor of becoming a man of many (and any) old words, to what purpose it is hard to guess. A more than usually jaunty Meyer Davis orchestra and the band run by Horace Diaz are also in action. The room closes on Saturday, March 21, for a holiday that ends right after Easter.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Open house, open forum for a whole lot of mutual friends. Another part of the sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as harum-scarum double-deck pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): On an evening's stroll among the dinner tables in this Florentine garden, one can encounter—from Thursday through Saturday—not a few old-school musicians, Puccini and Leoncavallo among them. The *baton man* for the singers is Aldo Bruschi, whose piano is the orchestra for both operatics and (augmented by a helping hand or two) dancing. The rest of the week, Mr. B. is the basso, and there's almost always a feminine voice in the house, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): From seven to one, which is enough for the most lackadaisical diner, Ray Hartley uses his piano to transpose the tunes of the day into an idiom that is his alone. This takes place every night but Sunday. . . . **ARCHIE'S,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (EL 5-9395): A roguish glimpse of the nineteenth century, made festive indeed by Hugh Shannon, who gives his pianoforte a sturdy barroom bounce and his all-in-fun ballads a firm, round, fully packed tenor. Michael Burr's efficacious bass fiddle joins in the romp. The music, not audible on Sundays, begins at ten. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Brothers Grimm had something to do with the interior decoration of this playful pageant. Through it strolls Norbert Faconi, his thine-is-my-heart-alone fiddle always tucked under his chin. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The set would do for a London Christmas pantomime of the lives of kings. The orchestra in the pit is George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Land of Goshen for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): High life, but on its best behavior, to which Forrest Perrin contributes judiciously jovial piano for cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): This wing of the Empress's palace is more a monument to Napoleon than to Josephine. It is completely staffed—chef, barman, court musician, and all. The musician is Jules Kuti, whose piano discourses knowingly from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Via Veneto in all its hustle and bustle. Part of the street scene is the squadron of peripatetic violinists squired by the perfectionist Herman Honigsberg. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the re-

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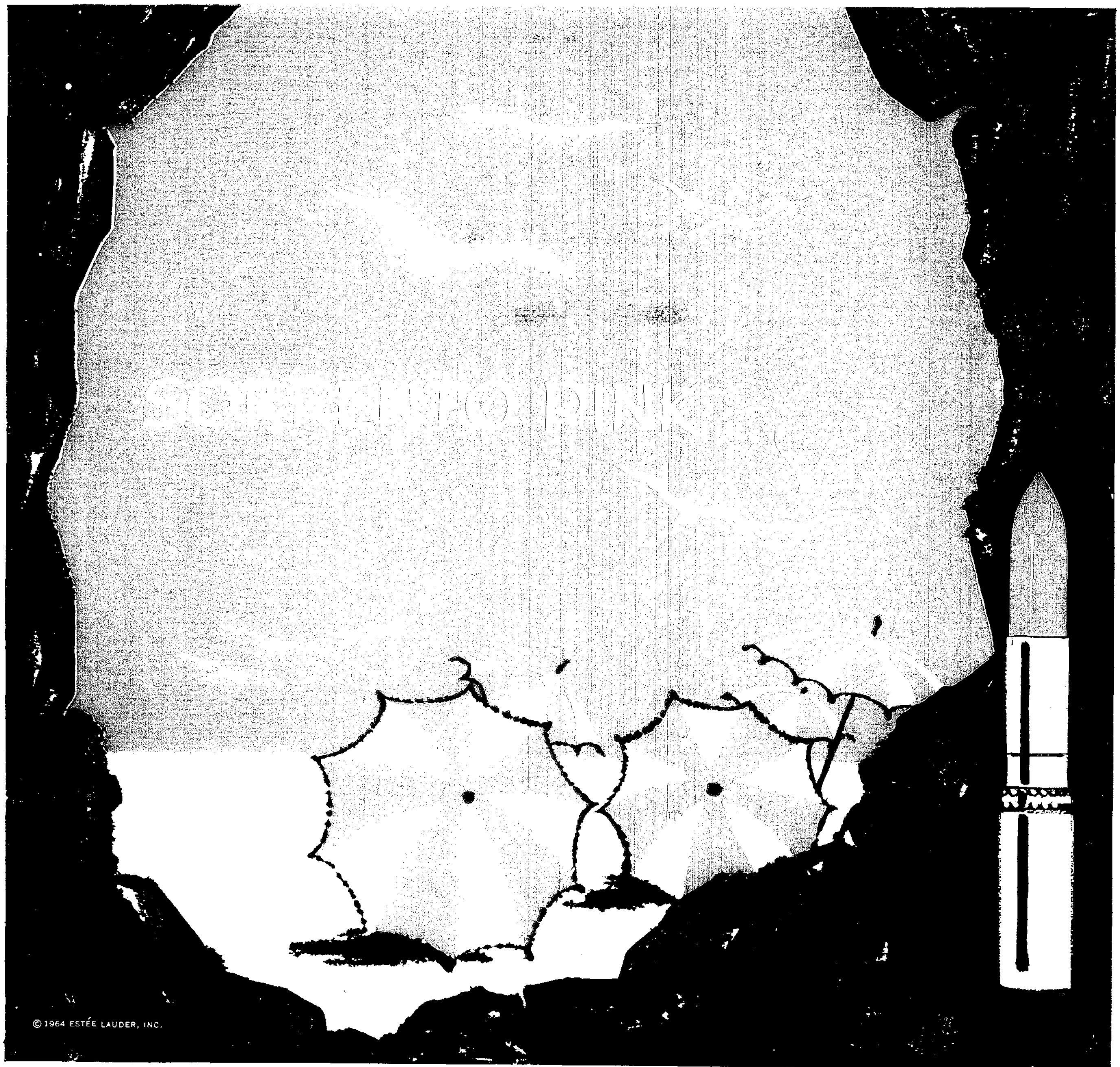

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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fectory is Renaissance with an unlimited expense account; the music—the calm but poignant guitar of Gustavo Lopez—is largely a love letter to Spain. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys from television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio during the week; on Sundays, they find a jazz duo. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who has always had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his collection on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Monday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): You expect the real Henry James to stand up at any moment in this dining-in-state and dining-in-the-nineties restaurant, in the bar of which there's piano from five to seven-thirty and nine to two every evening but Saturday. . . . **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A scattering of musicians makes the sound that goes with the neat but not gaudy Italian school of cookery. A piano starts soliloquizing at five, and Joe Candullo's dance trio starts at nine-thirty. Fridays and Saturdays, a couple of voices join in. It's all family style, but with the greatest of dignity. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A complete cast of characters, from Shubert Alley to Sutton Place, is in stock. At the south end of the pavilion, a dance trio shows up at ten-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The waves that beat on this segment of the Gold Coast issue from the piano of George Feyer, whose tenure is eight-thirty until one or two. The waves are tiny, but nobody seems to mind. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park offers the well-brought-up piano of Steven Weltner, who's part of the intercontinental circuit. He operates from five-thirty to midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A finer lot of bouncing Czechs and Hungarians you never saw or heard. Two of the few zimbalons remaining in captivity are prominent in the celebration, and so is (among other sounds) the voice of Tibor Rakossy, slowly savoring the ageless words of romance. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Dim are the lights, dark is the panelling, and dark are the Russian eyes that Marina Fedorovskaya, the clear-as-a-bell and unmannered innkeeper, sings of between seven-thirty and two. The air is Russian (Imperial), too; so are the ruminative piano and violin; so is the chef. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A noisy neighborhood in which your waiter, your busboy, or your barkeep may be seized by delusions of grand opera right in the middle of your second course. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Our best-known midtown Moorish palace provides dining to tiptoe piano from six to nine-thirty. The musician is Conrad Monjoy, whose vacations are Saturday and Sunday evenings. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): In the Palm Court, which is often an Ivy League forum at the cocktail hour, Joan Bishop applies herself assiduously and calmly to her piano from five to eight-thirty every day but Sunday. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): The piano, which goes quietly about its business from nine-thirty to three during the week, and from five o'clock on every Saturday, never tries to rewrite the nation's songs—rather a novelty these nights. There's food for the inner man (and girl) as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The wickedest woman in all Paris of the Lautrec era is played and sung by Rita Dimitri, the proprietor of this café, with all the pertinent nuances and implications. She appears at dinner, and on Fridays and Saturdays at supper, too. There's music the rest of the time, some of it for dancing on a tiny floor. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A jack-in-the-box named Mimmo del Sud hops about the ornate bar between nine-thirty and one-thirty every night but Sunday, whipping out guitar and the lyrics, mostly Latin, that go best with it.

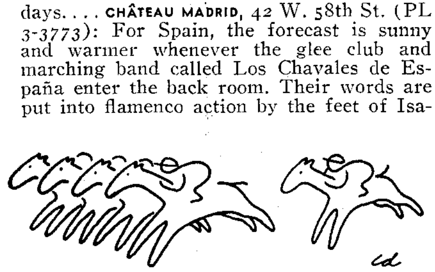
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Young womanhood in her crowning glory and in not very much else. The current occasion of her appearance is "Diamond Fair," a vast and sumptuous enterprise comprised of light, color, movement, mummery, flummery, and cheer. To all this is added Eddie Albert, the one-time musical-comedy man, and a troupe of girl songbirds of his own. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Sarah Vaughan is briskly decanting new wine, old wine from quite a collection of bottles, and Pat O'Brien, who hasn't been heard around here in years, is telling the stories he knows best. The foursome of Terry Gibbs does the jazz. Closed Sundays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Mort Sahl, a minority reporter who is anti most everything, even histamine, and Barbara McNair, a fetching, far-flinging young nightingale, wind up their stay on Wednesday, March 25. Next evening's arrivals are Sergio Franchi, an honest-to-goodness, non-electronic tenor from Rome, and Joey Forman, a wit of much more local range. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

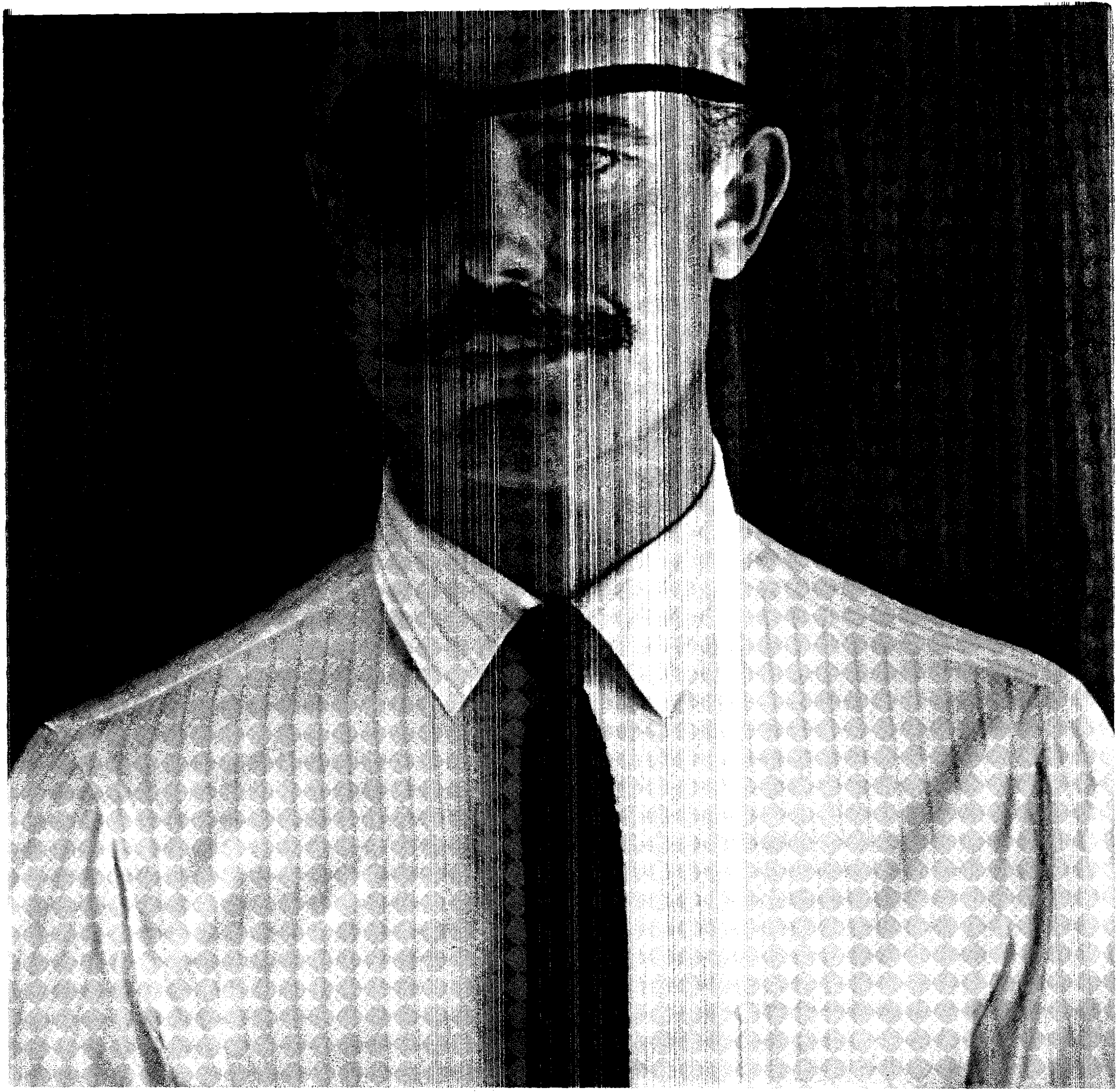
PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Not every prospect pleases the authors of "Baker's Dozen," this season's Julius Monk revue, which has an unkind and well-rhymed word for everything that stands in the way of communal happiness. The faultless Gerry Matthews is the ringleader; his chief helpmeets are Nagle Jackson, Jamie Ross, Delphi Harrington, and Barbara Cason, an actress of great quality; the sophomores—all deserving a good word, too—are Jan Templeton, Ruth Buzzi, and Dick Blair. The band is the pianos of William Roy, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood. Exhibitions at eight-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Rolf Harris, a genuine music-hall entertainer of a sort nearly vanished from the earth, is rousing, rowdy, and rollicking in about equal measure; his principal companion is Ketty Lester, a meadow lark who comes close to being sheer delight. Dinner and supper are always part of the course. A trio rambles through the lounge from two until curfew, except Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): "The New Establishment" is the third, and unsparing, round of a London charivari addressed to the removal of stuffing from the shirts of the mighty and ramming it down their throats. Peter Cook is its eminent principal author and thinker. Except for the darkling and delightful Carole Simpson, the expert cast—Peter Bellwood, Alexandra Berlin, Francis Bethencourt, and Roddy Maude-Roxby are the rest of it—is new. Hearings are held Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and on Sundays at four and eight. A rather British cuisine goes with all this, and so does Marian McPartland's semi-abstract American trio, which gets its second wind in the bar after the late show. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): For Spain, the forecast is sunny and warmer whenever the glee club and marching band called Los Chavales de España enter the back room. Their words are put into flamenco action by the feet of Isabella and Miguel. Dinner and supper are their usual post times, but on Saturday nights they add a 2 A.M. tempest, and on Sundays they rampage only at ten-thirty. Emilio Reyes' band, which also gives the customers a chance to unwind, can incite almost to riot. The Sunday afternoon-into-evening tea dances are just as tumultuous. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpatico* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's flamenco arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Tito Guizar, who has put in a very full lifetime at song and guitar, is up from Mexico on one of his infrequent visits. The others onstage are Latin, too, but not as memorable. There's dancing for the customers both at night and from two to seven on Sundays.



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Cannonball Adderley's sextet, hot and sometimes bothered, is filling in the gap until the delayed arrival, on Tuesday, March 24, of the threesome in the charge of Dudley Moore, who has just resigned his portfolio in "Beyond the Fringe." Dancing. Sundays, there are matinées from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): On Friday, March 20, this establishment reopens to play host to Herbie Mann's bunch of West Indian, Heart of Africa music-makers, Jackie Vernon's rapid-fire Broadway causeries, and the Tarriers' pressurized folk songs. Mondays, when this cast ceases and desists, will be catch-as-catch-can affairs. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A coffeehouse that sets the Village standard for its genre. Among the perquisites that go with it are Ronnie Gilbert, for years the soprano part of the celebrated Weavers. Monday, March 23, is her closing night, but other merriment will go right on. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Rant-and-roll music prevails from three until eight-thirty, after which Lionel Hampton's clatterers and Marty Napoleon's traditionalists open fire. Sundays, visiting outfits have the use of the place. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Little that is worthy of note will occur before Thursday, March 26, when Gerry Mulligan's almost irresistible force of men blows back into town. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): John Coltrane's horn keeps relentlessly marching up one scale and down another as he runs a foursome. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The pilgrim's progress of the band run by Charlie Mingus, a pioneer if there ever was one, is on display in all its earnestness, fury, and iconoclasm. Walter Bishop's trio is also there. On Mondays, the place is assigned to the Upper Bohemia Six, which plays—rather unevenly—for listening and dancing, and to the quartet of David Amram, composer and seeker of the truth about the new music. On Sundays, there's a four-to-eight session for visiting artists. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Lang syne, some of it auld and some of it more recent, is being attended to by Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dave Frishberg, and Buzzy Drootin with befitting enthusiasm. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Country-fair midway is the point of view. Not far above the babbling crowd, Joe Bushkin's quartet bounces along every night but Sunday. Chuck Wayne, Milt Hinton, and Ed Shaughnessy are his helpers. On Friday, March 20, Bobby Hackett's quartet will take the first half of the evening in lieu of the Bushkins. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the celebrated oval bar sits Mary Lou Williams, an intense, dedicated, sometimes demoniac, and always true-blue pianist. Her trio gets to work at ten, and is on the premises every night but Monday. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the midtown rifle ranges. Marshall Brown's battering-ram trombone augments Mr. J. every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday; Thurs-



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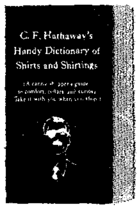

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days through Saturdays, his aides are Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The boys with the banjos on their knees (there are three on the stand here, and they call themselves the Banjokers) are leading their Susannahs not to the wild frontier but back to the primitive beginnings of American jazz. Their plunking, which runs from nine to three or four Wednesdays through Sundays, is complemented by beer, peanuts, and come-as-you-are devotees. Mondays and Tuesdays, a counterpart known as the Red Onion Minstrels works out. . . . **THE MOST,** 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-5738): On the hot-rod side, but it can be entertaining when Jackie Paris takes to winding his lyrics into knots no Boy Scout could fathom. Ernie Furtado's trio makes the music. Sundays, Benny Powell's quartet is the whole deal.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

DARREL AUSTIN—Figures, beasts, and landscapes; through April 4. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROGER BOLOMEY—Sculptures; through Saturday, March 21. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St.)

HENRY BOTKIN—Abstract paintings and collages; through Saturday, March 28. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

BENNETT BRADBURY—Marine paintings; through Saturday, March 28. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

ALBERTO BURRI—Plastica (overlapping sheets of transparent plastic) by a leading Italian abstractionist; through April 4. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DORIS CAESAR—Bronze nudes; through Saturday, March 28. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

SALLY COOK—Abstractions; through April 4. (Feiner, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD CORBETT—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEON DABO (1868-1960)—Watercolors and drawings; through Saturday, March 28. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

ADOLF DEHN—Lithographs, 1920-63; through Saturday, March 28. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

LÉON DE LEEUW—Expressionistic landscapes of Tuscany; through Saturday, March 28. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

JOSEPH DE MARTINI—Figures and seascapes; through April 9. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

B. F. DOLBIN—Drawings, portraits mostly, from the period 1909-62; through Saturday, March 28. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROSALYN DREXLER—Paintings; through April 4. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Paintings, assemblages, and ink drawings by this Paris modern; through April 11. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

LOUIS M. EILSHEMIUS (1864-1941)—An exhibition of oils, watercolors, drawings, and memorabilia, commemorating the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through Saturday, March 28. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

PERLE FINE—Geometric paintings; through Saturday, March 28. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER GOLFINOPOULOS—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 21. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St.)

MAURICE GROSSER—Landscapes of Greece; through Saturday, March 21. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St.)

LÉON HARTL—Still-lifes and landscapes; through Saturday, March 28. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

JUNE HILDEBRAND—Prints and drawings; through Thursday, March 26. (Aegis, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

PAUL JENKINS—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

BUFFIE JOHNSON—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 28. (Granville, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM KING—Wood carvings and bronzes, some done by the lost-wax process; through Saturday, March 21. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

W. H. D. KOERNER (1878-1938)—Paintings of the Old West; through March 31. (Kennedy, 13 E. 58th St.)

RICHARD LINDNER—Figurative paintings; through Saturday, March 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARISOL—Wooden figurative sculptures; through Saturday, March 21. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

MARYAN—Large brush drawings; through Saturday, March 28. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

HENRY NIESE—Still-lifes, landscapes, and figures; through Monday, March 23. (Grippi & Waddell, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

PICASSO—Paintings executed during the past three years; through April 4. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

FAIRFIELD PORTER—Interiors, landscapes, seascapes, portraits, and figures; through April 11. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

ABRAHAM RATTNER—Paintings, 1961-63; through Saturday, March 28. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St. Closed Mondays.)

JEANNE REYNAL—Mosaics; through Saturday, March 28. (PVI Gallery, 173 E. 73rd St.)

ANTONIO SAURA—Paintings and collages by a young Spaniard; through April 4. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE SEGAL—Plaster-cast people in environments; through April 4. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

THOMAS STEARNS—Silk-hung forms; through April 11. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

KUMI SUGAÏ—Paintings by a Japanese abstractionist who lives in Paris; through Saturday, March 28. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE SUGARMAN—Abstract sculptures in painted laminated wood; through April 4. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM THON—Seascapes and landscapes; through April 11. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

CY TWOMBLY—Abstractions; through April 9. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOUIS R. WILLIAMS—Paintings of nudes and bathers; through March 29. (Contemporary Arts, 40 W. 56th St. Open Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30, and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)

FRITZ WOTRUBA—Stone and bronze figures, plus watercolors, drawings, and etchings, by this Austrian sculptor; through April 4. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURES—At the **STAEMPFLI,** 47 E. 77th St.: Stone, wood, and metal sculptures by American and European artists, among them Harry Bertoia, Max Bill, and Jean Tinguely; through Saturday, March 21. . . . **WISE,** 50 W. 57th St.: Pieces by Peter Agostini, Robert Mallary, David Weinrib, and seven other sculptors who represented the United States at the São Paulo Bienal; through Saturday, March 28.

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **GRAHAM,** second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Six Early American portraits (by Robert Feke, John Wollaston, Charles Willson Peale, Gilbert Stuart, and Thomas Sully), plus a group of drawings; through Saturday, March 21. . . . **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: Watercolors by Childe Hassam, Ogden M. Pleissner, and Gari Melchers (to mention a few); through April 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **NEW SCHOOL,** 66 W. 12th St.: "The American Conscience," an exhibit of paintings reflecting

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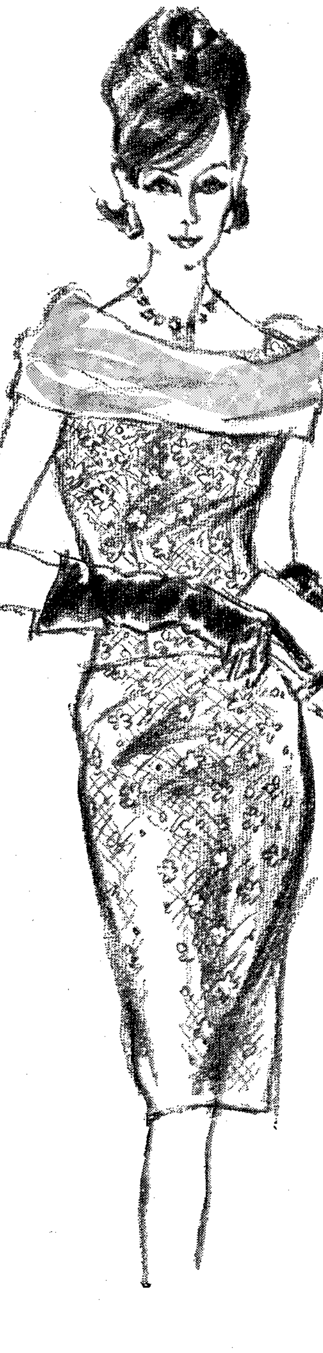

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

historical and social scenes by such artists as Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, and Mark Tobey; through April 4. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: "The Painter's Eye," a show demonstrating how still-lifes, landscapes, or collages may serve as points of departure for abstract paintings. Hedda Sterne, Ellsworth Kelly, and Richard Pousette-Dart are three of the seven participants. Through Saturday, March 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SLOAN**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by members of the Hudson River School, including Albert Bierstadt, Jasper Francis Cropsey, and Homer D. Martin; through Saturday, March 28.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **EMMERICH**, 17 E. 64th St.: Paintings and sculptures by the gallery artists, among them Helen Frankenthaler, Theodoros Stamos, and Guitou Knoop; through Saturday, March 21. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: "2 Generations: Picasso to Pollock," an exhibition bringing together works by twentieth-century French artists, from Fauvism to Surrealism, with examples by leading American Abstract Expressionists; through April 4. . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Still-lifes by, among others, William Merritt Chase, John Singer Sargent, and Max Pechstein; through Saturday, March 28.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DURLACHER**, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Lord Leighton, James McNeill Whistler, Albert Moore, and Charles Conder are the exhibitors in a show of English art entitled "Painters of the Beautiful;" through Saturday, March 28. . . . **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Delacroix, Gauguin, Renoir, and other nineteenth-century French masters; through Saturday, March 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ROMANET-VERCEL**, 710 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.: Post-Impressionist paintings by Maximilion Luce, Gustave Loiseau, Paul Signac, and others; through Saturday, March 21.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"World's Fairs—The Architecture of Fantasy," an exhibit of prints and photographs covering sixteen expositions and focussing on such structures as London's Crystal Palace in 1851, the Eiffel Tower for the Paris Fair in 1889, and the 1939 New York World's Fair Trylon and Perisphere; through Oct. 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 21 W. 53rd St.—The galleries will be closed until mid-May, while the Museum gets on with its remodelling and building program.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Fourteenth National Print Exhibition, comprising a hundred and sixty-five works by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Mughal India," containing examples of the arts of the Mughal dynasty (1526-1858)—book and album paintings; vessels of jade, glass, and crystal; arms and armor; fabrics of gold tissue; and rugs. Through March 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—"Venetian Baroque Painters," a loan show of works by (for instance) Bernardo Strozzi, Domenico Fetti, and della Vecchia; through April 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Huntington Hartford's new museum will open on Saturday, March 21, with a permanent exhibition of paintings and sculptures from Mr. Hartford's own collection, including works by Dali, Vuillard, and Jacob Epstein, plus a showing (ending April 22) of paintings and drawings by Pavel Tchelitchew. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Fourth Guggenheim International Award Exhibition, consisting of a painting apiece by eighty-two artists, including Alberto Giacometti, whose "Large Nude" won first prize. Twenty-four countries are represented. Through March 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A ten-year retrospective of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Jasper Johns, a leading member of the New York School; through April 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Designs for the Performing Arts," a display of original costume and scene designs (by Adrian, Cecil Beaton, Robert Edmond Jones, and others) from the Museum's collection; through Aug. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Designed for Production: The Craftsman's Approach," an exhibit of two hundred and twenty-five items, chiefly in the home-furnishings field; through May 3. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A show entitled "Seafarers of New Guinea: Art of the Massim Area" (carved canoe prows and paddles, dance shields, and the like), together with a showing of paintings of primitive sculptures by Miguel Covarrubias; through May 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of the works of twenty-three American painters and sculptors who are candidates for awards. Among the artists invited to participate are Robert Goodnough, Sarai Sherman, and Noel W. Jutte; through March 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

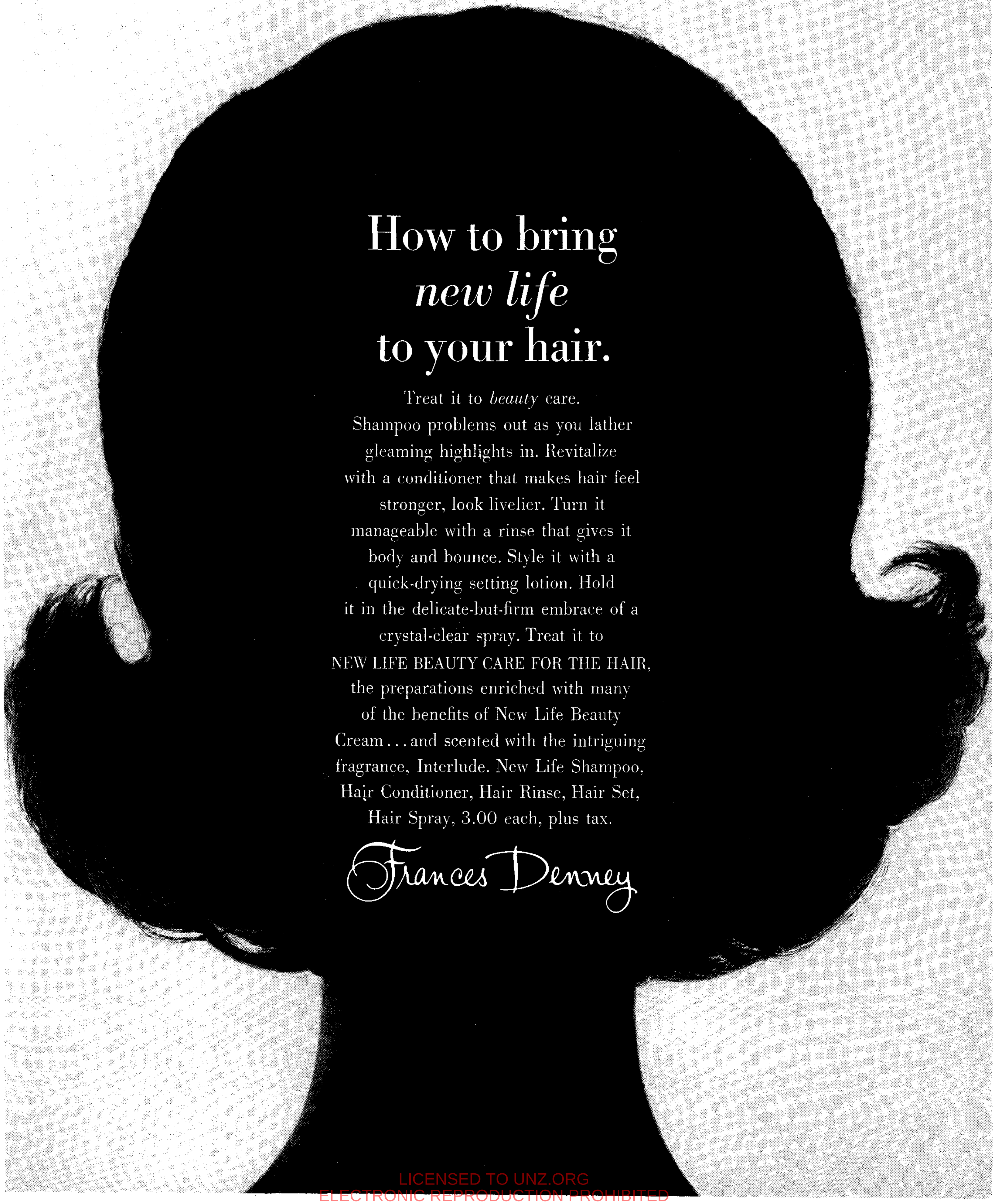
WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Maine and Its Artists: 1710-1963," a survey of paintings and sculptures ranging from eighteenth-century portraits and nineteenth-century romantic landscapes to the present, by such artists as Robert Feke, Winslow Homer, Marsden Hartley, and Andrew Wyeth; through Sunday, March 22. . . . ¶ A retrospective of figures in bronze, marble, lead, and alabaster, and drawings, by the French-born American sculptor Gaston Lachaise (1882-1935); through April 5. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, March 19: "Macbeth," with Birgit Nilsson, Cornell MacNeil, John Alexander, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 20: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Eileen Farrell, Joann Grillo, Arturo Sergi, and Cesare Bardelli; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Franco Corelli, Nicolae Herlea, and Franco Ghitti. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 21: "Falstaff," with Gabriella Tucci, Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Rosalind Elias, Anselmo Colzani, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 21: "Otello," with Zinka Milanov, Mignon Dunn, James McCracken, Robert Merrill, Paul Franke, and Agostino Ferrin. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 22: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Barry Morell, Tito Gobbi, and Fernando Corena. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 23: "Macbeth," with Birgit Nilsson, Cornell MacNeil, John Alexander, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 24: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Joann Grillo, Morley Meredith, Jess Thomas, and Justino Diaz. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 25: "Falstaff," with Gabriella Tucci, Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Rosalind Elias, Geraint Evans, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 26: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Barry Morell, Tito Gobbi, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 27, and Saturday matinée, March 28: The first scene from Act III of "Parsifal" in concert form, with Jess



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ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, George Szell conducting—Thursday, March 19, at 8:30; Friday, March 20, at 2:15; Saturday, March 21, at 8:30; and Sunday, March 22 at 3 (all with Pierre Fournier, cello, and William Lincer, viola); and a Wagner-Bruckner program on Thursday, March 26, at 8:30; Friday, March 27, at 2:15; Saturday, March 28, at 8:30; and Sunday, March 29, at 3 (no soloists).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Nathan Milstein, violin. The final concert in the series. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 24, at 8:30.)

Die Wiener Solisten—A chamber orchestra, in an all-Mozart program. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Doctors' Orchestral Society of New York—Lester Salomon conducting, with Dr. Richard Ziter, piano. (Stuyvesant High School, First Ave. at 15th St. Thursday, March 19, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Yale and Princeton Bands—A joint concert, with Keith Wilson and Robert Leist conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, March 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 2-6400.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting the final program of the season, with Zino Francescatti, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, March 21-22, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber ensemble. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, March 22, at 3 and 9.)

Festival Orchestra—Thomas Dunn conducting Haydn's "The Seven Last Words," with Mark Van Doren, narrator, plus Vivaldi's "Al Santo Sepolcro." (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, March 27, at 8:40.)

Robert Shaw Chorale and Orchestra—Robert Shaw directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 21, at 8:30.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Uwe Mund directing. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 22, at 2:30.)

Cantata Singers—Thomas Dunn directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; John Reardon, Thomas Pyle, and David Clatworthy, baritones; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; and the Festival Orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, March 22, at 6, with a dinner intermission from 7:30 to 9.)

Camerata Singers—Abraham Kaplan directing. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, March 23, at 8:30.)

Amor Artis Chorale—Johannes Somary directing an all-Schütz program, with Gérard Souzay and Raymond Murcell, baritones; Harriet Wingreen, organ; and others. (Town Hall. Friday, March 27, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Fou Ts'ong—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Music Society—Paul Price conducting. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, March 19, at 8:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the performance.)

Ruth Laredo—Piano. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Friday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The Festival Winds. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, March 20, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-64—The fifth in a series of seven concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Jacob Glick, viola; Charles Wuorinen, piano; and composers Irwin Bazelon, M. William Karlins, Teo Macero, John A. Ronsheim, Harvey Sollberger, and James Tenney. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Fl 8-1500. Sunday, March 22, at 5:30.)

Chamber Music of France—The second in a series of five programs, this one performed by Felicia Montealegre, narrator; Walter Trampler, viola; Claude Monteux, flute; Bruce Prince-Joseph, harpsichord; and others. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Monday, March 23, at 8:40.)

Philharmonia Trio—The last in a series of recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 24, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Schock—Tenor. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 26, at 8:30.)

E. Power Biggs—Organ, in an all-Bach program. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, March 28, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Easter Concert—A Haydn-Meyerowitz program performed by the Lenox Quartet and the Friends of Live Music Orchestra and Chorus, conducted by Eric Simon. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 22, at 5:30.)

Jazz Concerts—A six-week series of weekend performances. On Friday and Saturday, March 20-21, Muddy Waters and his blues band are scheduled to appear. (Little Theatre, 238 W. 44th St. BR 9-6100. Fridays at 8:30 and at midnight and Saturdays at midnight. . . . ¶ Joe Bushkin's quartet. (Town Hall. Friday, March 20, at 9:15.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Luis Rodriguez vs. Holly Mims, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 20. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 22, at 7.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 30. The Swift, Friday, March 20, and the Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, March 21. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, March 21. The Governor's Gold Cup, Saturday, March 21. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays, except Good Friday, at 1:30; from Monday, March 23, through Saturday, April 25.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, May 13. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting, with Paul Draper, tap-dancer. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, March 21, at 11.) . . . CITY CENTER GILBERT & SULLIVAN COMPANY: "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday, March 21, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Sunday, March 22, at 1 and 5:30. . . . ¶ "The Gondoliers," Friday, March 27, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday, March 28, at 2:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.) . . . CONCERTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE: The last in a series of programs, this one devoted to the life and works of Puccini, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, March 21, at 3.) . . . AMATO OPERA COMPANY: An abbreviated version of "Rigoletto," with an

English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, March 28, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **children's theatre wing:** "The Tinder Box." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturday and Sunday, March 21-22, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **nancy cole's puppets:** "The Magic Box." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, March 21, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672.) . . . **rose lynch productions:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **merri-mimes:** "The Firebird." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **musical theatre for children:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **paper bag players:** "Fortunately." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturday, March 21, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance.) . . . **peppermint players:** "Ali Baba and the Thieves." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, at 2.) . . . **stage 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "The Year of the Quiet Sun," studies the sun and its influences on earth at a time when solar activity is at a minimum. (Thursday and Friday, March 19-20, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, March 23, at 2 and 8:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, March 24-25, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Thursday, March 26, at 12, 1, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Good Friday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry and Prose Readings—Sunday, March 22: George Elliot and John Cheever reading from their own works. . . . ¶ Monday, March 23: Allen Tate and Isabella Gardner reading from their own poetry. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Evenings at 8:30.)

New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park—The annual Easter show of spring flowers in the main conservatory, with the traditional cross of lilies and a Dutch bulb exhibit, featuring a tulip field and canal. (Sunday, March 22, through Sunday, April 5. Daily, 10 to 4:30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, March 21, at 1:45: French and other furniture, Meissen vases (by J. J. Kändler) and other porcelains, Continental silver and other *objets de vertu*, clocks, lamps, drawings and paintings, decorative objects, and rugs; from the estate of Martha A. Burke and from other sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 25, at 8: Old-master and other paintings by such artists as Ribera, di Domenico, Géricault, and Boudin; from several collectors, among them Mrs. Harold Stanley. Exhibition starts Friday, March 20.

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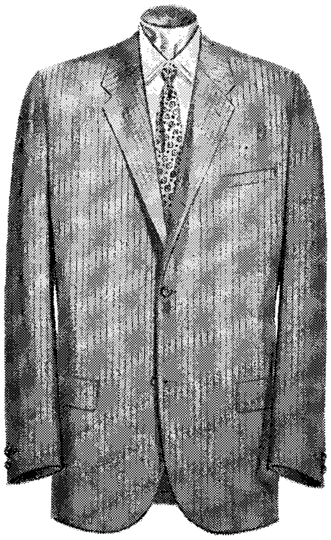

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

America America—A leisurely, touching account of a young Greek who aspires to come to America and, like a good Greek, does so. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through March 22. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting March 25.)

Becket—Unlikely as it sounds, this is a highly colored spectacular with wit and charm. Taken from Anouilh's famous reworking of history and starring Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Billy Liar—A born prevaricator gets himself into many a Walter Mitty mess and at last fails to get out. With Tom Courtenay and a beautiful girl named Julie Christie. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through March 24.)

Cleopatra—The already famous epic, which looks like "Aïda" raised to the tenth power and would be better off if it sounded like it. Still, you might as well go. Starring, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowall, etc., etc. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Conjugal Bed—A somewhat weary womanizer woos and wins a virtuous girl, who proves more passionate than her astonished mate would like. A harsh but very funny Italian film, starring Ugo Tognazzi and Marina Vlady and directed by Marco Ferreri. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 19. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; March 20-21.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb—A nightmare comedy as shocking and wonderful as its title is long. With Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Fiancés—An affecting account of life in a newly industrialized corner of Italy, directed by Ermanno Olmi. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 24.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Not for small children. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Knife in the Water—A harsh comedy of middle-class life behind the Polish end of the Iron Curtain. Superbly directed by Roman Polanski. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting March 25.)

Point of Order!—The Army-McCarthy hearings, a TV sensation of nearly a decade ago, are as thrilling and dismaying as ever in a skillfully edited documentary. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting March 25.)

The Servant—Dirk Bogarde is brilliant as the wicked man of all work in the home of an upper-class young man who begins as a master and ends as a slave. Also in the cast are James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Seven Days in May—Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner in a terrific thriller about a right-wing plot to take over Washington and, indeed, all of us. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Silence—Ingmar Bergman's latest study of the human condition is also his gloomiest, though Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are fascinating to watch. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9795; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Stray Dog—A skinny Toshiro Mifune and a promising Akira Kurosawa, as the actor and director, were testing their powers back in 1949. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788.)

The Suitor—A clever young comedian named Pierre Etaix stars in an extremely funny picture that might well have come out of the Keaton studios, circa 1926, but is yet French and 1963. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; March 19. No afternoon performances. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting March 25.)

This Sporting Life—Richard Harris gives a moving performance as a professional Rugby player for whom everything goes wrong, and Rachel Roberts is just as good as the woman who cannot love him. This brutal, tragic picture, which could have been first-rate, is slightly spoiled by Lindsay Anderson's obtrusive direction. The setting is a city in the North of England. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through March 24.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed—An exceptionally attractive film, in which Alberto Sordi does his gentle best to find out if it's true that Swedish girls dote on Italian lovers. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through March 24.)

Tom Jones—A joyous embodiment of the Fielding novel, written by John Osborne and directed by Tony Richardson and acted with high spirits by Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Susannah York, Joan Greenwood, and a seeming hundred more. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—Mindless, cheerful nonsense in a three-part Italian comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

REVIVALS

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noël Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 20-23.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; March 19.)

Chaplin Comedies—All mementos from the silent past—"Shoulder Arms," "A Dog's Life," and "The Pilgrim." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting March 24.) . . . ¶ "Dough and Dynamite," "Caught in a Cabaret," "His Trysting Place," and "His Prehistoric Past." (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting March 25.)

La Dolce Vita (1961)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it, and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 20-23.)

Elmer Gantry (1960)—Richard Brooks's interpretation of the Sinclair Lewis novel about revivalists. Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons are the most conspicuous Gospel shouters. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through March 24.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 19.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Charlie Chaplin telling off the dictators. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Heavens Above! (1963)—The Church of England is the main target of this satire, produced and directed by the Boulting brothers and with Peter Sellers and Cecil Parker. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 19.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; March 19.)

I Know Where I'm Going (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. An English film. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 20-23.)

Macario (1961)—A Mexican fable about a hungry peasant and the bargain he makes with Death. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 24.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich's first American picture, in which she plays a cabaret singer. Also with Gary Cooper as a Foreign Legionnaire. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 19.)

My Name Is Ivan (1963)—A Russian film about a twelve-year-old spy (Kolya Burlaiev) for the Russian Army in the Second World War. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through March 24.)

Never Let Go (1963)—Peter Sellers in a tale of London crooks. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through March 24.)

Psycosissimo (1962)—The adventures of a pair of scamps mistakenly hired to do in the spendthrift wife of a pork baron. With Ugo Tognazzi and Raimondo Vianello. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 24.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A study of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; March 20-21.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 20-23.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—An early René Clair film. In French. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; March 19.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; through March 24. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 25, tentative.)

Zazie (1961)—A wild romp through Paris, as seen through the eyes of an eleven-year-old child. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting March 24.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The auditorium, now closed for repairs, will reopen in May.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
22	23	24	25			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through March 24: "One Man's Way," Don Murray, Diana Hyland.
From March 25: "The Incredible Mr. Limpet," Don Knotts.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through March 23: "The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)
March 24-25: Theatre closed.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson.

LOEW'S CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through March 22: "The Best of Cinerama," a film composed of excerpts from the first five Cinerama movies. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sunday at 8:40. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)
March 23-24: Theatre closed.
From March 25: "The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The World of Henry Orient," Peter Sellers.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Night Must Fall," Albert Finney, Susan Hampshire.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through March 24: "4 for Texas," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.
From March 25: "Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Man in the Middle," Robert Mitchum, France Nuyen.

RIALTO, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BECKET.

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
STRAY DOG (in Japanese).

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 24: **THE FIANCÉS** (in Italian).
From March 25: **POINT OF ORDER!**

NEW CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
March 19: **THE SUITOR** (in French); and "On Approval," revival, Beatrice Lillie, Clive Brook.
March 20-23: "The Bad Sleep Well" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival.
From March 24: "Women of the World," revival, a documentary film; and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through March 24: **WEST SIDE STORY**, revival.
From March 25: "Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 24: "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.
From March 25: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish); and **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent).

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through March 25 (tentative): "Fantasia," revival, a Walt Disney film.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Night Must Fall," Albert Finney, Susan Hampshire.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through March 24: **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish).
From March 25 (tentative): "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), revival, Ludmila Tcherina.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through March 24: "4 for Texas," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.
From March 25: "The Incredible Mr. Limpet," Don Knotts.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"La Bonne Soupe" (in French), Annie Girardot, Marie Bell.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE GREAT DICTATOR, revival.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"They All Died Laughing," Leo McKern, Janet Munro.

CINEMA I (PL 3-6022) and **CINEMA II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
TOM JONES.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through March 23: "Doulos—The Finger Man" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From March 24: "The Given Word" (in Portuguese).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 25 (tentative): **WEST SIDE STORY**, revival.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 24: **THIS SPORTING LIFE**; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
From March 25: "The Misadventures of Merlin Jones," Annette, Tommy Kirk.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 24: "A Summer Place," revival, Richard Egan, Dorothy McGuire; and "Parrish," revival, Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert.
From March 25: "Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 24: "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen; and "Surf Party," Bobby Vinton.
From March 25: "The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
March 19: **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival; and "The Lady with the Dog" (in Russian), revival.
March 20-23: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival; and "My Life to Live" (in French), Anna Karina.
From March 24: **ZAZIE** (in French), revival; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
March 19: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
March 20-21: **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian); and **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival.
March 22-24: "All the Way Home," Robert Preston, Jean Simmons; and "A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.
From March 25: **THE SUITOR** (in French); and "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 24: "East of Eden," revival, Julie Harris, James Dean; and "Rebel Without a Cause," revival, James Dean, Natalie Wood.
From March 25: **AMERICA AMERICA.**

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
BEAT THE DEVIL, revival.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 24: "Sunday in New York," Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda; and "Phony American," William Bendix, Christine Kaufmann.
From March 25: "The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 24: **MY NAME IS IVAN** (in Russian), revival; and "Julie the Redhead" (in French), Pascale Petit, Daniel Gelin.
From March 25: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish); and **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent).

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through March 24: "Dead Ringer," Bette Davis, Karl Malden; and "Young and Willing," Virginia Maskell.
From March 25: "4 for Texas," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Dr. Crippen," Donald Pleasence.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
WEST SIDE STORY, revival.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through March 24: **ELMER GANTRY**, revival; and "The Catered Affair," revival, Bette Davis, Ernest Borgnine.
From March 25: To be announced.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

57TH ST. NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
March 19: **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** and **UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS** (both in French and both revivals).
From March 20: "The Devil's Envoys" (in French; also known as "Les Visiteurs du Soir"), revival; and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (in French; also known as "Drôle de Drame"), revival, Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THE SERVANT.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th (PL 7-2131)
"Dimka" (in Russian).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through March 22: **AMERICA AMERICA.**
From March 23: "Of Wayward Love" (in Italian), Lilli Palmer.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through March 24: "The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.
From March 25: "The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
March 19: **MOROCCO**, revival; and "Every Day's a Holiday," revival, Mae West, Edmund Lowe.
March 20-23: **BRIEF ENCOUNTER**, revival; and **I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING**, revival.
From March 24: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 24: "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen; and "Time Out for Love" (in French), revival, Jean Seberg, Micheline Presle.
From March 25: "Sunday in New York," Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda; and "Boys' Night Out," revival, Kim Novak, James Garner.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 19: **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian); and **HEAVENS ABOVE!**, revival.
March 20-23: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian), revival.
From March 24: **MACARIO** (in Spanish), revival; and **PSYCOSISSIMO** (in Italian), revival.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 24: **BILLY LIAR**; and **NEVER LET GO**, revival.
From March 25: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish); and **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent).

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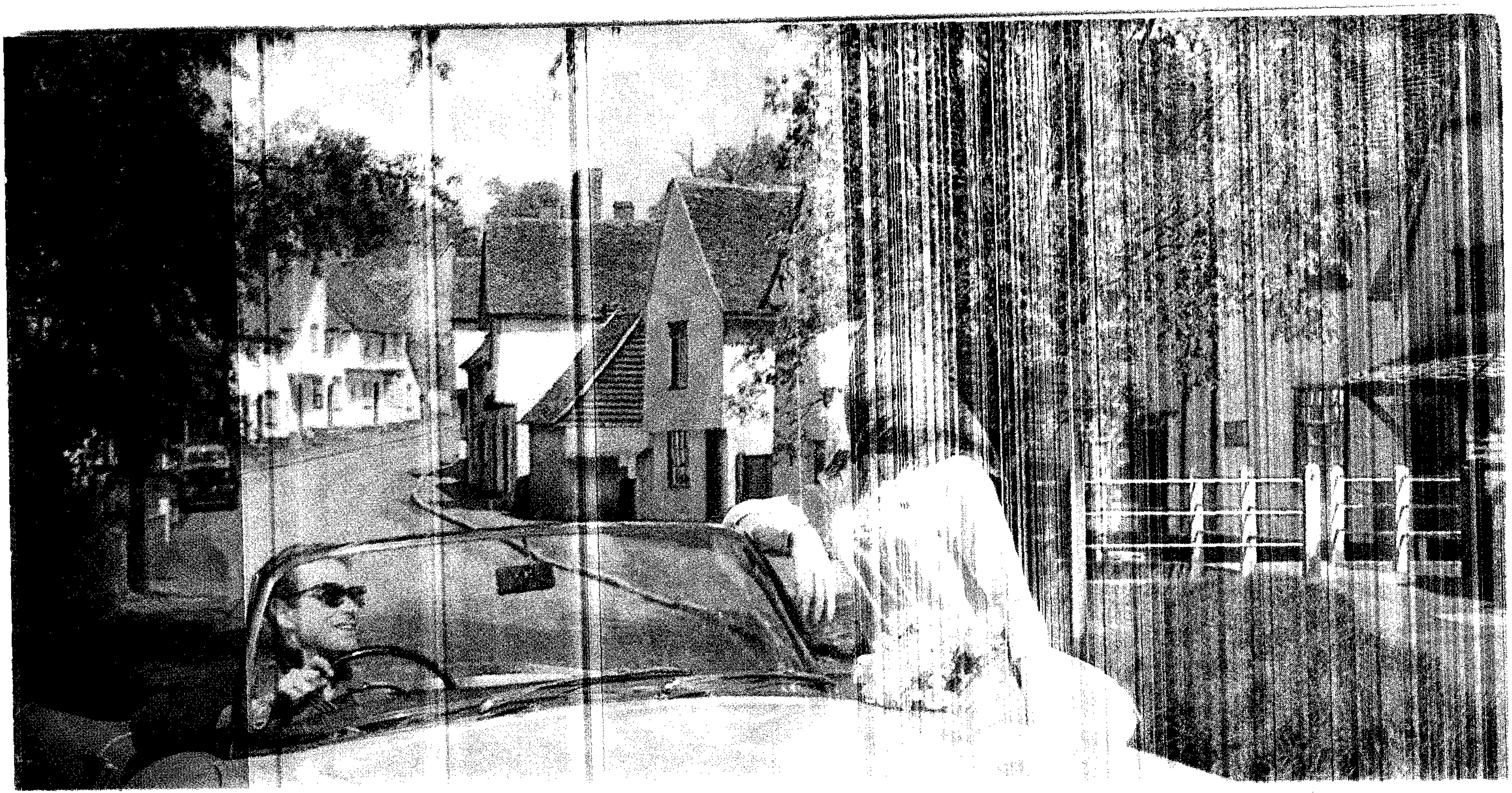

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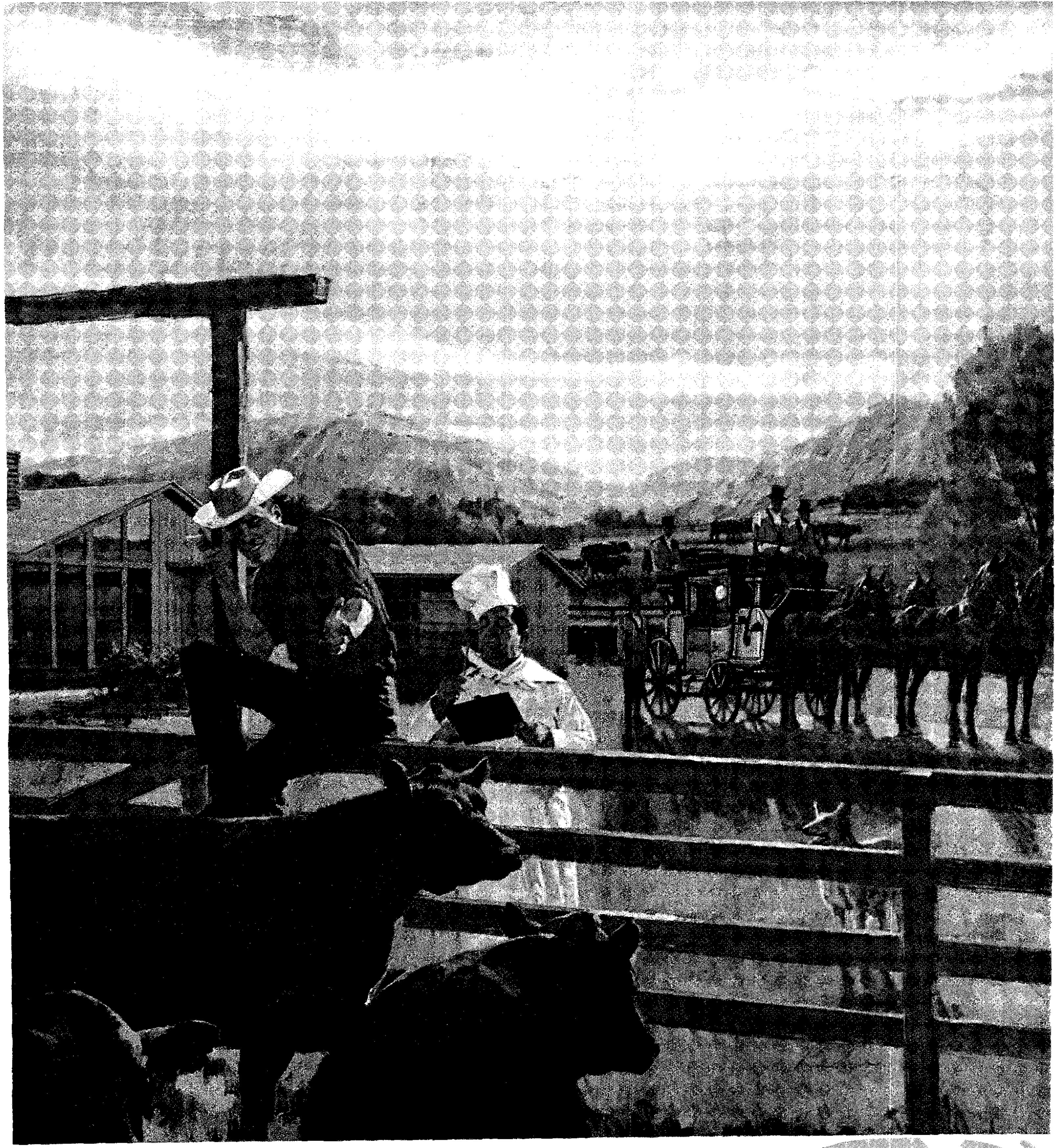

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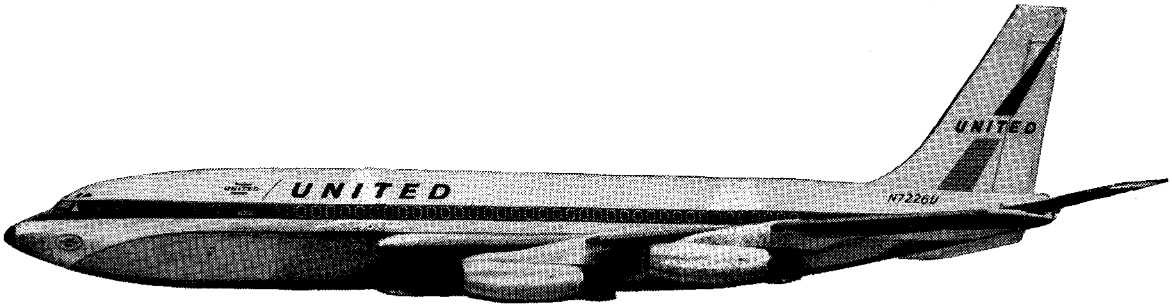

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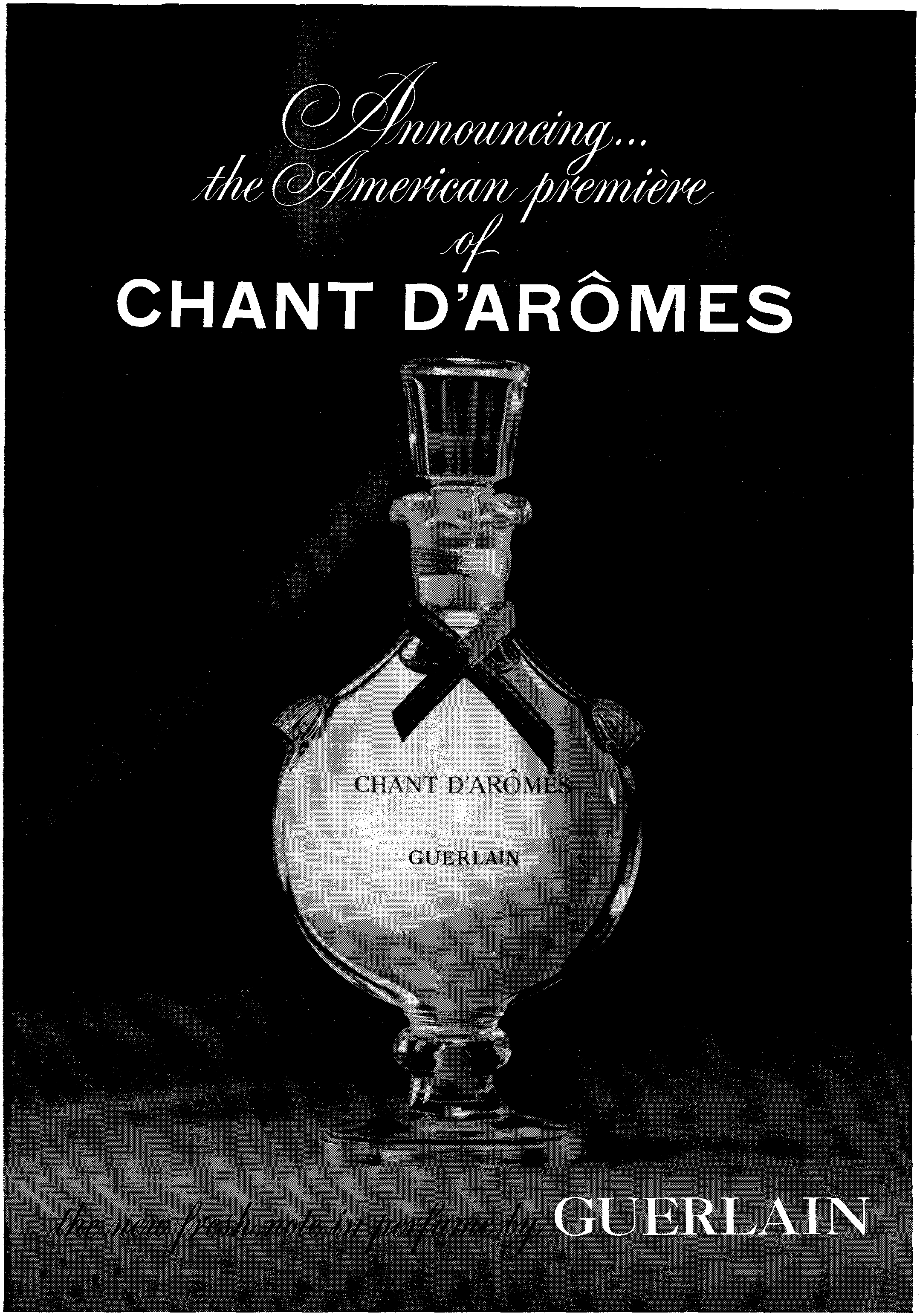
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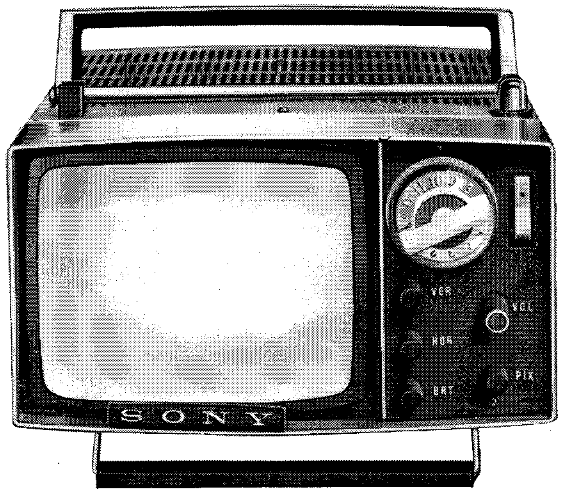

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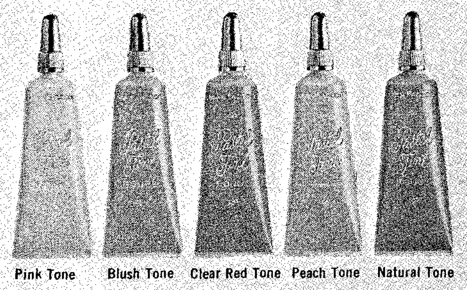

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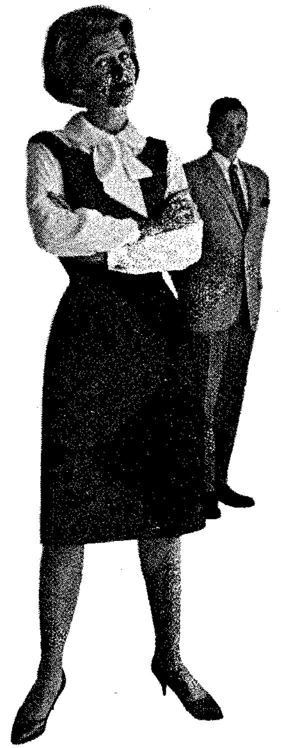
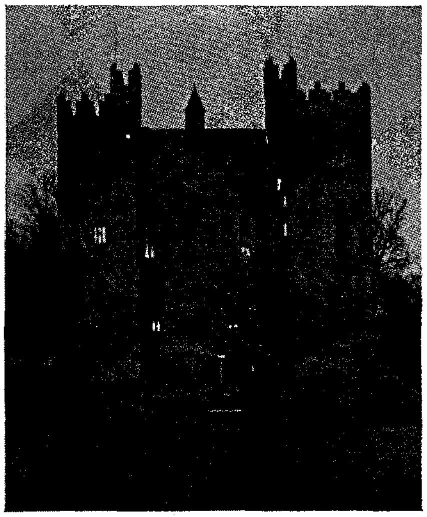


"George has been simply impossible since we came back from Europe."

"He expects to be treated like the Earl of Bunratty every day. I can't really blame him. For 24 hours in Ireland, we lived like lords.



"At no extra air fare, we stopped at Shannon for what they call the Medieval Day. Imagine having tea at a thatched cottage warmed by a peat fire, or a 60-mile ride through incredible scenery. Lakes, forests, chanting monks in ancient Quin Abbey. In Ennis we stopped at an old-world hotel for Irish coffee and an exhibition of traditional dancing.

"Then, in the evening, Bunratty Castle, home of the Earls of Thomond—a real castle, restored to its original splendour. On thick oak tables, they served a tremendous feast by candlelight. Cups of mead and mulled claret, spareribs, capons and salamagundy, exotic desserts, everything just as it was in the 15th century. Lovely Irish colleens in authentic costumes played on harps and pipes and sang ancient songs of when Brian was king. Afterwards, we had a first-class hotel room with bath at Shannon's new hotel. The whole day was simply enchanting. And you know something—it cost only $20 each!

"If only we had left ourselves more time. Shannon offers two-, three- and four-day excursions in Ireland which are wonderful travel bargains. You can see sights such as Cork, the Athens of Ireland, Killarney's Lakes and the Blarney Stone, which just shouldn't be missed. On the four-day trip you even go sightseeing in historic Dublin and attend a performance at the world-famous Abbey Theatre.

"I can't wait to go back, even if it means putting up with George's lordly demands. Especially with all those wonderful bargains just waiting to be found in Shannon's Duty-Free Shops."

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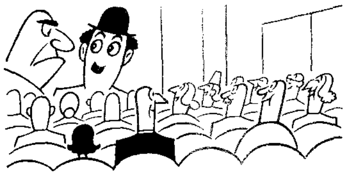
Two A-line seersucker wonders, washable acetate and cotton blends, in our fabulous Designer Collection! Small World and Shops for Girls, second floor, Fifth Avenue, and at White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. Left: box pleated front and back, gold or navy, toddler 2-4, **8.00**; 3-6x, **10.00**; 7-12, **12.00**. Right: rows of lace eyelet front and back, brown/white or navy/white, toddler 2-4, **10.00**; 3-6x, **11.00**; 7-12, **13.00**

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE other week, we received a letter from a man we know, who wrote: "This afternoon, a rainy Saturday, one of my children (she is ten) did me a favor—not that she realizes it. I took her to see Charlie Chaplin at the Plaza Theatre, where the great comedian's old movies are currently being revived. The program consisted of three half-hour silents—'Shoulder Arms,' 'A Dog's Life,' and 'The Pilgrim.' My daughter wasn't exactly clamoring to go, never having heard of Chaplin, and it took some persuasion to win her company. Without it, I imagined, I would lack an excuse for attending the films, all of which I had seen back in the twenties, when I was about her age. Once inside the Plaza, though, I noticed a good many men and women in their middle years sitting by themselves, and my glance periodically wandered their way as the afternoon wore on. They seemed pleased to be on hand.



Those whom I could pick out in the half dark were laughing quietly and steadily, like benign drunks, at what they saw on the screen. For me, the occasion was different, and I knew that this was the result of my daughter's presence. The longer I watched Chaplin, the more I found myself wanting her to like him. Her thoughts weren't easy to make out, her manner being generally shy and reserved. My curiosity reached its peak during the showing of 'Shoulder Arms,' Chaplin's three-reeler about a doughboy who dreams of capturing the Kaiser. As far as I was concerned, the afternoon hinged on a scene in that movie in which Chaplin infiltrates the German lines camouflaged as a tree stump; the memory of that scene had lasted me down through the years. When it finally came on, my daughter's response to it was quick. The instant the tree stump, apparently a fixed part of the landscape, began to move, she let out a peal of laughter, and my world was suddenly in order. All was not nostalgia. The time machine could be kind. For that single moment, it seemed to me, my daughter's embrace of my own childhood memory had arrested the aging process, and I felt immensely grateful."

Harvard Hootenanny

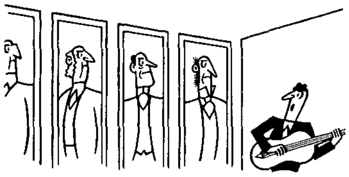
THE hootenanny that the White House put on earlier this social season we managed to take in stride, but when the Harvard Club of New York put one on the other night, we couldn't resist stopping by to witness the confrontation between Audience Participation and Harvard Indifference. Harvard won, 201–6. The scene of this memorable clash was a spacious, dimly lit, forty-foot-high panelled chamber hung with fifteen oil portraits of presidents of the university and of the club. The leather chairs and couches with which this room of repose is normally furnished had been pushed against the walls, evidently while occupied. At any rate, there were quite a few old grads manning the perimeter, including one gentleman who had been provided with the *Wall Street Journal*, one who had been provided with *Country Life*, and a relatively spry-looking one behind *Motor Boating*. Some three hundred folding chairs stood in the center of the room, and two-thirds of them were filled when, at eight-forty-five, the festivities got under way. The average age of the crowd, by our rough calculation, was a shade over forty-seven.

A jolly clubman wearing a crimson tie sprinkled with white "H"s stepped to stage center and hushed the audience, which didn't need much hushing.

"Billy Myrick," an elder at our left whispered knowledgeably to his companion.

"What *is* a hootenanny?" his companion whispered back loudly.

As if in answer, the words "Hootenanny is a delicious literary phrase" bounced from the stage, on which, following a brief introduction by Mr. Myrick, there had appeared a genial, folksy folk singer called Tom Glazer, the producer of the evening's musical entertainment. He was wearing a blue blazer with brass buttons and a red tie without initials. Under the unblinking gaze of the fifteen presidents, Mr. Glazer, accompanying himself nimbly on a guitar, rendered a square-dance song, "Black-Eyed Susie," and a spiritual, "Oh, Lord, I Done Done." The audience did not participate. Then he summoned forth Peter Mackenzie, a Harvard freshman in chinos, who was making his first professional appearance.



After a spirited voice-*cum*-guitar-*cum*-harmonica version of the "San Francisco Bay Blues," Mr. Mackenzie said he'd do a familiar Woody Guthrie number, "This Land Is Your Land." He added diffidently, "You can sing along if you like." It was the moment we'd been waiting for. Mr. Mackenzie went through four professionally crisp choruses, but the closest his auditors came to singing along was some scattered, subdued, and self-conscious humming. In the course of this dulcet murmuring, the *Country Life* man dozed off beneath the mustache of President Abbott Lawrence Lowell, '77.

Mr. Glazer returned. "Strictly speaking, a hootenanny is supposed to be a folk-song jam session, and so far you're acting like a Harvard audience," he said. The audience's reaction to that mild rebuke may have inspired the choice of his next number, "It Takes a Worried Man to Sing a Worried Song." Next, he introduced a bang-bang trio, the Charles River Valley Boys—guitar, banjo, and mandolin. One of the three thanked the club for an excellent dinner. "But it's hard to sing on a full stomach," he added. The Boys did splendidly notwithstanding, and seemed to us far superior to the Beatles. However, their "Coming from the Ball" and "Mule Skinner Blues," while politely received, were performed without coöperation. Mr. Glazer, looking a bit dazed but carrying on heroically, came back to do "The Riflemen of Bennington," an everybody-clap-hands number. He got some random applause but not much more than might have followed a Yale touchdown.

An attractive girl folk singer, Judy Collins, who has a cool, clear voice, was the remaining act on the bill. She didn't even try to persuade the audience to sing along; her last number was a nice but strikingly unhootenannyish rendition of William Butler Yeats' "The Song of Wandering Aengus" set to music. Mr. Glazer, game to the end, tested the crowd one final time with an old Christmas song, "Little Bitty Baby." It's a song most people can't resist joining in on, but it proved to be a solo. Just the same, he did figure out a way of getting himself and his fellow-performers some singing support. He brought all his colleagues onstage at once, and they belted out, in tuneful and collaborative farewell, "I'm Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad."

Mr. Myrick, to all outward appearances feeling good, thanked the performers profusely for their pains. "For the first hootenanny, it couldn't have been better," he said. The audience filed out sedately, except for the members who were snoozing.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A production of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" has opened in Prague under the title (in Czech) "Who's Afraid of Franz Kafka?"

Down

AS soon as the Gulfstream Park Race Track opened its season in Florida, our Mr. Stanley hotfooted it down there, and we took the opportunity to ask him to look up Jim Dooley, that genial "So come on down!" fellow we've been watching all winter on Northeast Airlines television commercials that show Florida tourists telling Mr. Dooley how much they love Florida. It wasn't long before Stanley shot his report—with a batch of losing daily-twin-double tickets folded in—back to the office. Here it is:

"Jim Dooley turns out to be famous here as sports announcer on WTVJ, C.B.S. television channel. Ten shows weekly. Very busy fellow. Very friendly voice over telephone, immediately saying 'Hi, there!' when I called him at TV station. Northeast making new 'So come on down!' commercials until May for viewing up North, Dooley said over phone. Not planning any for Gulfstream site, but next day he was scheduled to make couple new commercials in A.M. at Fort Lauderdale Stadium, with New York Yankees in training, and couple more in P.M. at Bahia Mar Yacht Basin, also in Fort Lauderdale. 'Sometimes I make five or six of them a day,' Dooley said over phone. 'Tomorrow will be an *easy* day. Want to come?' Said O.K. Dooley said be ready to be picked up at 8 A.M. Was ready. Picked up by Dooley, smiling, in car with plenty of costume changes—sports shirts, slacks—hanging on wire hangers in back. 'Hi, there!' Dooley said, leaning over to open door of car. 'Isn't this a beautiful morning for driving?' Said scorching. Dooley said, 'This will be my first commercial this year at a ballpark. Isn't that great? We've been all over—at swimming pools, *in* swimming pools, at the beaches, on golf courses, at race tracks, at *frontóns*, and on boats, and we've done shuffleboard, handball, ping-pong, water skiing, water polo, indoor ice-skating, skin diving, and gin rummy. Today I'll start by asking new Yankee manager Yogi Berra and first baseman Joe Pepitone how great it is to train in this type of weather, and then I'll move to lunchers at the Yacht Basin and then to sailboaters on the water. I'm usually pretty tired when I get home. Today I left the house at seven, and I won't get back till midnight, after my sports show on the late-night news.'

"You sure missed a Happening."

"Dooley headed car north on Sunshine State Parkway. Asked him how he got started

"Are you kidding? I was just going to ask ***you*** *for asylum!"*

• •

asking people to come on down. He said he became Miamian in 1950; was born in Phoenix, Arizona, but spent childhood being dragged all over U.S.A. by musical-comedy-and-burlesque-actor parents. 'The Frankie McHugh-Joe Penner era,' he said. 'I did a kid comedy routine with my father, but I never wanted to be in show business. One week it was chicken, the next week you starved. I wanted to be a writer, but I started in radio in Pittsburgh, then came on down here and was the Atlantic Refining Company's weatherman for ten and a half years, then became sports director of WTVJ. Next, Northeast's ad agency, Sullivan, Stauffer, Colwell & Bayles, wanted a new approach in their commercials, and somebody saw me on television down here, liked me, and hired me. The first commercial had "So come on down!" in the copy. Just another selling phrase. No thought was given to it at all, but it stuck, and I've done ninety-five commercials using it. I still can't see what's so clever about it. I can't for the life of me see how people can get enthused over what I do. I'm not like the Li'l Ole Winemaker. He's an *actor*. He's quaint, cute, lovable, and all-round tremendous. I'm no actor. I was going along minding my own business, like a bank clerk or a mailman, and some character had to discover me. I don't know if I like being discovered. But the Northeast people are so doggone nice. And everybody tells me Miami has been having the best season it's had in years, all because of our "So come on down!" advertising. The good part is that the commercials are seen only in the Philadelphia, Boston, and New York areas, not down here. People here don't know I do it. So I'm still able to be *me*.'

"Asked Dooley why he thought his personality made such a big impression up North. 'Projection,' he said. 'Apparently, it's what Arthur Godfrey has, what Garry Moore has, what Jack Paar has. I just do me, but it comes across as projection, that something they just happen to want. I'd never do a commercial I didn't believe in, though. When I say the weather is fine, I *believe* it. There's nothing I like better than a day like today, except what I like to do is go out in my twenty-six-foot cabin cruiser, fishing for marlin in the Gulf Stream.'

"Asked Dooley if deep-sea fishing reason he always looked so happy on TV. Dooley said he didn't know *how* he looked on TV, because he never watched himself—only boxing, football, and program 'Combat.' 'I don't even watch myself on a monitor in the studio,' he said. 'All I know is it's getting projected, because the load factor of Northeast has gone up tremendously since I started doing the commercials. I get tons of mail, most of it addressed to "Jim Dooley, Miami." '

"Dooley doesn't put on fake tan. Has real tan. Sky over Sunshine State Parkway getting sort of cloudy. Dooley informed me clouds O.K. for shooting commercials if fair-weather clouds but not good if black thunderheads. 'Those are cumulus clouds up there,' he said ominously as we reached Fort Lauderdale Stadium, where diamond looked super-green, base bags super-white, pitcher's mound super-untrammelled, ready. No ballplayers out yet. Only 9 A.M. But 'So come on down!' producer, sunburned young fellow named Jim McMenemy, at first base, with director, Martin Saxon, very pale. Saxon complaining he never got tanned, because he had to spend shooting time inside video-tape-unit truck. Dooley went to Yankee dressing room to put on fresh slacks and sports shirt, returned saying, 'The first thing Yogi Berra said to me was "So come on down!" Everybody was yelling "Come on down!" at me, or "Come on up!" or "Come on over!" A nice bunch of fellows.'

" 'Now, here's what we'll do,' McMenemy told Dooley. 'The batter hits the ball to the shortstop, who flips the ball to Joe Pepitone, and you ask Joe "How's it going?" and Joe says, "Gee, I'm really getting in shape in this beautiful Florida sunshine." Then, at the end, we show Yogi, and Yogi says, "So come on down!" Got it?'

" '*Yogi* says it?' Dooley asked.

" 'Yeah, for a change,' McMenemy said.

"Ballplayers running out to provide 'So come on down!' background. Pepitone at first base. Lots of tourists in stands taking pictures of Yogi. McMenemy telling Yogi that when Dooley said, 'Northeast treats you like a guest, not just a passenger,' Yogi should turn around with arms folded and say his line, 'So come on down!'

" '*I* got to say it?' Yogi asked.

" 'Yeah, and Joe, here, gets on first base and takes the throw,' McMenemy continued, 'and when Jim Dooley asks "How's it going?" Joe says *his* line, which is "Gee, I'm really getting in shape in this beautiful Florida sunshine." '

"Pepitone banged fist in glove, said

quickly, 'Gee, I'm really getting in shape in this beautiful Florida sunshine, so come on down!'

" 'No!' McMenemy said. 'That's *Yogi's* line. You stop on "sunshine." '

" 'You say your line, I say my line,' Yogi said. Pepitone and Dooley smiled good-sport smiles about giving up line.

"Ballplayers began saying, 'Let's go, let's go, let's go.' McMenemy said, 'Let's go.' Saxon said it was very important to get spark from ballplayers before spontaneity was rehearsed out of them. Accompanied McMenemy to remote video-tape-unit truck to watch direction on monitors. After false starts—urging Yogi to talk up, telling Dooley to wait till he hears crack of *bat* before saying 'Late report from Florida,' getting Pepitone closer to first-base bag—commercial taken.

" 'Magnificent,' Dooley told Yogi.

"Dooley said we'd now move on to commercial in Patricia Murphy's Candlelight Restaurant garden, overlooking boats at Bahia Mar Yacht Basin. McMenemy was lining up people to eat lunch in garden, Dooley said. Arrived at garden. Lots of bees, insects waiting for us. Also lunchers waiting impatiently to act in commercial. Lady tourist came over to Dooley, told him 'You've got the nicest smile on the whole TV!' Dooley smiled. McMenemy told lunchers Jim Dooley would ask them what they were eating that looked so good, and lunchers were to say, 'It's a crab-meat salad.' McMenemy told Dooley, 'And then *you* say, "The seafood in Florida is delicious, and so's the weather. So come on down!" ' Dooley looked very happy to get line back."

Will Power

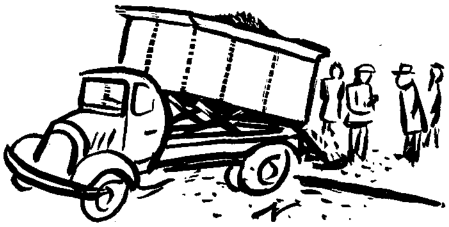
WE'VE just heard about three prominent men—a judge, a minister, and a professor—who have found a way to stop smoking. Each of them has signed a check for five hundred dollars made out to the order of the John Birch Society, has sealed it in an envelope addressed to the Society, and has given his solemn oath that if he takes even one puff on a lighted cigarette, he will put his envelope in the mail without delay.

Hartford's Gallery

OUR award for aplomb goes this week to Carl J. Weinhardt, Jr., director of Huntington Hartford's Gallery of Modern Art, which opens its doors to the general public this Saturday after no fewer than four consecutive opening nights for select publics. We paid a call on Mr. Weinhardt at the height of last week's pre-opening frenzy, and found him thoroughly unruffled, clear-eyed, good-humored, solidly handsome, and looking not a day older than thirty-six, which is his age. "We had to schedule four opening nights because the Gallery is too small to accommodate everybody at once," he said after welcoming us warmly to his office, on the seventh floor of the gleaming white marble *palazzo* on Columbus Circle. "I've been trying to emphasize that all four previews are exactly the same, but people keep calling up because they think they haven't been invited to the right one, and that's a problem. Let's have a look around, shall we?"

On the way out to the elevators, Mr. Weinhardt was waylaid three times by haggard-looking members of his staff and was called back twice to the telephone. Between calls, he graciously introduced us to Edward Durell Stone, the architect of the building—a distinguished-looking man with plenty of aplomb of his own, who confided to us that he was well pleased with the way his design had solved the problem of the building's extremely small site. "The largest dimension is a hundred and seven feet, the façade on Columbus Circle is only seventy-five feet, and no corner on the exterior is a right angle," he said. "The guts of architecture is in the basic conception of how you organize your space, and I think we've succeeded here. All we have to do now is get rid of that Coca-Cola sign across the Circle."

Mr. Weinhardt returned, beckoned us into an elevator, and ushered us out at the fifth floor. "This is the top gallery," he explained. "Everyone will come here first and work his way down. Mr. Hartford's permanent collection is on this floor and the floor below. The second and third floors will be for temporary exhibitions." We moved through a total of three moderately scaled, elegantly finished rooms on the fifth floor, admiring dark walnut panelling and oak parquet floors, observing nineteenth- and twentieth-century landscapes and portraits done in realistic detail (it is common knowledge by now that the Hartford collection includes no abstract art), and being careful not to tread on any aesthetic toes. A disembodied, paging-system voice summoned Mr. Weinhardt to the telephone; he returned in a trice, smiling apologetically, and said it was a lady calling to ask what she should wear to the Tuesday opening. "I just told her to wear the best dress she had," he said.



We proceeded downstairs to a mezzanine, where Mr. Weinhardt pointed with quiet pride to a pair of huge allegorical paintings by Salvador Dali—"The Battle of Tetuan" and "The Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus"—which Hartford considers two of the stars of his collection, and then he took us by gradual stages, and with what seemed to us even more impressive aplomb, to a fourth-floor room containing eight massive, gilt-framed paintings by Sir Edward Coley Burne-Jones, Mr. Hartford's favorite Pre-Raphaelite, depicting with graphic moral fervor mythological scenes from the life of Perseus. From there we descended to the third floor, where the Gallery's first temporary exhibition, a major retrospective of the work of Pavel Tchelitchew, was still being installed. Having ascertained that Weinhardt himself was doing the installing, we asked him when he found time for this phase of his job. "At night and on weekends," he said. "We started out thinking we'd have about a hundred Tchelitchews, and now we've got close to three hundred and fifty. They're coming in from everywhere, including Russia. Let's get out of here and get something to eat."

Over an omelette at a nearby restaurant, Mr. Weinhardt obliged us with some personal details. A Midwesterner, born in Indianapolis, he was educated at Harvard (a B.A. in Economics, a Master's in Education, and a Master's in Fine Arts) and planned to be an economist; his undergraduate thesis was titled "The Rise and Fall of the Automobile Industry." Art presently supplanted autos, with the encouragement of a wife who was working in a Boston art gallery when he met her. He spent six years with the Metropolitan Museum here (first as an assistant curator of prints and drawings, and later as an associate curator), then moved to Minneapolis to become director of its Institute of Arts. "A year ago last January, Mr. Hartford called me up in Minneapolis, at the suggestion of a friend, to ask my advice on getting a director for his Gallery of Modern Art," Weinhardt said. "I gave him a few ideas, and forgot all about it. Then, in May, an associate of Mr. Hartford's called me and

"Aren't you thrilled by the tax cut?"

• •

asked whether I wanted the job myself. I said no. We were happy in Minneapolis, we had three small children, and we weren't remotely interested in coming back to New York. When I came east in June, though, I spent an afternoon with Mr. Hartford, who proposed again that I take the job. I still said no. But I saw the building for the first time, and saw his collection, and was quite taken with both. Mr. Hartford kept after me all through the summer. I didn't want to make a decision until my wife had seen the Gallery and the collection, but then she did, and liked both, and we made up our minds. I started in as director here on the first of last October. A lot of people assume, by the way, that my tastes in art are the same as Mr. Hartford's. That's not the case, exactly. I'd say that we like the same things but we don't necessarily dislike the same things. I'm not anti-abstract-art, but I do agree with him that an awful lot of bad art has been passed off as Abstract Expressionism during the last ten or fifteen years. What I really want is for this museum to be pro, not anti. I feel we should show things because we are for them, and not simply because we are against what we're not showing. And right now we're just awash with ideas for new shows. You can go around the permanent collection and pick out any number of artists we'd like to have exhibitions of. Edward Hopper, Robert Henri, Thomas Moran, Sargent, Vuillard—the list is endless. And—who knows?—the Gallery may stimulate new trends in this direction, in addition to throwing light on what already exists and is being neglected by other museums."

After lunch, we accompanied Mr. Weinhardt back to the Gallery and up to a lounge on the eighth floor, where a kind of royal visitation was in progress. Huntington Hartford, Salvador Dali and Mrs. Dali, Edward Stone, and attendant lords had come to see a new arrangement of the furniture before going down to the Dali room to be photographed. Mr. Hartford, monochromatic in a brown suit, a brown tie, a brown topcoat, and a Caribbean tan, strode back and forth asking questions and nodding with pleasure at the answers. Mr. Dali, polychromatic in a blue pin-striped suit, a gold tie, and a gray stiletto mustache, leaned jauntily on a silver-headed cane.

A courtier slid up beside Weinhardt and whispered, "Mr. Hartford *likes* the new arrangement!"

The party moved upstairs to the Gauguin Room, a restaurant on the ninth floor.

"Mr. Hartford says it's the most beautiful room in New York," another man told Weinhardt.

Everyone descended by elevator to the fifth floor and thence by foot to the Dali room.

"This room is superb," said Dali.

Mr. Hartford nodded energetic agreement.

"Both Mr. Dali and Mr. Hartford think the room is superb," relayed a courtier.

Mr. Weinhardt's smile was one of utter imperturbability.

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OVERHEARD in an East Side fish store, matron to monger: "What do you advise that would give canned clam chowder more reality?"

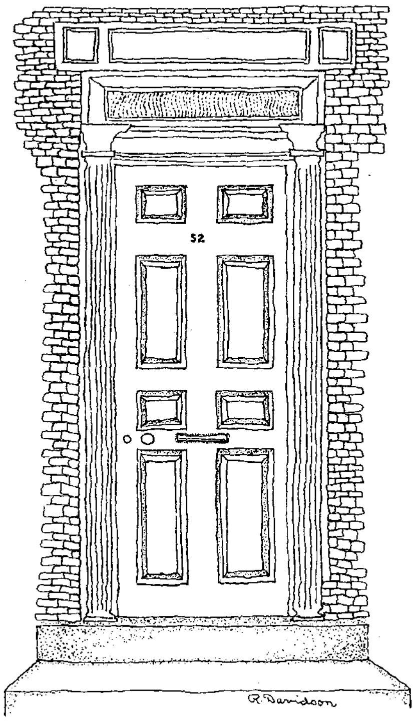
DOWN THE LINE WITH THE ANNUAL

The *Consumer Bulletin* is much used in courses in consumer problems, consumer education, economics, home economics, business, civics, marketing, sociology, life science, physics, and other business and science education subjects. Its findings provide valuable material to be used in teaching young consumers in high school and college how to become intelligent and informed buyers of goods and services, and to learn to look for sound qualities in the products they buy.—*Consumer Bulletin Annual.*

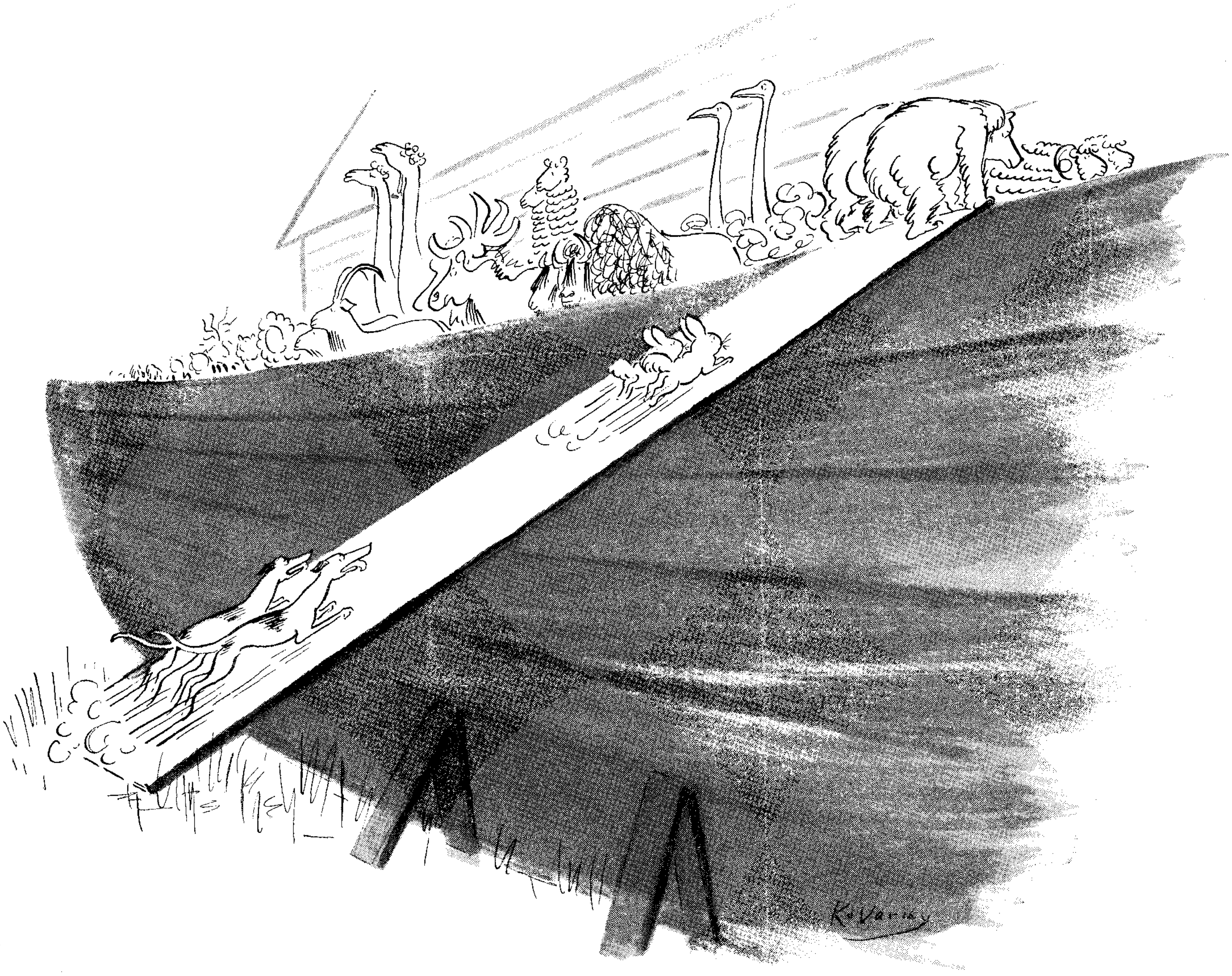
WILL Candace come away with me—find integrity, wholeness on the Australian archipelago? Too early to say. Meanwhile, the affair of the Swedish tennis balls continues to plague us. I ventured into the basement, found Candace there on her knees before the washing machine, which was filled with Swedish tennis balls. Candace in tears. I took her hand. "What?" I said. "Oh, Charles," she said, "is everything galley-west? Everything?" I gave it some thought. Then: "You've been reading the *Annual*." She looked away. "It said these Swedish tennis balls could be washed in an automatic washer and dried in an automatic dryer without deleterious effects. I had to *try*, didn't I?" Washing machine has ineffective lint filter, which I discovered last week when it strangled on new rug, 50 per cent Dacron and 50 per cent iron pyrites, purchased by Candace without first looking it up in the imposing, authoritative, annual *Annual*. Candace, however, is blameless, racked as she is by irritation of the lungs from overuse of aerosol hair sprays (page 15), unpleasant drying and crusting of the lips from overuse of indelible lipsticks (page 17). "I do not blame you, Candace," I said. "I blame your inadequate education at that expensive Eastern girls' school." Iron pyrites particles pulsing in her golden hair. "Everything is galley-west," she whispered. "Had I not yoyoed away my time in school reading Herodotus, Saint-Simon, Rilke, and Owen Wister, seeking answers to the mystery of personality and the riddle of history, I would not have failed to become an intelligent and informed buyer of goods and services. It's as simple as that." And in her eyes there was a misty light, produced by defective contact lenses (page 50).

Whirled my darling away to an ice-cream parlor, where we consumed quantities of elephant's-foot ice (crammed though it was with pernicious food additives). But the problem remains. We are adrift in a tense and joyless world that is falling apart at an accelerated rate. No way to arrest the disintegration that menaces from every side. Consider the case of the bedside clock. "Check for loudness of tick," the *Annual* said. I checked. It ticked. Tick seemed decorous. Once installed in home, it boomed like a B-58. Candace watching it nervously, neighbors complaining, calls from the police. And on page 143 the electric can opener that sows tiny bits of metal inside can being opened; on page 178 the sewing machine whose upper thread tension is not indexed, whose cams do not produce the pictured patterns. Yes, they are mine. "There is no reason to believe that the eyes are permanently harmed by watching TV," the *Annual* says. (But what of insult to the brain?) "A good toaster should give successive slices of uniformly browned toast for many years." But my toaster brought to our union nothing but a significant shock hazard. And it is true that I purchased the nylon sheets that slide off the bed (page 211), the low-quality ink that dries too slowly (page 57)—my letters bleed through their envelopes like the hands of a medieval saint.

"It is estimated that some 5 million girls exist mainly on snacks of soft drinks, 'French fries,' pizzas, candy, hamburgers, and waffles." Who are these girls? What are their names? What do they look like? How does one get in touch with them? And how do they behave, fuelled as they are with "foods of attractive appearance but dubious quality"? Candace wishes to send them lean beef in a plain brown wrapper. The freezer is full of it. (But then, the freezer itself is not trustworthy; it is given to broiling the meat in fits of temperature.) Let me confess it, I am tense, for this America is not the one I knew. I am going away, to the Australian archipelago, for although my pipe tobacco is of the type judged lowest in lead and arsenic in 1958 by the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, there is cyanide in my silver cleaner, and my oranges have been rouged with coal-tar dyes. My steam iron spurts hot water from the fill hole, my food-waste disposer doesn't chew corn husks properly, my phonograph is giddy with wow, flutter, rumble, and hum. Acid water slowly eats away the glossy finish on my sinks, lavatories, tubs, and what it does to the owner himself no man can say. My double-glazed windows are subject to between-pane condensation, and moths and carpet beetles are at work inside the hammers of my piano. My 3-hp. rotary snowthrower is a bust. "Snow was ejected as a powdery mist, which blew back on the operator," the *Annual* says, and this proved to be the case; when I returned from the trial run I resembled a Lapp. Unthrown snow drifts now about my automobile, my apple trees, and Candace, who has gone out to collect the mail. But let her go, for I am writing letters, wrothy letters, to the manufacturer, the Federal Trade Commission, the National Better Business Bureau, and the Attorney General of the State of New York, as the *Annual* advises me to do. The world is sagging, snagging, scaling, spalling, pilling, pinging, pitting, warping, checking, fading, chipping, cracking, yellowing, leaking, staling, shrinking, and in dynamic unbalance, and there is mildew to think about, and ruptures and fractures of internal organs from lap belts, and substandard brake fluids, and plastic pipes alluring to rats, and transistor radios whose estimated battery life, like the life of man, is nasty, brutish, and short.



CANDACE dear, heart of my heart, take your hand off that package of fabric softener! It may produce an insoluble curd, and you wouldn't want that, would you? "The biggest problem the consumer has in selecting shoes is not fashion, though that may be his first consideration, but selecting a shoe that will not ultimately lead to the distortion of his foot." And don't forget about shirts that develop a yellow tint! And thermal flame-resistant underwear—especially quilted polyester fibre-nylon shell suits—which, once ignited, melts to form a burning, sticky, adhering plastic! And paint failure! And



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pie mixes laced with esters, ethers, and aldehydes of undefined character! And bicycles with poor pedal design! And dimensionally-unstable rayon blankets! And electronic organs that make popping sounds! And coffee mills that adversely affect the flavor of the beverage! And travel irons whose soleplates blister! And desk fans with high noise levels! And electric shavers with tendency to irritate neck! Recall, too, that purchasing a camera, whether new or used, can be a risky operation for the uninitiated! That few diamonds are entirely free from every sort of defect or flaw! That with today's watches a fairly high price gives no assurance of reliable performance or durable construction! That tire-gauge designs leave much to be desired! And, finally, that the custom of going around without a hat or shirt in hot sunny climates, and allowing children to do so, should be strongly discouraged!

O brave *Consumer Bulletin Annual*, holding the line in a world where the best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity! You give me touchstones with which to protect myself against the deceptive pricing, false gift offers, spurious claims, bait advertising, and general rascality of the American economy. "A good spring should be noiseless, or comparatively so. Push on it in quiet surroundings." Of course. Do you mind if I take this spring into the elevator with me for a moment? And close the doors, will you, floorwalker? And what are you grinning about? "For durability, loops of a terry towel should be thickly packed and firm. Check firmness by inserting a pin into a pile loop, raising it up from the towel slightly." Pin poised, I advance into the murky depths of the towel store, clearly a man with a mission. In the department store, I stand bent over a portable refrigerator, inspecting a tray of ice cubes with my jeweller's loupe. Yes, it has taken them much too long to freeze. Quickly I unfasten the jesses that bind Hugo, the killer hawk, to my wrist. Dubious refrigeration shall not go unpunished! Now Hugo is aloft, heading for Panda, Iowa, where the worthless devices are manufactured. See him soar!

And now Port Moresby. Come, Candace, let me coax you out from under that bell jar, into which you have repaired to guard delicate ears against sound of china crazing in the kitchen. Come, Candace, and don't worry about the packing. The only appliance I plan to take with me is Hugo.

—DONALD BARTHELME

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Editorial letters, like stone construction, must have a solid foundation in order to prevent their own destruction. A public letter writer, like the stone cutter, arriving at his job without the proper tools and ignorant of the facts of the material at hand can make a horrible mess of things. With an axe to grind (political ambitions) and a gauge (political banner) in hand and resembling somewhat a runaway Lippmann, he flays and dips into his bank of false premises; shapes to his liking an assortment of verbs and adjectives, stuffs them recklessly into his typewriter, half-bakes them, removes them and while they are still hot off the keys, builds his wall monstrosity.—*Letter in the Portland (Maine) Sunday Telegram.*

He may even throw in a metaphor or two.

OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES

SOSUA

THE favorite grownup of my childhood was my mother's young brother, Paul—a slim man, clever, witty, and advanced in his opinions, very blue-eyed behind his spectacles, with a romantic mass of hair. He spent all day in the medical school of the University of Vienna, hobnobbing with his glamorous friends—artists and revolutionaries—but every night before my light was put out, this same Paul sat by my bedside. He initiated me into matters of politics, science, and poetry, and talked with me about myself.

When I became a grownup and began to write stories about my family, I was uncomfortable. I spoke to Paul about it. He gave me his blessing on the ground of the superior claims of literature over privacy, and so did the rest of the family. Paul said I need not worry as far as he was concerned; out of the facts he had given me I had created an Uncle Paul in whom he by no means recognized himself.

He said he remembered a young Paul who was shy except in his own set, with a tendency to fall over his own feet, but precocious—one of those clever kids who have a mission to enlighten their benighted parents and expose the foolishness and knavery of the world. He punished his anti-Semitic teachers, he said, by failing his examinations, so that in 1938, when Jewish students were thrown out of the university, he was still one semester short of his degree, and he lost his first girl—Liesel—to an older man who was ready to marry and emigrate with her out of Hitler Austria.

"It was for this your father and I stood behind a counter in a shabby shop in a miserable village," my grandmother said to Paul the day he came to say goodbye to me—I was about to leave for England with a transport of Jewish children. "You should have taken languages instead of medicine. I remember that Professor Glaser—"

"A Nazi even in those days," Paul said.

"He said, 'Frau Steiner, Paul has a real talent for languages.' "

"Ah, I didn't think the world needed another linguist," Paul said. "What it needs, of course, is more aging medical students."

My grandmother laid back her head and laughed beautifully.

"Maybe I'll become a famous farmer," Paul said. He put his hand out and drew me to his chair. "I was at the Jewish Committee this morning and put my name down to go to Palestine. They didn't have any visas, but they had an incendiary bomb in the temple during the night. It was still smoking. They paid twelve of us to stay behind and clear out the debris."

"That is precisely what he does not need."

"Congratulations," my grandmother said. "At the age of twenty-seven, Paul earns his first money on a wrecking team. What did they give you?"

Paul hesitated. "Three schillings."

"What? What?" cried my grandmother. "And I suppose you lost it?"

"There was a kid there," Paul said. "A red-nosed, snivelling sort of a kid, very young, and he said even if he got a visa he didn't have a suitcase."

My grandmother looked at Paul with her handsome black eyes that were always on the edge of anger. "And you gave him your three schillings!"

"Mutti, one can't make money off the destruction of the temple by the Nazis."

"You can't make money off the Nazis! They can take away your parents' shop and your brother-in-law's job—"

"Muttilein, that's what I mean."

"Marry!" said my grandmother. "Find yourself a wife to look after you! I can't any more," and she started crying.

Paul went and sat on the arm of her chair and stroked her hair. "Mutti, I would start looking tomorrow, but just figure the odds against my happening to want to marry the very woman who happens to want to marry me."

But this time my grandmother would not laugh. She turned her face from him and dismissed him with a flick of her hand.

PAUL wrote me in England from the Hachsharah, the Zionist training farm just outside Vienna. He enclosed a photograph that shows a plump young girl, in working pants and a bandanna, standing between a tall, pretty young man, who is pressing her left hand, and my bespectacled Uncle Paul, whose left hand she is pressing. Paul's far arm is characteristically bandaged in an immense sling. The three young faces look laughingly out of that bitter time.

Paul married Ilse two weeks later. I refused at first to believe it. When I got used to the idea, I fell in love with the account of the marriage, so much more gallant than my parents' formal wedding in that other world of 1927, in the presence of relatives from Vienna, Budapest, and Pressburg, with a dowry including three dozen each of handkerchiefs, petticoats, nightgowns, pillowcases—all hand-monogrammed by the village girls and ready in the young people's Vienna flat when they returned from their Italian

"I see Fenton's is finally automating."

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honeymoon. Paul and Ilse were married outside the cowshed on the Hachsharah by a visiting rabbi, and caught the morning truck bringing eggs into the city. They moved in with my grandparents, who had been turned out of their house and shop in the village of Fischamend and had gone to Vienna and moved in with the only aunt who still had her old flat. Paul has told me that he and Ilse laughed so much carrying their combined and total belongings in a washbasket up the stairs that they had to stop and sit down on every landing.

In March, 1939, my parents got their visas and came to England. My grandmother wrote them on a high note of complaint against this girl whom Paul had brought into the family, who put black stockings in with her white wash though my grandmother had specifically warned her not to. My grandmother said she had begged Paul with raised hands not to marry this spoiled child, whom he had known only six weeks, and though she was engaged to someone else, but when this Paul, whom everybody thought such a sweet-natured son, really wanted anything, it was no good even talking to him; he took the girl's part in everything.

In September, my grandmother wrote that Paul and Ilse had got a farm-labor visa to England. "Your father and I, of course, have to stay behind. If I had it in me to envy my own children, I would envy Paul and Ilse, who are getting away from Hitler and a nagging mother-in-law all in one."

PAUL's first job was on a farm in Wiltshire. Ilse looked after their one-room cottage, and they got themselves a dog. Paul says he had little truck with his fellow-workers. The English language was unwieldy to him; he needed all his energies to keep up his work among these professional farmhands. The six months' Hachsharah training had left everything to be desired, and at the end of the season he was let go. Because of the wartime labor shortage, however, he soon found another place. Our news of Paul and Ilse that year consisted mainly of the announcements of their changes of address.

I have questioned Paul about this period in his life when I did not know him, and in a letter he described himself for me—in the third person—as a young man "recently cut off from home, *weltfremd* [unworldly], who at twenty-eight had never had to work for a living and whose ideas about life were formed through a rather unsystematic reading of books . . . offered the role of father-lover by his new child-wife. They were madly in love. Though she was younger by some eight years, it was he who became her pupil in love, while she, who was quite uneducated, had a vast longing to be led by him into the world of culture."

I did not meet Ilse until the August after the fall of France, when England interned its male German-speaking aliens. Both my father and Paul were taken away, and Ilse wrote that she was coming to see us on her way to London to get Paul back. I remember her walking into my field of vision, which was blurred with excitement, not tall and suave as I had imagined her but, like my mother, plump, with brown hair drawn into the simplest back roll—a mere person like the rest of us, looking, in fact, much like her photograph.

All afternoon, I studied this Ilse who slept nights in my Uncle Paul's bed. Her eyes were perfectly green, in a brown face with a warm down, like a summer berry. I went and sat on a bench close beside her, and she pulled me into the crook of her arm. I remember that the skin on the inside of her arm was delicate and dry and softer than anything I had ever known, and I caressed my cheek against it.

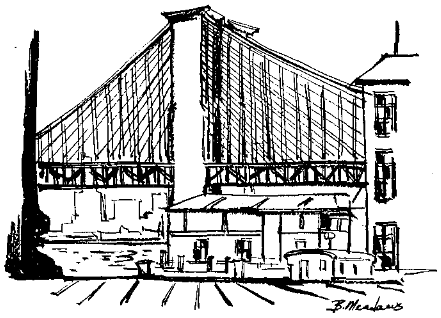
From London Ilse wrote my mother that she had been to the Home Office to get Paul released, but the man there had kept saying that Paul was an alien of hostile origin, though she had explained that he was Jewish and therefore could not be a spy. She wished her English were better, because she couldn't seem to get the man to understand her. From the Home Office, she went to Bloomsbury House—the London headquarters of England's Refugee Committee—and was in the waiting room when an American came to sign up people willing to settle in Sosua, a farming colony for refugees being established in the Dominican Republic. Ilse asked him what about a man who was interned, and the American said he could arrange for anybody willing to go to Sosua to be released. Ilse signed up for Paul and herself.

Sosua was one of those Jewish dreams of an agricultural haven in the New World. In 1938, Franklin Roosevelt had asked for countries to accept refugees. Trujillo of the Dominican Republic was one of the few heads of government who welcomed the proposal. (It has been so disagreeable to think of the dictator's doing a good-hearted thing that the Sosuans have been trying ever since to think up some self-serving motive for his action.) Stipulating merely that no settler should become a financial burden on the state, he donated from his own vast holdings the twenty-five thousand acres on the northern coast called Sosua. Here a group of American Jewish philanthropists established the Dominican Republic Settlement Association, which came to be known as DORSA.

Paul and Ilse left England with twelve other refugees—eleven men, one other woman—and disembarked in Ciudad Trujillo on a tropical morning in February, 1941. A Mr. Langley—his name, like the names of the other Sosuans, is made up—was waiting for them at the pier and loaded them and their baggage into the canvas-covered DORSA truck. Paul has told me of the eight-hour trip from the capital, in the south, to Sosua, in the northernmost part of the island. They travelled across plains sunburned and monotonous except for the rare, miserable palm-leaf shacks and occasional bursts of gross, oversized vegetation, and passed over mountain ranges that looked brash and new, lacking in composition. Over all stood the unrelieved, unlovely white heat of the sky. But Paul found it interesting. He pointed out to Ilse the wild green parrots in the cacao trees. In the course of the morning, they kept noticing how the palm trees that lined the road extended their smooth gray stems beyond their crowns like umbrella tips, and that on the apex of each there sat one bird.

By noon, the temperature inside the truck had become monstrous. The immigrants fidgeted and drowsed through the long afternoon. It was almost evening when they heard a shouting and clattering of hoofs, like the approach of Indian hordes in American Westerns. They looked out, and there, coming toward them along the shallow valley, was a troop of young, sunburned riders, their open-necked shirts flapping against their bodies, shouting, "*Wie geht's? Grausliche Reise, nicht wahr?*" in familiar Austrian and Polish Jewish accents. The riders fell in with the slowing truck, surrounding it like a convoy.

"Horrible trip, isn't it?" said a curly-haired young man, keeping his horse's nose just inside the truck. "I'm Otto Becker. I suppose you are married to him?" he said to Ilse, who was holding Paul's hand. "Didn't you bring any girls?"



"There's Renate in the corner, sleeping," Ilse said.

Otto was an extremely good-looking, fair young man, around twenty-five, with a flat stomach and strong arms covered with shiny reddish-gold hair. He peered with frank lechery into the darkness of the truck. "So that's Renate, is it? She's no use—she's engaged to Michel Brauner. He's been frantic for her. He's the only one of the Germans not married."

"Germans!" said Paul and Ilse.

"From Germany—like you are the 'English' from England. You're from Vienna, aren't you? So am I. Those Germans—I can't stand them—they were settled out by Laguna eight months ago, but they still come to DORSA for

CLOSING TIME

We may not drink until the shuttered dawn.
The pub has trembled to the call of time,
And out into the crooked streets have gone
The first, faint, failing drunkards.

And there came
A stranger to my elbow, and he said,
"This was, of course, in 1934,
When Baldwin . . . but she ran away with Fred,
And that made all the difference."

"As for fear,"
His comrade said (he wore a crimson vest
And a white collar), "Corbett had a flat
And cannoned into Petersen. I pressed
The brake, but nothing happened."

It was wet
Outside, and, in the oozing gutter, where
Crumpled to death lay yesterday's *Express*,
I saw the evening, melted to despair,
Running to dissolution.

Liquid glass
It was, and looked at me with mournful eyes.
But what I saw was star and its twin star,
The unperturbed attendants of the skies,
Reflected from its surface.

"Tell me, sir,"
The tedious philosopher began,
Whom I had dodged so deftly in the pub,
"What, in your thinking, is the use of man?"
He waited for no answer.

"Alain Robbe-
Grillet—" he said, and, mannerless, I fled
To my high house and lighted refuge. There,
In grateful solitude, I went to bed.
Communication's noble,

But it's rare.

—R. P. Lister

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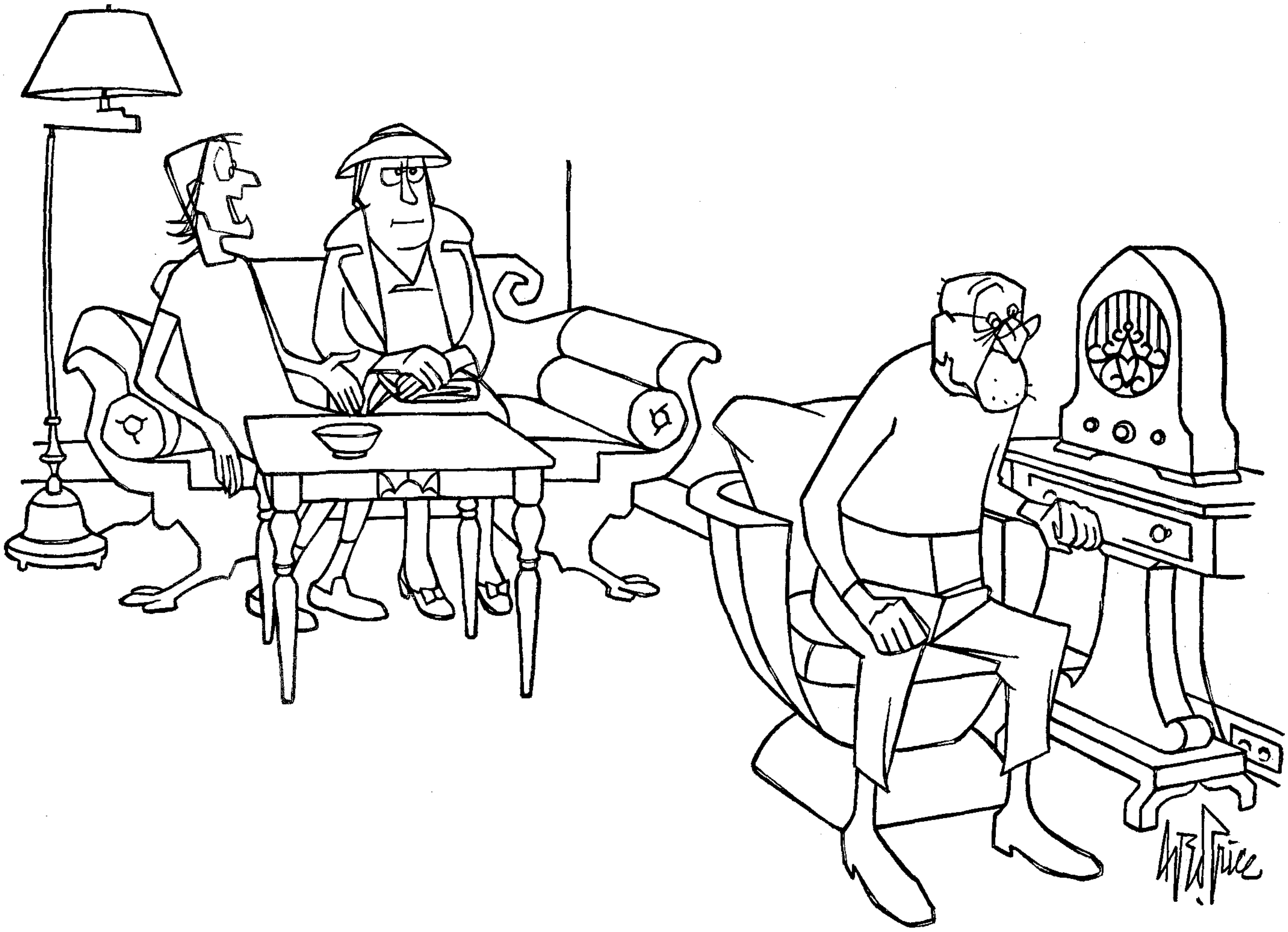

"He claims he hears the A. & P. Gypsies."

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handouts. I work in the office. Three pesos pocket money and nothing to spend it on. Do you know the joke about the canaries? There are two canaries sitting in their cage. One says to the other, 'Where are *you* going tonight?' Ha, ha, ha. God, how I wish you had brought some girls."

The truck had stopped on a green cliff. Otto said, "That's the administration building over there, with the white fence around it; there's the machine barn. Those are the barracks—one for us bachelors and one they're just putting up for you married couples." Paul and Ilse saw two Dominican workmen struggling to get a mattress in the narrow door of a low building of new white wood. Otto lifted the girl Renate down from the truck and stood her, newly awakened, on the ground. "Otto Becker is the name," he said.

"Ilselein, look! Our new cage!" Paul said. The green cliff dipped down to white sand lying like a pair of arms around the blue water of the bay.

SOSUA fed its two to three hundred immigrants living in the Batey (an Indian word, Paul thinks, meaning "the place from which the settlement started") in two communal kitchens. "Any news?" the diners at the long tables called out to the newcomers. "Is Hitler dead yet?"

"Not dead yet."

"Then there's no news."

Otto Becker brought his plate and sat by the new refugees. Afterward, they stayed for a briefing by Mr. Langley, who spoke in German with a prominent American accent. He explained the DORSA plan: newcomers were put through an intensive training in agricultural procedures, after which they formed groups of as few as two families or as many as a dozen to set up coöperative homesteads. For these homesteads DORSA supplied land, tools, seed, livestock, and one house per family. Each settler was debited with his share of the cost, which was to be repaid after the farms became self-supporting. Until homesteads could be built and everybody settled, they would be living in the barracks. If anybody had any questions, he should not hesitate to bring them to the DORSA office in the administration building—agricultural to him, questions of policy and so on to Mr. Sommerfeld, the director, who would very soon welcome them personally. Mr. Langley said he would meet the men in the field tomorrow, after breakfast. The women should report for duty in the kitchen.

They came out into bright dusk. Ilse took Paul's hand and drew it through her arm. "Pauli, could we go for a walk and look around?"

"Oh, do let's!" cried Renate, keeping close to Ilse, because the impertinent Otto had taken her arm. This left little Michel Brauner, her fiancé, walking next to Paul.

Michel said, "Renate tells me you have farm experience. Maybe after Renate and I are married we could form a group and apply for a homestead?"

"I don't have enough experience to run a farm," Paul said, "but enough to know I don't. As Socrates said, 'All I know is that I know nothing,'" and, hearing his professorial tone, he laughed apologetically.

Michel said, "Nobody in Sosua knows anything. You just start applying for a place."

Otto asked Renate and Ilse to come

swimming on the beach the next afternoon.

"Won't we be busy in the kitchen?" Ilse asked.

Otto said, "Nobody in Sosua is busy." He and Renate were pulling ahead because of the extreme slowness with which Paul and Ilse seemed to be moving. After a moment's hesitation, Michel went to take Renate's free arm, and soon the three of them were lost in the rapidly descending darkness.

Paul and Ilse walked on until they reached the edge of the cliff. They lay down together in the night grass. "Pauli," she asked, "that Michel Brauner, is he a good person to run our farm with?"

"Michel Brauner's capacities don't worry me nearly as much as Paul Steiner's. You realize, Ilselein, that in England, between October, 1939, and August, 1940, I was thrown out of three jobs?"

"The last job you didn't get thrown out of. You were interned, and you said yourself how much you learned that year."

"That's true," Paul said. "In that last job I was beginning to feel on firmer ground. I know more than most of these people here. Do you know, Ilselein, I'm raring to get down to work. I want to provide for you and our children—a house and food and something over to begin to pay off the debt we are going to owe DORSA. Poor Mutti!" Paul said in a voice that was suddenly very gay. "At thirty, with the assistance of Hitler, her boy has grown up. So I'm not a poet. I won't lead any revolutions. Did I ever tell you about the time in the Dollfuss era a policeman stopped me on the way to my Socialist cell? I was carrying a bunch of pamphlets, but I got out my wallet full of pictures of my little niece, Lore, then he showed me pictures of his two boys, and we parted great friends. A lot of cloak-and-dagger nonsense in the name of an honest new Austria! Now all I want is to get my parents out of Vienna and be quit of the whole European mess." In the darkness below them, the ocean swished and heaved. The black air was warm and very soft. Paul's wife made herself comfortable in the crook of his arm and Paul said, "Ah, Ilselein, one might almost be happy here!"

And it seemed that the future Paul had pictured for them was precisely what Ilse wanted for *her* happiness.

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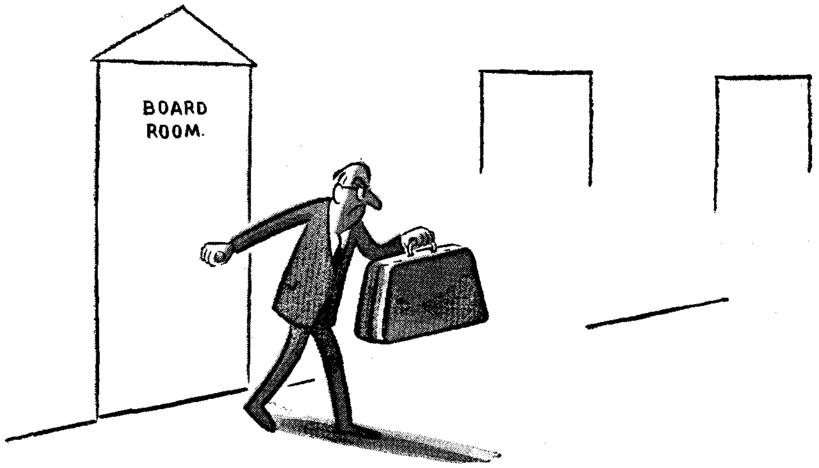

INSIDE, the barracks had a long, narrow corridor, with washrooms at either end and rooms leading off it, rather like the compartments in Continental trains. Each room was furnished with an iron bedstead, a washstand, and two wooden chairs, and was separated from its neighbors by wooden partitions. Paul named their room the Badekabine for its resemblance to a swimming-pool cabaña. Ilse said the whole of Sosua felt like a summer-holiday place; you got out of bed in the morning and pulled a dress over your head and off you went.

On the way to the kitchen for breakfast, Paul told me, he made it clear to Ilse that he expected no holiday in the fields. The intellectual had a disadvantage as a farmer, he said. Nothing came to him directly, by instinct. He was a man looking at the world through spectacles; he must have everything explained so he could understand the theory of what to do in practice. But there was this advantage—he could master in years what took the peasant generations.

Mr. Langley met his new trainees in a field that had been cleared of rocks and tree stumps by two native employees of DORSA. There was a plow to which

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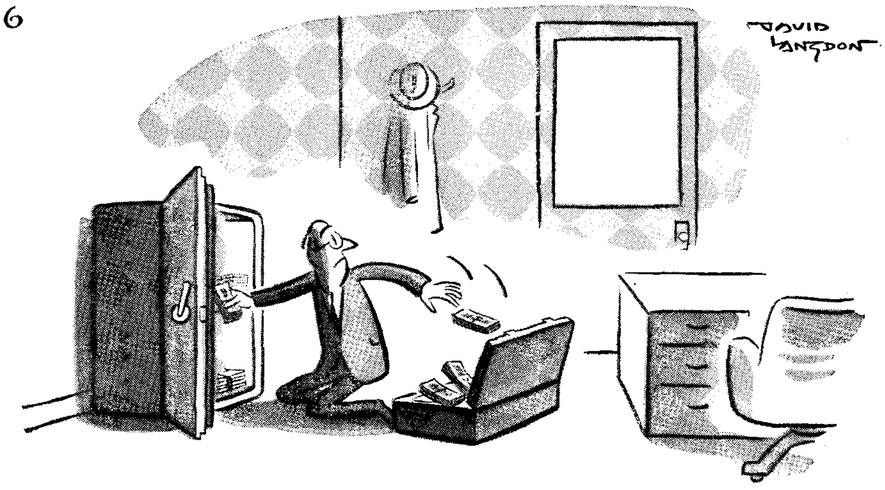


a mule was hitched, and a barrel of yam plant—a long green tangle of stalk and leaves—which Mr. Langley told them to cut into foot lengths and lay in furrows in the ground. Mr. Langley asked if anyone had plowed before, and Paul said he had but never with a mule. The older, blacker of the Dominicans, called Jesús, demonstrated how to guide the animal with one hand while steadying the plow with the other. "It needs practice," Mr. Langley said. "I will be back presently to see how you are doing."

They watched him ride away down the sea road toward the Batey. "I bet he's rich," said Farber, who had been a travelling salesman in Poland. "I asked him how he knew German, and he said he studied to be a veterinarian in Frankfurt, but now he breeds cattle in America. He must be a millionaire."

"America, America. Land of Opportunity," said Max Godlinger, a man with a bald head and a pointed, old-man's stomach.

The two Dominicans, off in the far corner of the training field, were cutting down the tall grass. They sang rhythmically as they walked, swinging their machetes.

Paul, who had been experimenting with the plow, said, "Someone come and hold on to this animal. The plow is going every which way. Hold still, you."

In the Batey, Ilse sat beside Renate in the sun behind the kitchen. They were peeling yams, which DORSA imported by the truckload from the market of Puerto Plata, on the far side of the bay. They could see the white beach below, and three young men running down toward the water. The Atlantic spread before them, so still it might have been made out of solid blue, except that way out the sun glimmered and seesawed on little waves.

By noon, the sun stood directly over the square of the training field, and where it glanced off the waves it pierced the men's eyes like motes of dust. To the right, the mountains quivered behind a haze of heat. Paul was still walking after the mule, lifting his boots to a rhythm that had come uncalled into his mind:

Mensch, was du liebst
In das wirst du verwandelt werden:
Gott wirst du, liebst du Gott,
Und Erde, liebst du Erden.

Pools of sweat had collected at the back of his knees and made little runnels down his calves.

"Hey, Steiner, look behind you!" Farber called to Paul, and Paul turned and saw how the furrows, which started out parallel, ran indistinguishably into one another across the field.

"Who needs yams," said bald Godlinger. He came from Vienna and was a furrier by trade. "We did perfectly well all these years without yams."

"I'd like to remind you that we did by no means perfectly well in Vienna," said Paul out of dusty lips. He picked up a hoe.

"What are you doing?" wailed Godlinger. "You're not going to straighten them by hand?"

"It might make up for lost time," Paul said, "if some of us would start cutting up the yam plant."

"Godlinger, roll up your sleeves," said Farber. Godlinger obediently rolled his sleeves up over his pink and hairless arms.

The green tangle out of the barrel seemed to have no beginning or end. They called Paul over, and Paul said they might begin by stripping the mess of leaves and blossoms off the stalks.

The two Dominicans had packed up their tools. They stood awhile, watching the field full of working white folk, before they took the road toward

"I suppose you've already had your caviar today."

the native village, which lay in the direction opposite from that in which Mr. Langley had disappeared in the early morning.

Mr. Langley had not returned by late afternoon, when the trainees had all the neat, finger-thick stems laid in the makeshift furrows, so they collected their hoes and walked the mule back to the Batey.

After the white-hot road, the inside of the barracks felt like a cave—dark and damply cool. Paul found Ilse sitting on the bed, her hair wet. She had spent the afternoon on the beach with Renate and Otto and what seemed like dozens of young men at loose ends. She fetched Paul cold water and a clean shirt. Paul told her about the ruined yam field, and the poem by the seventeenth-century mystic Angelus Silesius that had gone around in his head. Ilse sat on her haunches on the bed, looking up at Paul, who stood in his underwear and raised his chin, like a singer, to recite:

> "Man, what you love
> You will become at second birth:
> God will you become, if you love God,
> And earth, if you love earth."

He was both delighted and surprised that Ilse found no difficulty whatever with the concept of becoming the thing loved, and he told her how, on the road walking back, he had found the last line for a poem he had been carrying around in his head for years. He felt self-conscious. "I even remember where the first line came to me. Down by the Danube, in Fischamend, there is a footpath . . .

> *Ich denke und du düngst . . .*
> I think thoughts, you grow things.
> And if my thought in your mind's night
> May seem no matter—"

Paul grimaced. "A very Karl Kraus sort of pun," he said,

> ". . . yet my mind brings
> To light the seed that you manure.

Then comes this nineteenth-century sort of idea." Paul suddenly longed for his friend Dolf, who would have recognized each derivation and applauded each happy stroke. Marking his rhythms like a conductor, Paul went on,

> "And when our shadows which we cast shall rest
> That in life's flick'ring light had wildly swung,
> I shall be turned to thought, you into dung."
> ["*Alsdann wirst du zum Dung—ich zum Gedanken*"]

After supper, Paul and Ilse gave the slip to Renate, who was bickering with Michel. They walked up the road to see the yam field, and Paul talked to Ilse about Angelus Silesius and Karl Kraus, about Heine, and about his poet friend Dolf.

Ilse said, "Renate says you won't be happy living in Sosua, because you are an intellectual."

"Much she knows about *that*," Paul said.

Ilse said, "I was trying to tell her what you said this morning, how being an intellectual was like looking through spectacles. It's funny—I understood everything while you were explaining it to me, but I couldn't explain it to her. She says you've known Vienna and you'll never be able to live without music and everything—no culture and no books."

"You can tell Renate from me that I have indeed known Vienna, and that we're the victims of its culture and its books." When Paul was excited, the muscles of his mouth seemed to be paralyzed, so that the effort of speaking bared his irregular teeth, giving him a look that was almost cruel. Ilse clung to his arm, and he held on to her. Through his painful tight lips he said, "It was my Vienna that turned on me. It was my books."

IN the weeks that followed, the trainees weeded and waited for the yams to sprout.

"Godlinger, you should cover your head. You'll get sunstroke," Paul said.

Godlinger took out a handkerchief and put it on his bald head, which was turning a dangerously red color, as he walked beside Paul, making conversation, using his hoe like a walking stick. "When my American quota comes through, my brother and I are opening a fur store in Chicago—quite small, just the family. My wife always says, 'Strangers don't work for you; they work against you.' You can leave some of the weeds," he said impatiently, waiting for Paul, who had stooped to tear at a tough root with his hands. "A very smart businesswoman, my wife. She stayed in Vienna to wind up the business and will come straight to America."

In March, a group of twenty arrived from Switzerland. It included Michel's huge, fat mother, and his brother Robert, with his wife and little daughter.

"Any news? Hitler dead yet?" the Sosuans asked.

"No news," the "Swiss" answered.

"If you happen to need any yams," Farber said to Mr. Langley, who had brought his new trainees to a field that Jesús and his partner had finished clearing for them, "I have a bushel—pink, very good quality—I could let DORSA have cheap.”

Under its tough outer skin, Mr. Langley's face seemed to have fallen into a chaos of bewilderment. “Yams . . . I don't know that we need any more yams.” Then he found firm ground. “Very enterprising of you, though, Farber. Very enterprising indeed. If you go over to the office, I'll tell Mr. Sommerfeld to settle up with you.”

“Farber, Farber,” said Paul, “where did you get yams?”

“From a yam farmer, Paul,” Farber said. “I tell you, Paul, there's no product for which a good salesman can't find a market, and no market for which a good salesman can't find a product. Paul, look at Godlinger weeding.”

Paul looked, and saw Godlinger, with his sleeves rolled up over his pink arms and a handkerchief tied under his chin, leaning on his hoe talking to Mr. Langley. As they came closer, they heard Godlinger saying, “My brother is in Chicago working in a big fur company, by name of Silberman—maybe you know it?” and Mr. Langley answering, “I'm from Texas myself,” in a pure Frankfurt accent.

“Mr. Langley, one moment,” Paul said as Mr. Langley swung himself onto his horse. “Although I have had some farm training both in Vienna and England, my knowledge is necessarily limited, and in any case inapplicable to this new crop and unknown soil and season.” He spoke with the circuitous courtesy he had used in speaking to his professors at the university. “I would like to mention, sir, that we would all benefit from more formal instruction. How long, for instance, does it take the yam to sprout after planting?”

Mr. Langley was shielding his eyes against the sun, looking toward the neighboring field, which Jesús and his partner were beginning to clear for a new group expected from Italy. He said, “How long it takes the yam plant to sprout, of course, depends, as you say, on the soil . . . the season. . . . I will talk to you about that when I come back from Puerto Plata. Two of my bulls are arriving today from the States.”

“Mr. Langley, one other thing, sir,” Paul said, talking very fast as he felt Mr. Langley's eagerness to get away from him. “What are the chances of bringing my parents to Sosua?”

“Talk to Sommerfeld about a visa,” said Langley, as he set his horse in motion. “That's his problem.”

“*Was singt der Schwarze?*” Farber asked Paul. “Come, Professor, you and Ilse always have your heads in your Spanish grammar. What's that black singing?”

Paul listened to Jesús, who stepped rhythmically behind his machete, singing,

“¿Donde está Pedro?
Ya no lo veo.
Ya me parece
Que me tiene miedo.”

Paul translated,

“Where is Pedro?
I don't see him.
It seems that he
Is scared of me.”

“Ask him—maybe he knows how long it takes yams to sprout,” Farber said.

Paul spoke to the Dominican in the next field, and reported to Farber, “He says they would have come up two weeks ago if we hadn't ripped off the leaves and shoots. But he saw us do it—I remember him, standing and watching from the road. Why didn't he say anything?”

Jesús said, “They will come up a week sooner, a week later.”

“Why doesn't Langley tell us these things?” Paul cried, in a fury.

“*El Señor Langley no sabe nada,*” Jesús said. “He doesn't know anything. About bulls and cows he knows.”

They returned to their work. Walking behind his machete, Jesús sang,

“El Señor Langley
El no sabe nada.
Ya me parece
Que el tiene miedo.”

Mr. Langley's two magnificent prize bulls arrived and were corralled. One never recovered from the seasickness of the crossing and died, but the other was put to work to improve the Sosua stock.

The “Swiss” had planted Farber's yams and began weeding. The “English” continued to weed their yams, which had sprouted according to Jesús's prediction, until Jesús spoke to them from the roadside. “*No se necesita.* The yam plant is hardy and kills its own weeds after the first weeks.”

“Hey, Paul, let's not tell the ‘Swiss,’ ” Farber said. “It might be bad for their morale to have nothing to do with themselves.”

Meanwhile, the “English” joined the holidaying Batey people. Paul and Ilse spent the hot afternoons down on the beach; they studied their Spanish; they swam. Renate, Michel, and Otto and the young men at loose ends roughnecked in the mild breakers, or sat in the sun telling jokes and singing old student songs with new rude lyrics, or groused.

“Sosua, *ech*,” they said. “I wish the American quota would start moving.”

They said, “Who does Sommerfeld think he is, making us paint the barracks? Doesn't he have enough *Schwarze* to do it?”

“Sommerfeld knows what he's doing. It took him less than a month to settle the ‘Germans’ in Laguna, to show the rich Americans and

“Now, don't fly off the handle. I can explain everything.”

STEALING TROUT

I park the car half in the ditch and switch off and sit.
The hot astonishment of my engine's arrival
Sinks through 4 A.M. silence and frost.
At the end of a long gash,
An atrocity through the lace of first light,
I sit with the smoking instrument.
I am on delicate business.
I want the steel to be cold instantly,
And myself secreted three fields away,
And the farms, back under their blankets, supposing a plane passed.

Because this is no wilderness you can just rip into.
Every leaf here is plump and well-married,
Every grain of the soil of known lineage, well-connected,
And the gardens like brides are fallen asleep
Before their weddings have properly begun,
The orchards, the hushed maids, fresh from convent—
It is too hushed, something improper is going to happen.
It is too ghostly-proper, all sorts of liveried listenings
Tiptoe along the lanes and peer over hedges. . . .

I listen for the eyes jerked wide on pillows,
Their dreams washed with sudden ugly petroleum.
(They need only look out at a sheep;
Every sheep within five miles
Is nailing me accurately down
With its hellishly shaven, starved-priest expression.)

I emerge. The air, after all, has forgotten everything.
The sugared spindles and wings of grass
Are etched on great goblets. A pigeon falls into space.
The earth is coming quietly and darkly up from a great depth,
Still under the surface. I am unknown,
But nothing is surprised. The tarmac of the road
Is velvet with sleep, the hills are out cold—
A new earth still in its wrapper
Of gauze and cellophane,
The frost from the storage still on its edges;
My privilege to poke and sniff.
The sheep are not much more than the primroses.
And the river there, amazed with itself,
Flexing and trying its lights,
And unused fish that are rising
And sinking for the sheer novelty
As the sun melts the hill's spine and the spilled light
Flows through their gills. . . .

My mind sinks, rising and sinking,
And the opening arms of the river forget me
Into the buried tunnel of hazels. There
My boot dangles down till a thing black and sudden
Savages it, and the river is heaping under,
Alive and malevolent,
A coiling glider of shock, the space-black
Draining off there under the hazels—
But I drop and stand square in it, against it.

Then it is river again, washing its soul,
Its stones, its weeds, its fish, its gravels,
And the rooty mouths of the hazels clear
Of the discolorings bled in
Off plowlands and lanes—wanting the pure peat whiskey
Fed from the breast on Dartmoor.

For minutes, I can hardly look at it—
The riding tables, the corrugated shanty roofs tightening
To braids, boilings where boulders throw up
Gestures of explosion, black splitting everywhere
To drowning skirts of whiteness, a slither of mirrors,
Where the bundled hazel rods, hugging each other,
Lean over and peer in and cannot
Make up their minds. Here it is shallow,
Ropes my knees, lobbing fake boomerangs,
A drowned woman loving each ankle,
But I'm heavier and wade with them upstream,
Flashing my blue minnow
Up the open throats of water,
And across through the side of the rush
Of alligator, escaping along there
Under the beards of the hazels, and I slice
The wild nape-hair off the bald bulges,
Till the tightrope of my first footholds
Tangles away downstream
And my boot soles move as to magnets.

Now I deepen. And here comes the mob
Of voices and hurriers, piling down
And tumbling past me. I am missing a panic—
This army of river is a rout
Of tumbrils and gun carriages, rags and metal,
All the funeral woe-drag of some overnight disaster
Mixed with planets, electrical storms, and darkness
On a high mapless moorland of granite,
Trailing past me with all its frights, its eyes
With what they have seen and still see.
They drag the flag off my head, a dark insistence
Tearing the spirits from my mind's edge and from under. . .
To pull me clear takes the strike and strong spine
Of one of the river's genuine members—
Thoroughly made of dew, lightning, and granite
Very slowly over three years. A trout, a foot long,
Lifting its head in a shawl of water,
Fins banked stiff like a schooner,
Forces the final curve wide, getting
A long look at me. So much for the horror:
It has changed places.
Now I am a man in a painting
(Under the scabby stuffed head of a fox)
Painted circa 1905,
Where the river steams and the frost relaxes
From the pear blossoms. The brassy wood pigeons
Bubble their colorful voices and the sun
Rises upon a world well-tried and old. —Ted Hughes

• •

his bigwig Dominican friends what a high-powered administrator he is, but in the eight months since not one single person has got settled."

"As soon as everyone is settled, Sommerfeld is out of a job. He's not such a fool."

"Sommerfeld is certainly no fool," Paul said, "though he does enjoy maneuvering and disposing of people. But he has an impossible task—settling three hundred urban Jews on virgin soil on a tropical island!"

"You think too much, Professor," someone said.

"Paul, you want to be our representative in the settlers' council?" Otto asked.

"Thanks, but no. No politics for me."

"It's hot," someone said. "Let's go for a ride."

Paul and Ilse watched the young people scramble up the rocky cliff path on which, presently, Godlinger came slith-

"Not yet! Not yet!"

• •

ering down. Godlinger said, "I've been waiting at the administration building since morning, but Sommerfeld didn't have time for me today. I should try him tomorrow. Did you hear what the 'Italians' said about the new pogroms in Vienna? They said they are taking women now. I want to ask Sommerfeld about bringing my wife here."

"I went to see him last week about my parents," Paul said. "He showed me a list two pages long of settlers who want visas for their relatives."

"He said I should try him tomorrow," Godlinger said. He fell silent, sitting with his head on a pillow of sand, his handkerchief tied under his chin. His mouth fell open and the corners of his lips drooped in a lonely way; he slept peacefully under the sun.

The yam field was covered with a mass of green leaves and pinkish blossoms. Paul took Ilse to see the swelling tubers cracking the earth, and because the evening was sweet they walked on in the direction of the native village. Presently Ilse began to tremble. "There's someone walking behind us."

Paul looked around. "It's Jesús, Ilselein. Jesús, *como está?* I've taken my wife to see the yams pushing up." Paul fell into step with the Dominican, wanting to practice his Spanish. "How long does it take for the yams to achieve their full size?"

"Five months they get very, very big," Jesús said. "But if I were the Señor, I would harvest them now. Once they show above the ground, they are apt to be stolen. Good night to you and to the Señora." Jesús raised his hat to them and pulled ahead, so that they could see his back outlined against the dying brightness from the sea. His pockets bulged, unmistakably yam-shaped.

IN May, Erich Marchfeld, a Viennese doctor for whom DORSA had furnished a makeshift hospital, pronounced Ilse pregnant. She was happy and nervous. Paul was very tender with her. He procured an extra pillow for her feet from the DORSA office; he drew diagrams for her on a piece of paper to explain the growing of her womb and why it was making her feel ill.

The prospect of the infant in the Badekabine and the realization that there was no effective training program in Sosua persuaded Paul to begin application for a homestead. Michel and Otto came in with him. Michel was especially eager, for Renate had promised to marry him as soon as he was settled. "What's the use of moving into the barracks and then moving again?" she said. Otto kept making up hilarious lists of what they would need, and Paul found himself both chairman of the group and advocate for the realities. In the second week of June, the "Steiner Group," as they came to be known, carried their requisitions to the DORSA office. They were asking for five cows and one horse per family; one mule for the group, plus chickens, pigs, and a two-wheeled cart; a tool shed for equipment; a place to store fertilizers, seeds, and crops; a milking shed; and three houses.

"A thoroughly workmanlike list," said Director Sommerfeld. He was an elderly American of Polish extraction, a small, ugly man with a large head, furrowed like a bloodhound's, with moist little eyes and moist, drooping lips. The three men stood before his desk in the carpeted front office. It was very sunny and still. Paul watched the Director check the items one by one with his pencil. When Sommerfeld looked up, he said, "We're putting up a couple of houses in Bella Vista," and Paul felt ill with excitement and misgiving to think that he might be about to farm his own farm. "But I see," continued the Director, "that you are asking for a three-house homestead."

"We have talked this over, sir," Paul said. "Michel has the care of his mother, but Otto could live with my wife and me for the present."

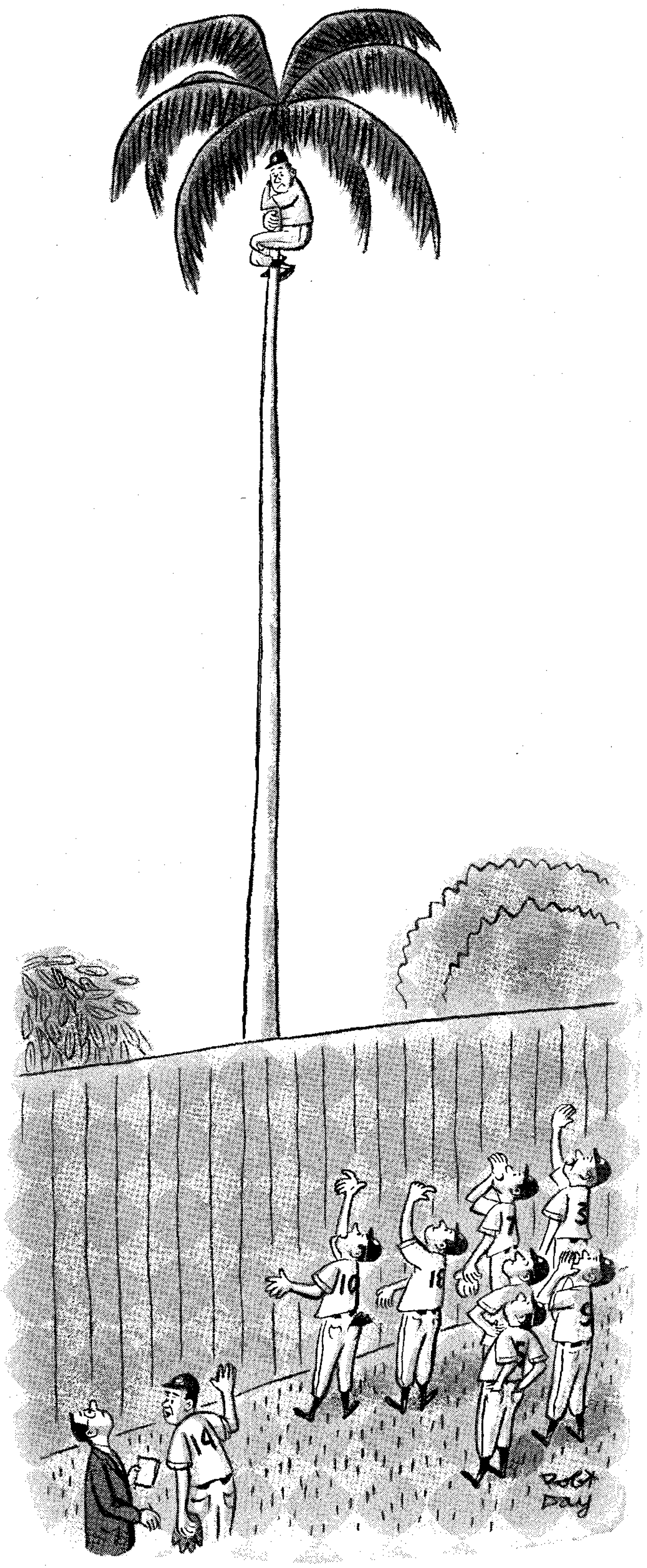
Director Sommerfeld nodded his great head and made a note in the margin. "And then who says we can't build a third house, eh?" he said, and raised his face, transformed by a smile of great charm.

Paul said, "Sir, I would also like to mention that I have some farm experience—six weeks' training on a Hachsharah in Vienna and one year's farm work in England, though I'm very much aware that this is a mere beginning."

"A beginning—well put. That's what we are all trying to accomplish here, my friends," the Director said. "A bitter, bitter beginning. Let me talk this over with Mr. Langley, see what the situation is as regards livestock, and I will let you know. Goodbye, gentlemen."

The three men made him little bows and turned toward the door, which had been opened from the outside to admit a burro carrying a man called Halsmann, from the Laguna settlement. He rode up to the Director's desk, where he upturned a basket of tomatoes, shouting, "A present from me to DORSA! It has taken me five months to raise a tomato crop, which the DORSA kitchen won't buy because it gets its tomatoes from the DORSA *colmado*, which gets tomatoes from Puerto Plata." He pulled his burro's head around as if he were setting an Arab stallion into a gallop and trotted the little animal out through the lobby and the front door. The Steiner Group had got to their knees after the rolling tomatoes, but Paul looked up surreptitiously at Director Sommerfeld. The Director, not at all discomfited, was looking out of the window after the burro and rider with the openmouthed interest of a child.

In July, Paul decided to remind Sommerfeld about the visa for his parents—afraid equally of making a nuisance of himself and of letting himself be forgotten. He went to the administration building, where he found Godlinger already sitting in the lobby. Shortly, Sommerfeld came through on his way to his office and he said, "Godlinger, you are becoming a fixture here. I have no time for you today. I'm expecting Señor Rodriguez, the representative of our so-called benefactor, from Ciudad Trujillo. Paul Steiner, my friend!" he cried in the pleasantest fashion to my astonished uncle. "And how is our little mother-to-be? We must see about that homestead for you people before the arrival of the son and heir!"



"He's been sold to Kansas City."

"If you would be so good, sir," Paul said. "But what I've come about today is to ask if there is any further opening for bringing my parents out of Austria."

"And my wife," said Godlinger.

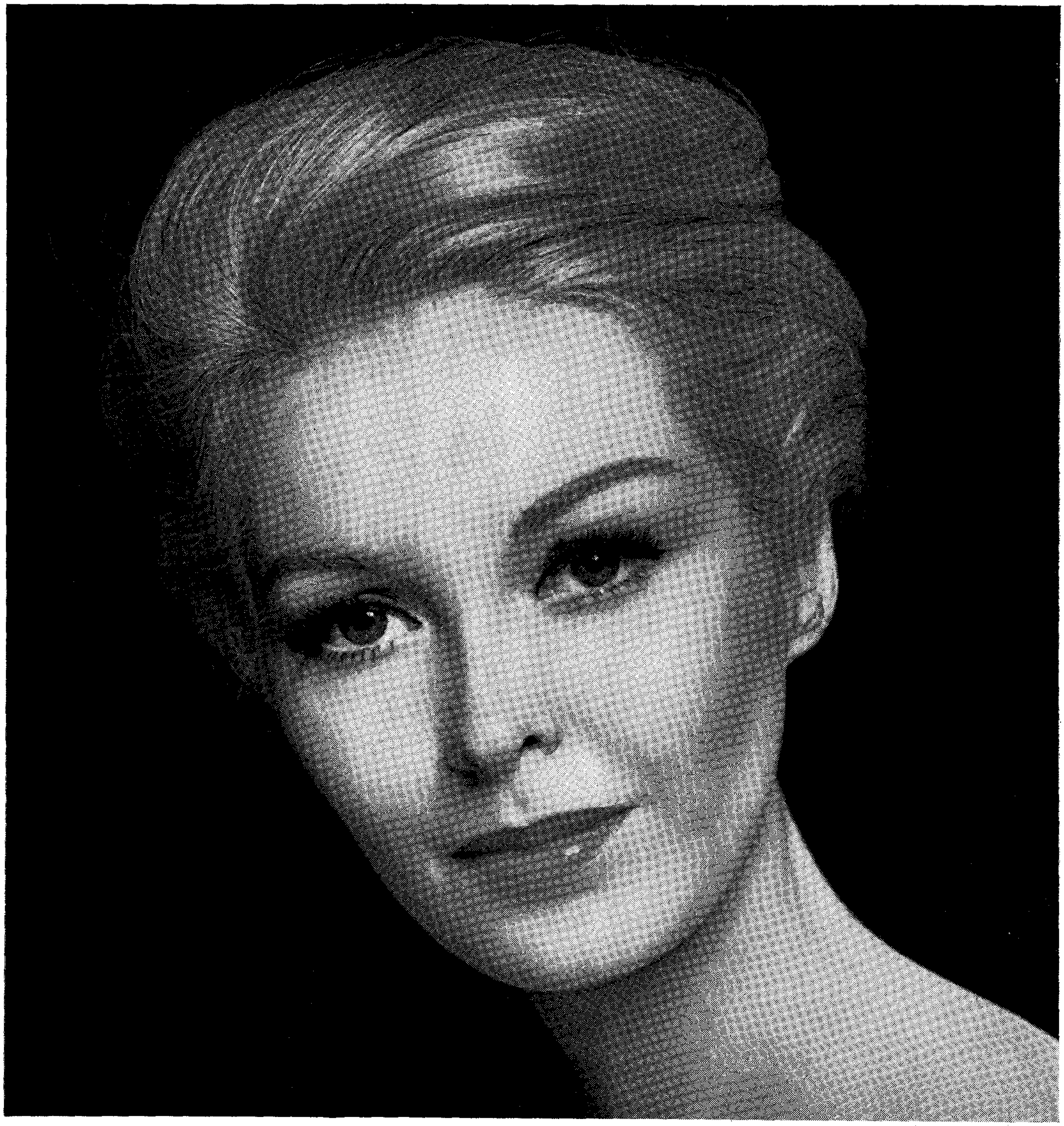
"Tell me, Godlinger, you were a furrier in Vienna, were you not?"

"Yes, Director—'Godlinger Furs.' Maybe you have heard the name? On the Ringstrasse. I manufactured; my wife was in the shop. I have a brother in the business in Chicago."

"And you would like to join him there, would you not?"

Godlinger's face flushed. "Oh, Mr. Sommerfeld, if that could be made possible—"

"And I suppose, Godlinger, you consider that for a furrier it is a waste of his time training to be a farmer! I suppose, with your mind on your fortunes in the U.S.A., you have no interest in Sosua. I would like to know, Godlinger, why you suppose that DORSA should take any interest in you? If I had it in my power—which, however, I have not—to bring over anybody's relatives, I should bring over Steiner's here, who puts in a day's work in the field instead of sitting in the DORSA lobby. Rodriguez! My good friend!" cried Sommerfeld. He turned his charming smile on the tall Dominican who stood in the front door. Rodriguez was an elegant man, with an erect carriage and hair cropped close to his head. "Walk in, walk in, and welcome to Sosua. I want you to meet two of our settlers, Godlinger and Steiner, who have been talking to me about getting visas for their relatives still in Germany—a subject I want to persuade you to take up



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with the President, our good and great benefactor." He took his visitor by the elbow and propelled him into the office.

Within the week after Señor Rodriguez' return to the capital came letters from the President's office granting thirty visas for the relatives of Sosua settlers. These Director Sommerfeld distributed according to a system known only to himself. None was given to either Godlinger or Paul, and only one to Halsmann, of the Laguna settlement, though he had to provide for both his own and his wife's parents. Hysterical weeping came nightly from their clapboard house.

In the second week of August, a batch of Red Cross letters arrived. Farber saw Paul reading the familiar twenty-five-word form and asked, "Hitler dead yet?"

"No, but my parents were alive as of May 28th," Paul said. They were sitting at Bockmann's. Bockmann had started selling coffee and his wife's cake on the grass behind his house.

Dr. Marchfeld came over and said, "I've got Max Godlinger in my hospital. He's just heard that his wife has been deported, and he's cracked up completely. He keeps saying he didn't put in enough work in the fields."

"*Lieber Gott*," Paul said. "I think I can explain that."

That week Sosua had its first suicide; one of the young men hanged himself in his room in the bachelor barracks and started the Sosua cemetery on the hill behind Bella Vista.

On the first of September, Michel Brauner heard through his brother Robert's little daughter Susi, who had it from Hansi Neumann, at school, that the Neumanns were to get the Bella Vista homestead. The Steiner Group went to the office to see Director Sommerfeld.

"What do you want from me?" Sommerfeld said. "You asked for a three-house homestead. Bella Vista has only two houses."

"But we talked about that, sir," Paul said. "You remember we said we could do with two houses? You made a note."

"What note? Where? I don't see any note! Here on your list it says three houses. You can see for yourself. You are too big a group for the Bella Vista homestead."

"Sir, how about those houses going up in Barosa?"

"You're too small a group for the Barosa homestead. I'm settling the whole 'Swiss' group as a unit."

"But they came after us," said Michel. "That's not fair!"

Sommerfeld was studying their list again. "*I have a note here that Steiner*

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trained for six weeks in Vienna," he said.

"On a Hachsharah, sir."

"And that makes you an expert, I suppose."

"And a year he worked in England," Otto said, aghast. "I said it was a mere beginning," Paul said at the same time.

"Because you spent six weeks on a Hachsharah, I suppose you think it is unnecessary to avail yourself of our training program here. I spoke to Mr. Langley, and he says you have planted yams. You came in February. Now it is September, and you have planted yams. Go away, my friends, and train yourselves. Train, train, train! When you are ready, *then* come back and we will talk about a homestead."

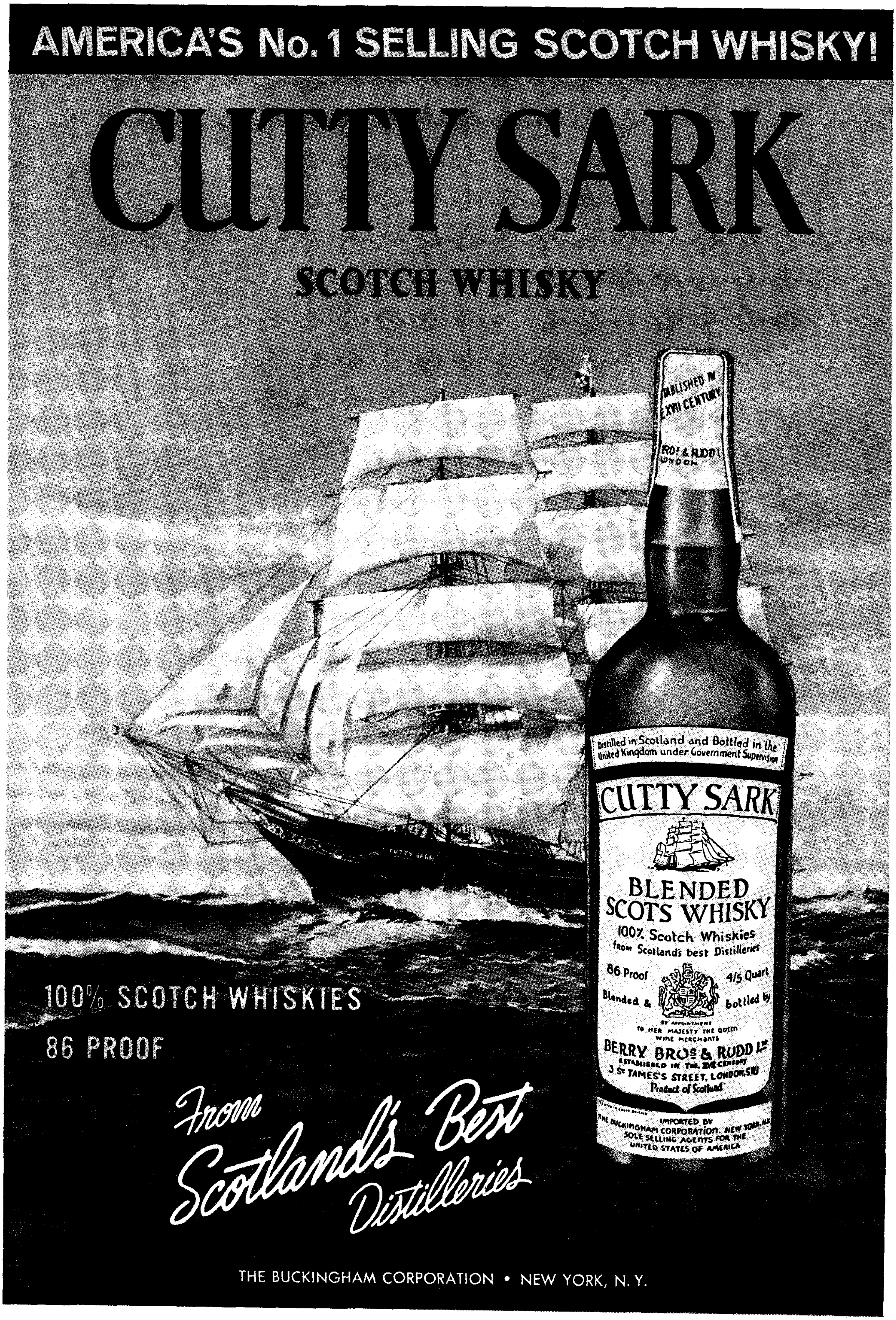
IT was November. The rainy season had set in. Ilse stayed in the Badekabine, "nesting," as Paul said, while he put on his mackintosh and went to the settlers' council. He had, after all, been chosen as one of three representatives to act as liaison between the settlers and the administration.

The meeting was a plenary session, held in the mess hall, and the mood was from the beginning one of general complaint. Halsmann had lost two cows from overgrazing his pasture in the drought that had preceded the rain. He complained that Mr. Langley had been riding round the country buying up cattle for the huge "Swiss" settlement, so that when the Laguna people came with their hard-earned pennies, the *Schwarze* were asking fancy prices. "They say, 'That's what the Americano is paying,' but when *we* go to DORSA for three miserable cows, there are no more funds. Meanwhile, our respected representatives, whose job it is supposed to be to look out for our interests, are busy negotiating with Sommerfeld about chairs and tables for Bockmann, here, to open himself a little café in the Batey."

"Listen, Halsmann, you loudmouth," said Bockmann, rising so that he appeared to be thrusting his large, bland face into the other man's red, irate face across the width of the room. "I owned the best café on the Prater Allee, and the Nazis confiscated it, sent me to Theresienstadt, and took my oldest son to Poland, and I'd like to know if I shouldn't be entitled to five tables and twenty chairs to put up in the grass back of my house."

"*They took away my* slaughterhouse, which supplied half of Frankfurt," said Halsmann, "and I'd like to know what it would hurt DORSA to give me three miserable cows."

"You've had three cows, Halsmann. You've had six cows. Nine cows," said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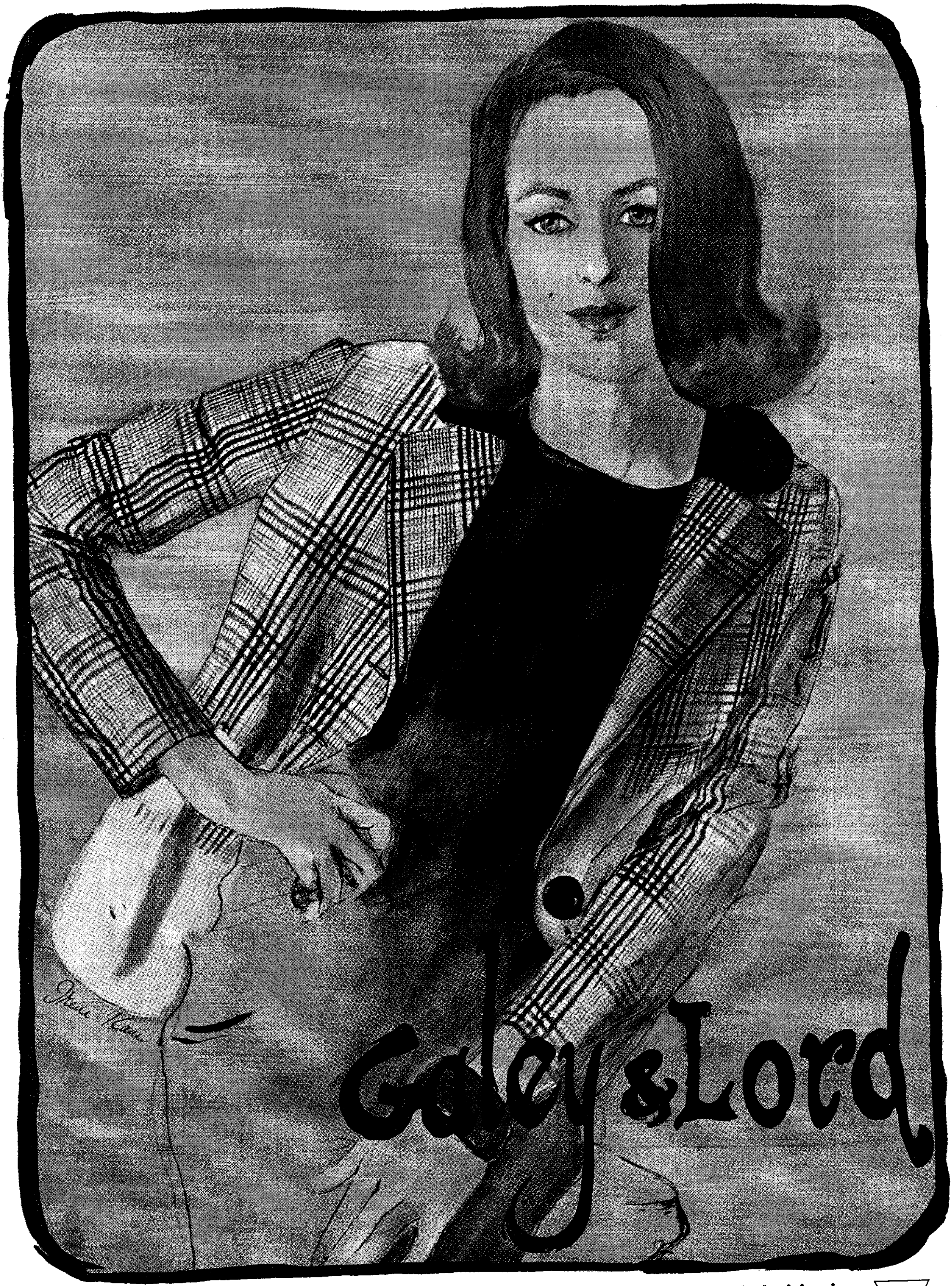

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Otto Becker. "Listen, I worked in the office. I know exactly how many cows you have had."

"Let me tell you," Bockmann said, "that when I get my tables and chairs I won't keep coming back for handouts. *I* happen to know how to run a café."

"So that the people in the Batey can sit more comfortably on their fat behinds," said Neumann, who had recently moved to the Bella Vista homestead and looked sick with worry and overwork.

"And they, if you please, get *their* mothers and *their* brothers brought over here!" Halsmann shouted, looking at little Michel Brauner, who flushed scarlet. "While I, who have been working for thirty hours a day for two years, can't get a visa for my wife's parents!"

Dr. Marchfeld spoke in a chilly voice, without rising from his chair. "And you would encourage Sommerfeld's method for punishing those who are so unfortunate as not to have been settled yet by refusing them the salvation of their nearest relatives. I'd like to remind you it's a method that has driven Godlinger out of his mind."

Paul, who had been looking from one to the other, stood up. "Gentlemen, if I might have the floor," he said.

"*Ja, ja*, Steiner," Halsmann said. "You are going to explain the whole thing to us."

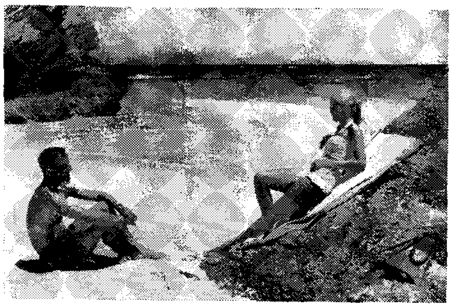
Paul felt his mind deliciously clear and his words coming easily. "Halsmann," he said, "rest awhile. Let me talk. If I'm not mistaken, we were considering whether DORSA, by driving the price of cattle out of the range of Halsmann's pocket (which may or may not be empty as a result of his own mismanagement), should or should not supply Halsmann with three more miserable cows. But from there, through inattention, I suppose, I lost the thread of the discussion. We seem now to be considering the question of Halsmann's responsibility for the deportation of Max Godlinger's wife. . . ." Looking around him, Paul saw that he had the attention of the assembly.

Afterward, as they walked out into the rain, which was still coming down with a steady intensity, Otto Becker put his arm across Paul's shoulders. "That was telling them, Professor."

"Old Loudmouth Steiner, eh?" Paul said and laughed. He was looking forward to telling Ilse how he had taken over the meeting, for here at last he had found something he was good at.

In the barracks, Ilse was lying on the bed. "Are you ill?" Paul asked.

"Oh, no, it's just that when you're not doing anything in particular in this



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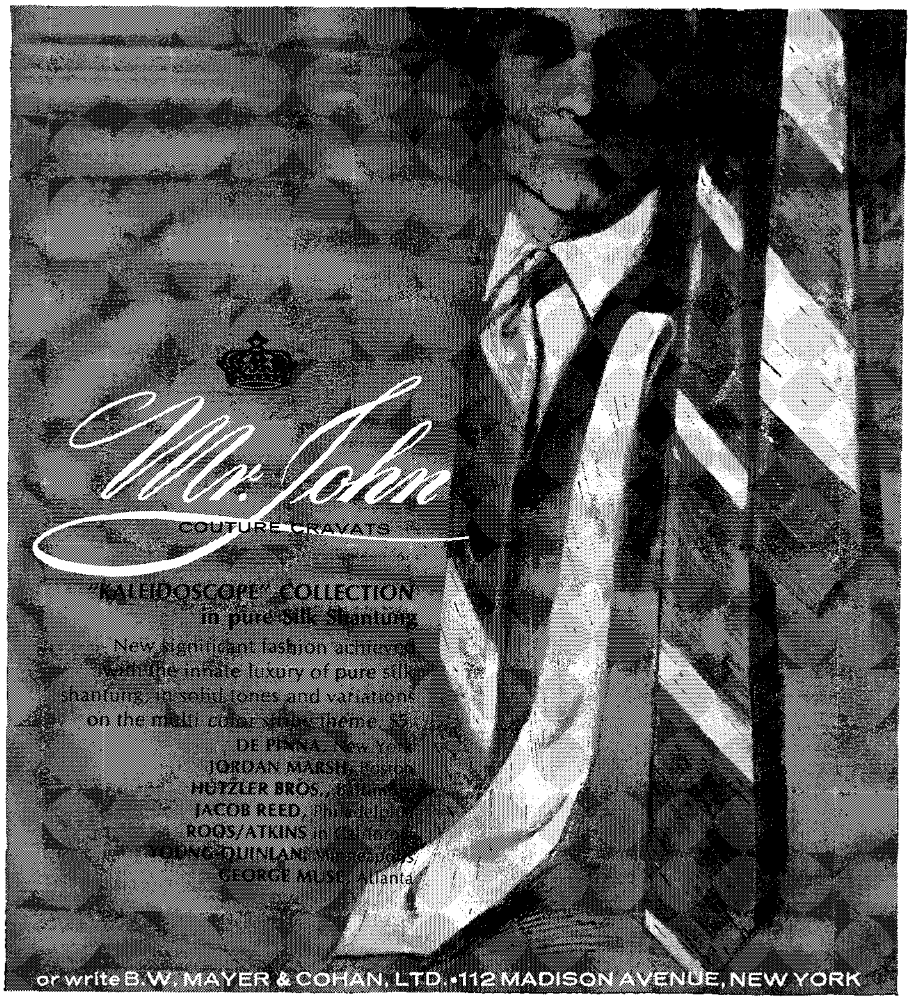

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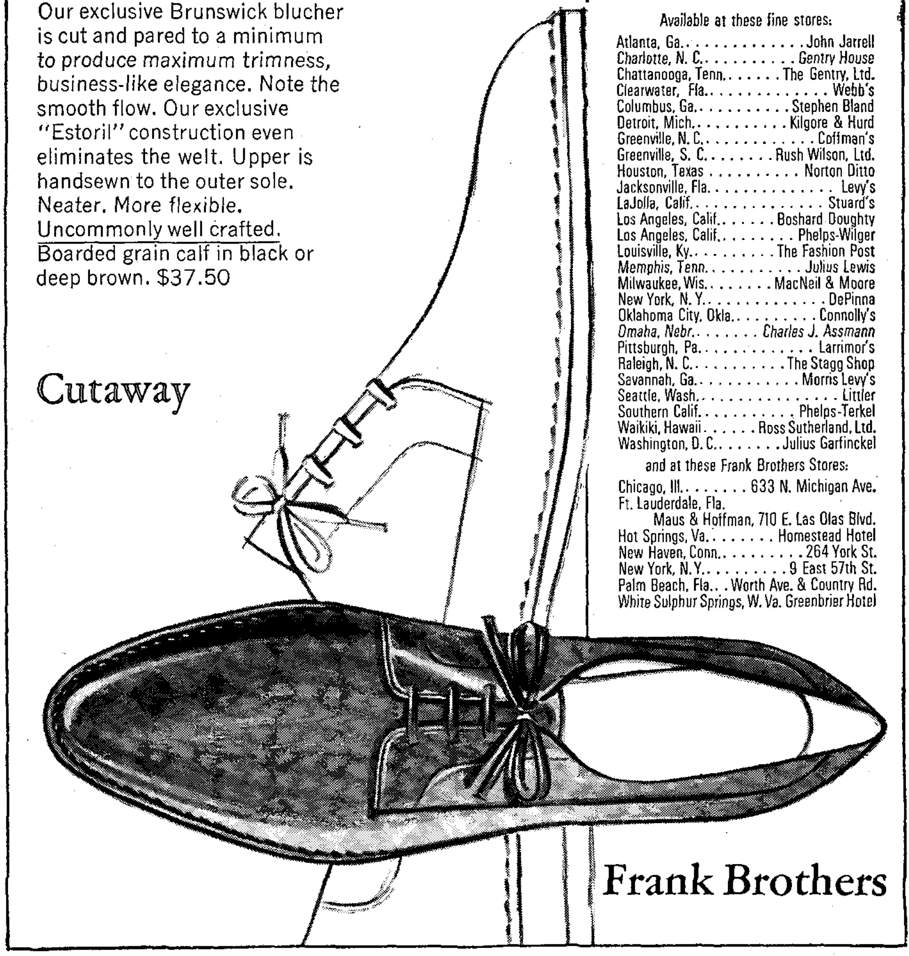

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Frank Brothers

Badekabine the only thing to do is get into bed—specially when it's raining outside. Renate was here all afternoon. She has left Michel."

"Poor old Michel," Paul said. "He's been getting it from all sides today. Halsmann gave him a hard time at the meeting. What excuses did Renate have?"

"She says that in Berlin Michel was going to be a doctor, but now he'll never do anything, and she can't remember why she ever said she would marry him. She's sorry for him. She cried."

"Well, when she dries her eyes," Paul said, "she can marry Otto."

"She says Otto isn't an intellectual."

"Poor Renate, she has swallowed culture and doesn't know how to digest it."

"It's you she likes, you know," Ilse said.

"Me!"

"I was terrible to her," Ilse said. "I used to just love to talk about quarrels and boy friends, but all afternoon while she sat there talking I kept wishing she would get off the bed, because I needed the space to put your shirts. Look, I put all the long-sleeves together and all the short-sleeves, and I rearranged the suitcase to make a space for the baby's things. And don't you notice anything? I've moved the furniture. The washstand is where the chair used to be and the chair is where the washstand used to be. Don't you think it makes the room look bigger?"

That year, the seasons behaved unnaturally. In December, the rain stopped and there was an intense wave of heat. Mr. Langley started a program for teaching the would-be settlers animal husbandry. Paul came back from the sun-struck fields and found Ilse lying on the bed, crying with fright. She said she had been bleeding. "Poor Pauli," she said, "you look so exhausted, and now I'm worrying you."

"Ilselein, I'm just tired, and you're not worrying me. Where's the diagram I drew you? You remember what I told you about the baby descending?"

Ilse said, "Tell me about the first time you saw a baby born."

"All right, you lie back." He told her once again about the first delivery he had attended as a medical student. There had been the laboring woman, the doctor, the nurse, and Paul Steiner the student—four people in the room. And in an instant the baby had come out and there were five people.

The next day, Paul stopped off at the hospital. Dr. Marchfeld said, "Paul, you're looking green."

"You, too! Ilse keeps feeling sorry

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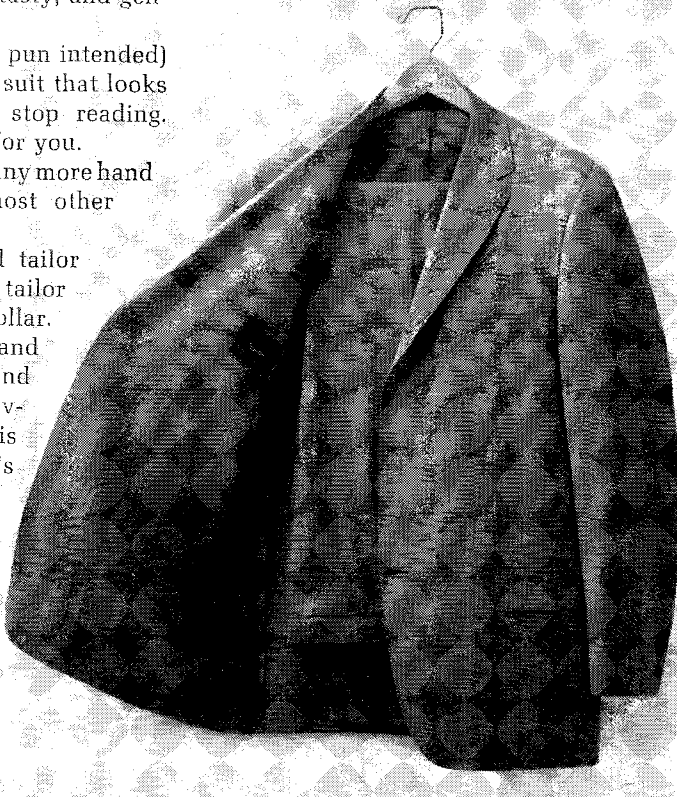

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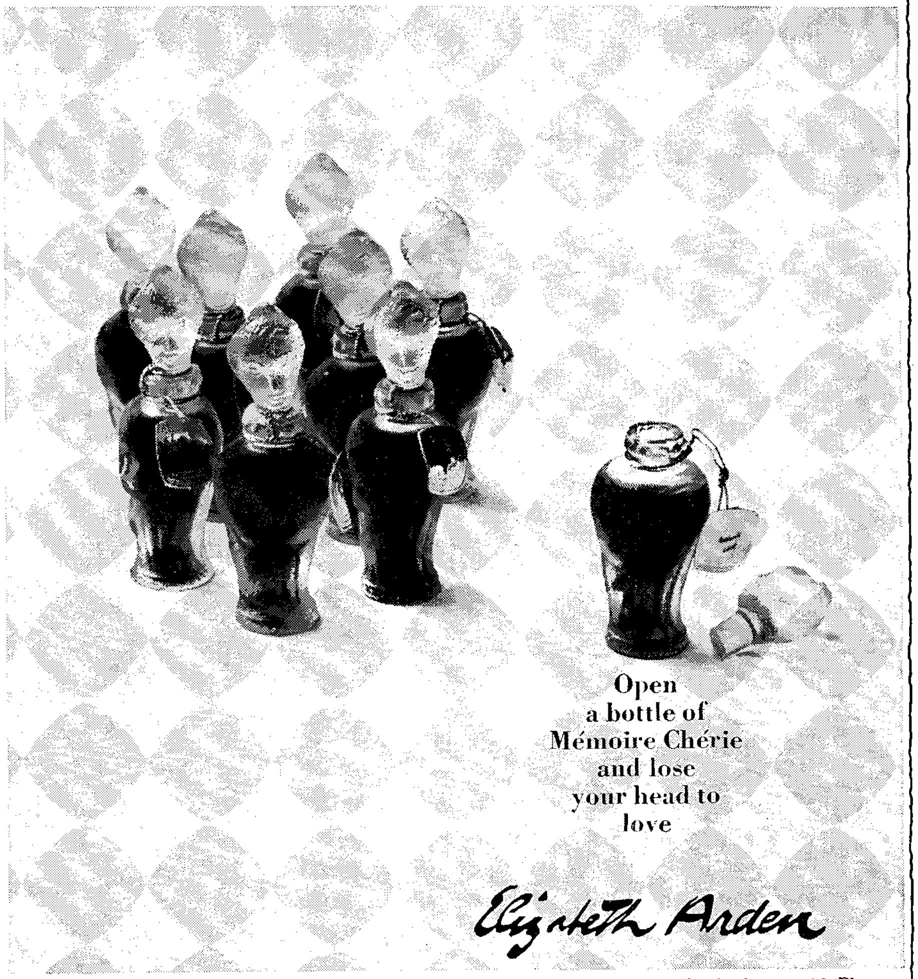

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for me. I'm just tired. Have you ever tried to corral six calves that would rather stay with their mothers? I thought I was going to get used to the heat, but I'm minding it even more this year. Also, we didn't sleep last night. That's what I've come to ask you about. Erich, why is Ilse bleeding?"

"All right, old colleague. What does bleeding in the last month of pregnancy suggest to you?"

"*Placenta previa*," Paul said, with the tiny satisfaction of someone producing his credentials in good order. At the same time, a slow terror started hot between his shoulder blades. "Do you think it would be better to get her to the hospital in Puerto Plata?"

"Certainly it would be better, but under the circumstances I'm not going to risk her starting labor on that infernal road. We'll keep our eye on her here."

In their room, Paul found Ilse whimpering in panic. He ran for the Doctor, but by the time they arrived back at the barracks Ilse's blood was gushing in fantastic quantities, and the baby, deprived of the oxygen that the ruptured placenta had carried away, had suffocated. "Poor Pauli," Ilse said.

"Poor nobody," the Doctor said. "Paul, sit on that chair, and, Ilse, put your head down." He spoke so briskly that Paul looked up with a wild leap of hope, but the Doctor's face was a dark red. Beads of sweat stood along his hairline.

All night, Paul sat by Ilse's head, massaging her hand. Her face was a blotchy dough color, with great bruised eyes. She said, "I wish, Pauli, you could lie down for a bit."

"I wish you would stop worrying about me, because that's more tiring than anything!"

She looked startled, but she was quiet after that, and he must have closed his eyes, because he awoke to see Dr. Marchfeld folding up a towel.

The Doctor said, "She is dead, Paul. You go and get cleaned up."

Paul said, "But I shouted at her. I just wanted to speak with her once more."

The Doctor said, "I'll have her taken over to the hospital. Get yourself a clean shirt. Come."

"I just wanted to speak with her," Paul said.

Dr. Marchfeld pointed him toward the washroom.

In the shower, Paul came totally awake. His head was very clear. He even felt the pleasantness of the fresh cotton shirt, and already he saw how he would live in the future—perfectly nor-

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mal in his actions and perceptions, and perfectly unfeeling within.

Paul was putting things away in the suitcase when Otto came in. "That goddam quack doctor!" Otto said, and began to cry.

Paul took a piece of paper and drew a line on an imaginary graph. "It's more complicated than a wrong diagnosis or wrong treatment," Paul said. "I was a medical student. I've heard doctors say, 'If only this happens [Paul crossed his time line] before this happens [he crossed it farther along], in this five minutes I can save a life.' "

"Don't *defend* him!" Otto said. "I've brought you some coffee."

"No, thank you," Paul said.

"Just have a little coffee," Otto said, and looked so desperate that Paul said, "We'll both have some. There are two tooth glasses on the washstand."

Otto stayed with Paul for a week, going about his business by day and returning at night full of Sosua news. Frau Halsmann had left her husband and moved to the Batey. Among the new group from Luxembourg was a woman called Sarah Hankel, who had almost been left behind, because where the emigration form said "Profession," she had written "Prostitute," and the emigration officer had made her tear it up and start over. Two of the men were escapees from concentration camps, and Otto told Paul the stories they were telling, which were still new in those days. The next morning, Paul went to see Sommerfeld about visas for his parents, not hesitating to use the blackmail of his recent tragedy.

THE news of the death of Paul's young wife came to us in England, and it struck home at my unsatisfied youth, my dream of love. I was in such awe of this Paul who had had love and lost it that it was years before I dared write to him.

Paul answered with an extraordinary letter in which he wrote—still as if he were speaking of some third person—about "the two people spun in their cocoon of passion and pioneer dreams, in a world in explosion, too fantastic to be believed while it lasted. When that chapter of tenderness was over, he was left numb and sober. He knew Paul must not die, because his parents were still in Vienna and would be lost if he did not help them, and that meant incessant begging and badgering at the DORSA office, perhaps for a long time. He knew this with a clear head and a dead heart."

My grandparents did not, in fact, get to Sosua until September of the following year. My grandmother, at the time

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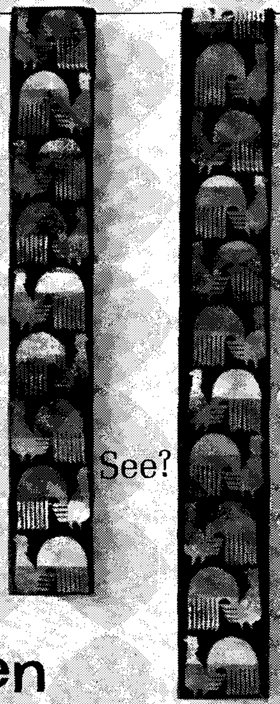

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a sick woman, was brought off the boat on a stretcher. Paul procured a three-cornered pillow from the DORSA office, so that my grandmother could sit upright through her sleepless nights. He massaged her feet and brought her three meals a day from the communal kitchen, which my grandmother, herself a beautiful and fastidious cook, was unable to eat. She was convinced that the stomach upsets Paul had recently been having were caused by the oil used in the kitchen. My grandmother recovered, and quarrelled with Renate, and refused to speak with Frau Halsmann, who was having an affair with one of the boys from the bachelor barracks. Paul saw the necessity of getting a house of their own, and, rousing himself out of the lethargy in which he had lived the last year, reorganized the defunct Steiner Group. After the marriage of Renate and Otto, Michel had withdrawn, but Michel's older brother, Robert, wanted to get out of the large "Swiss" group, and came in with them.

My grandmother was dead against the idea. "What kind of a farmer is Paul going to be? As a boy he could never walk into a room without all the lamps falling over! Besides, look at him—he isn't strong enough."

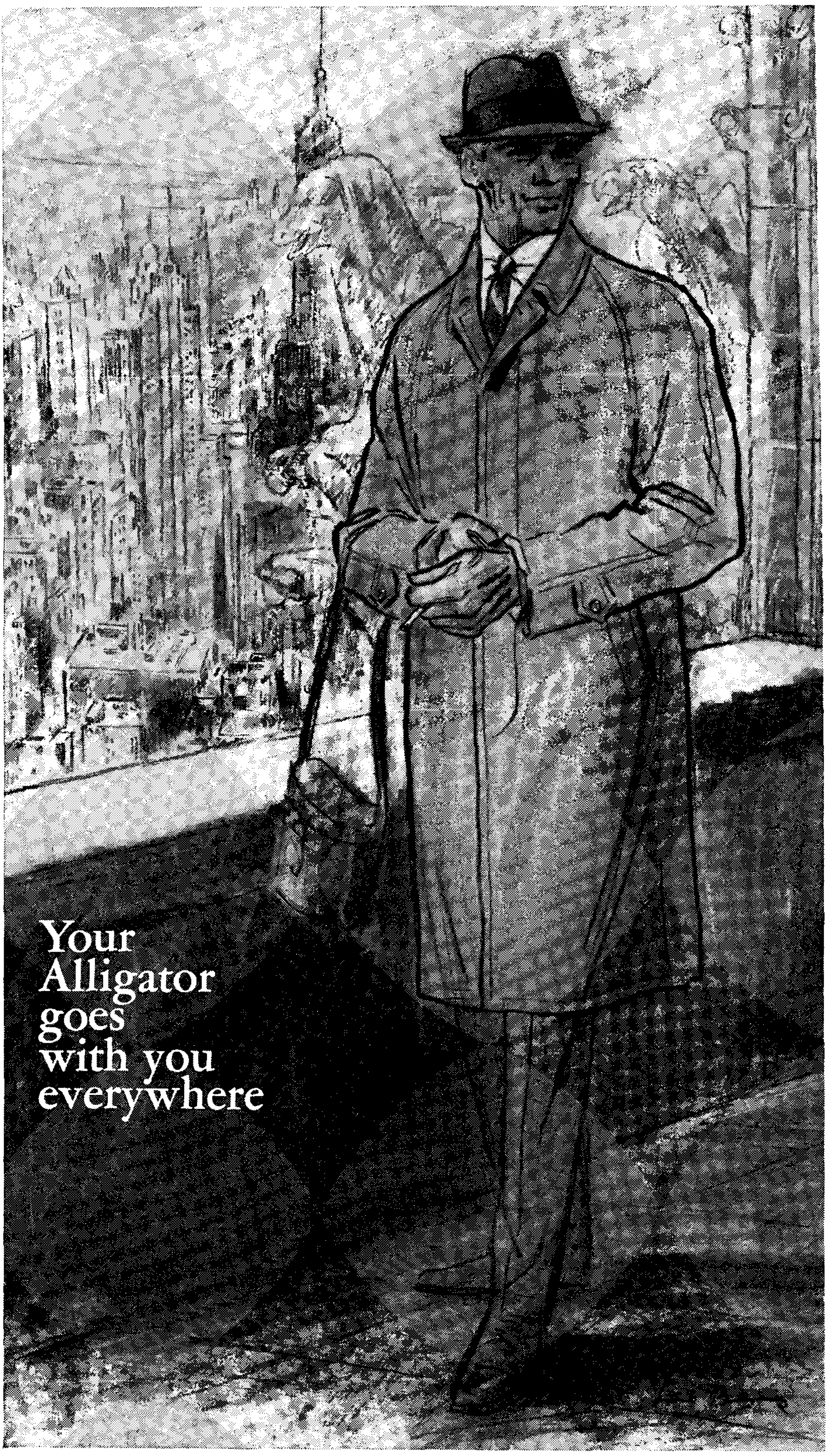
"It's my nature to look starved, Muttilein. I'm feeling much better."

"We should move to town and open a little shop like our shop in Fischamend," said my grandmother.

"No," said Paul. "No, no, no. No little shop."

The group returned hopelessly from their talk with Sommerfeld. Building in Sosua had virtually stopped since America's entry into the war. There was a shortage of money and building materials of every kind. Paul and my grandfather went to work in the DORSA storeroom. It was not till the spring of 1944 that the homestead at Ferrocarril was completed and offered to the Steiner Group.

During the middle years of the war, Sosua's economy became integrated with that of the rest of the country. Its harvests were considerable, and Sosua cattle—the offspring of Mr. Langley's prize bull—brought good prices in a market already driven high by the wartime shortage. There was a boom in tortoise-shell Mogen Dovids after Farber had stocked the general store (of which he was now the manager) and given his new Dominican wife one to wear around her neck when she visited home. His onetime partner in the tortoise-shell business was left with an oversupply of crosses, which he had intended for the native market; for a while, the two men



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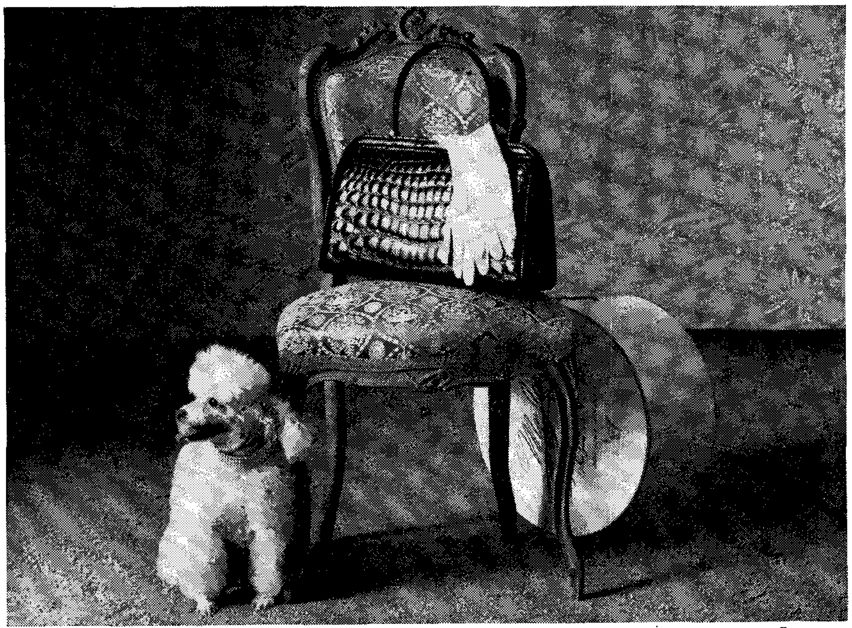

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did not speak to one another. A newly formed experimental dairy coöperative was showing profits for everyone except my grandmother. She had been forbidden to sell the butter and cottage cheese she made in her own kitchen, and when she went to Bockmann's café—which now served Viennese specialties and had a one-lane bowling alley—she sat in a corner and would not speak to anyone.

In the midst of the general prosperity, the new Steiner homestead was having its first hard years. Paul's eggplant harvest had failed, each fruit rotting at the point of contact with the earth. "It may be just my two left hands," Paul said, "but next time I'm going to try planting a month earlier and harvest before the rain sets in—with one corner planted the same as this year, for a control. That should eliminate the wet-ground factor, unless the rains start a month early or half a dozen unknown factors get in the way. I'll do it on my own time."

"On your own time you should sit a little," my grandmother said.

"I'm afraid to sit. I may not want to get up again," Paul joked.

But his strength was seeping out of him, and he felt the heat as a persecution that never let up. Every job he did seemed to him inadequately done and needing to be done over more carefully, and he forced himself to do it again.

The second harvest was not as bad a failure as the first, but the homestead needed a substantial additional loan from DORSA, and Paul's health had broken. My grandmother nursed him and cooked for him and talked to him about starting a shop in town.

The war was over. Hitler was dead. Renate persuaded Otto to move back to the Batey and take over the Sosua trucking concession to carry the produce of the dairy coöperative and the new, privately owned sausage factory to the town markets. Robert Brauner, wanting to have the entire homestead under his control, bought out Paul's share, and Paul opened a shop in Santiago called Productos de Sosua.

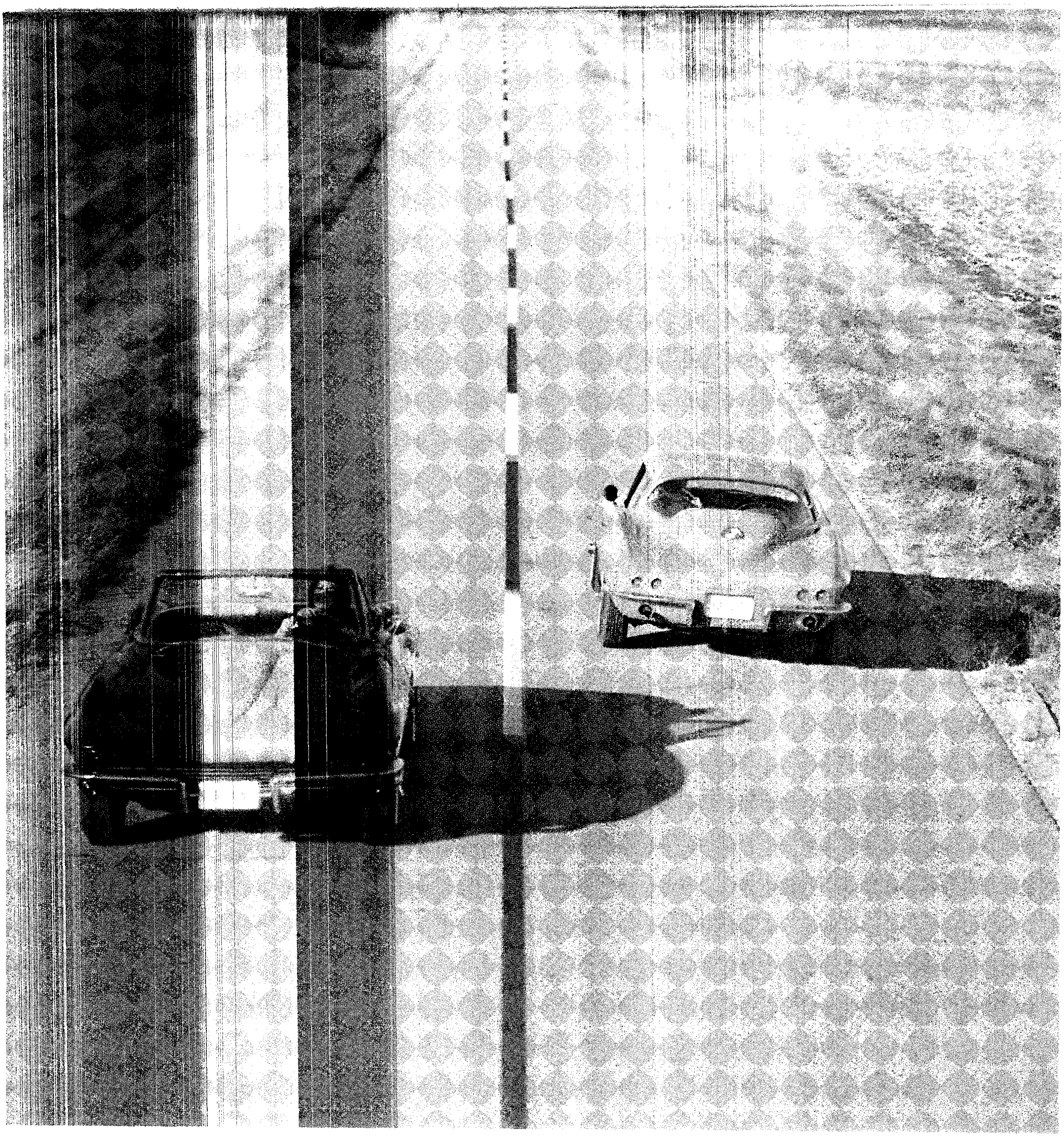
Every Thursday, Otto Becker delivered Paul's order on his way to the markets of Ciudad Trujillo. Otto would put his arm around Paul's shoulders and say, "Well, Professor?"

"Well, Otto?" Paul would say, and put his arm at an awkward angle around his friend, who was two heads taller and twice Paul's diameter.

"You're getting fat, Otto," my grandmother said.

"I like to eat," said Otto. "Not like Professor Skin-and-Bones here."

"I like to eat," Paul said, "but every time I let myself go I get a stomach



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After that, you're on your own.

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These are just a few of the attractions San Francisco offers. If you can't bring yourself to cross any of them off your list, may we make a suggestion? *Spend the week!*

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For free illustrated guide write San Francisco Convention & Visitors Bureau • Department 3NY • 1375 Market Street • San Francisco, California 94103 upset and end up thinner than ever."

"And I like to sit," Otto said.

"I would be a great sitter myself, if I had the opportunity," Paul said. "How did Churchill put it? 'Never has so much work been done by such a lazy man, with so little success.' "

IN 1948, after I joined my family in the Dominican Republic, Paul and I went for a walk once and talked about Ilse, though neither of us mentioned her name. I remember that I asked Paul if a person in the first throes of loss wants to be left alone or to be nursed along, and Paul said that the person wants to be left alone, but that he had been helped by Otto's presence. "The very irritation of having him there acted as a distraction. In the moments I had to be talking to him, I could not concentrate on the pain." Paul said that he had recently found three lines of a poem in his head:

> You are like moonlight in the day,
> Invisible—yet perceived
> By the heedless heart no longer
>   grieved.

"And I know they are about my poor wife," he said. "It's just like me to have the first three lines of a poem that I don't know what to do with."

"Pauli," I said, "what are you going to do with yourself?"

"Try and make a go of the shop until our quotas come. In America, I'll try and get a job—perhaps in a laboratory, where my medical training might be useful."

"I don't mean just that," I said. "You never go anywhere."

"Don't worry about me, Lorle."

"But I do," I said, and I felt like crying. "My dear grandmother doesn't even want you to go for a walk in the evening, for goodness' sake. There she is now. It's not nine-thirty, and she's standing on the veranda watching for you."

"I'm afraid your grandmother cares more for my being home than I care for going out."

"But you have to make a stand, Pauli."

"No, I don't," Paul said. "I'm too old to make a stand on principle. If I should ever find anything I want to do enough to make a stand, I will, I promise you. But there's nothing, Lorle, that I want." —LORE SEGAL

9:00—(5) Sam Benedict (1 hour). Vera Miles plays a socialist who is saddled with her father's debts.—*TV program in the Post.*

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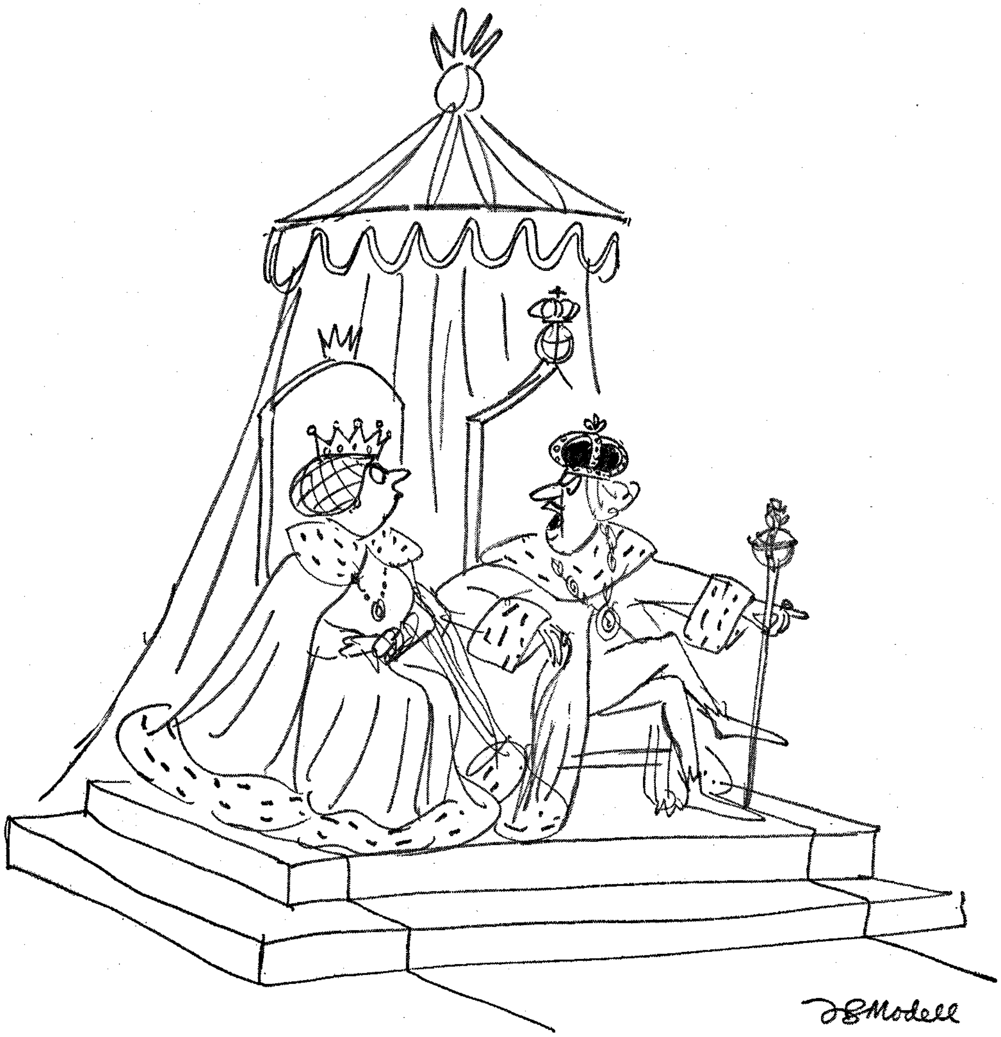
*TRADEMARK

UPON A FOUNDATION

THE Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center introduced S. N. Behrman's "But for Whom Charlie," its third production of the season, at the ANTA last week, and from now on the play will be alternating with Arthur Miller's "After the Fall" and O'Neill's "Marco Millions." While I found the O'Neill a fairly diverting spectacle, I wasn't altogether happy with Mr. Miller's verbose, dishevelled, and pretentious autobiographical drama, and I had high hopes that "But for Whom Charlie" would demonstrate that the quick among our playwrights could be as compelling as the dead. But, alas, what Mr. Behrman offers us here is a rather shapeless seriocomic work in which modern opportunism is pitted against sound, old-fashioned honesty. His scene is the headquarters, in the East Sixties, of the Seymour Rosenthal Foundation, which is engaged in passing out grants to worthy writers who are short of cash. We quickly make the acquaintance of the two men who run the Foundation, one of them being Mr. Rosenthal himself, a gentle idealist who wants to do some good with the money he has inherited from his father, a Hollywood producer, and the other an unscrupulous schemer who earned Mr. Rosenthal's gratitude when both were students at Yale by protecting him during an outbreak of campus anti-Semitism. In the role of Mr. Rosenthal, Jason Robards, Jr., occasionally seems almost too good to be true, and, as his partner, Ralph Meeker is so full of go-getting bounce that one would a lot sooner expect to find him in the world of Bobby Baker than in an organization dedicated to the advancement of literature. As Mr. Behrman prepares to bring these two pals into conflict over their diametrically opposed values, he employs some dialogue that isn't very stimulating, but his language keeps getting livelier as he goes along, even though the plot becomes ensnarled in considerable complication. It seems that Mr. Rosenthal's amoral associate is having an affair with the toothsome daughter of a famous author, now deceased. The daughter has a brother who is a drunk but who has written a piece of prose that his sister believes makes him a perfect candidate for Foundation aid. Mr. Rosenthal agrees, but his associate, who despises the brother, is determined not to give the youth a dime. The two siblings hate their stepmother, a blond man-eater who they are certain hastened their father's death—just how I don't know. As time goes by, this blonde makes a pass at practically every member of the cast, including her stepson, while her stepdaughter comes to prefer a bassoon player to the Foundation cad. It is all highly confusing, as you can see, and the motivation of the various characters didn't come through to me clearly. However, one fine fellow in "But for Whom Charlie" does a lot to lighten the atmosphere. He is a seventy-year-old writer who has been sponging off the Foundation for years and who intends to keep his work in progress as long as the handouts continue. Portrayed with enormous skill by David Wayne, this sardonic codger is witty, wise, and altogether diverting, and I hope that Mr. Behrman will presently invent more characters like him.



"Good God, woman! What's wrong with the crown you have?"

The cast, which was directed by Elia Kazan, is rounded out by Salome Jens, as the stepmother; Faye Dunaway, as the daughter; Clinton Kimbrough, as the brother; and Michael Strong, as the bassoonist. Jo Mielziner designed the production and the lighting, which are ingenious. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

French Without Tears

A COUPLE of weeks ago, the Théâtre de France presented a rather dry and listless evening of excerpts from Molière. Last week, APA, at the Phoenix, did two plays by Molière as if they had been written by George Abbott but staged without Mr. Abbott in control. In spite of a few funny performances and scenes, the double bill of "Scapin" and "Impromptu at Versailles" was disappointing, especially to those of us who want everything to come out right for that invaluable repertory company. Scapin is an ingenious servant, ancestor to Figaro and Jeeves,

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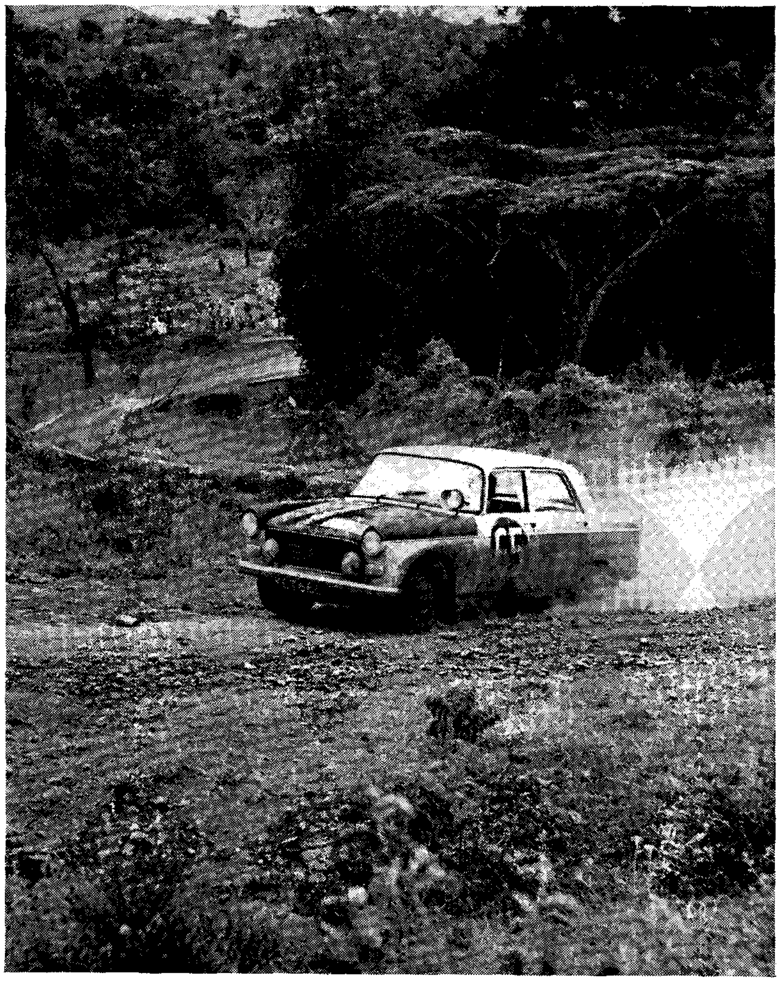

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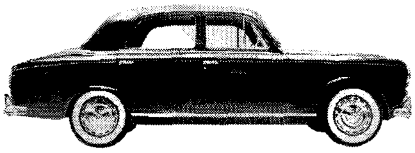

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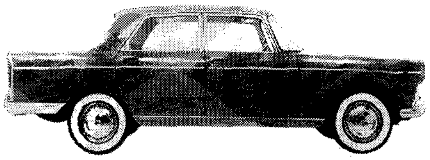

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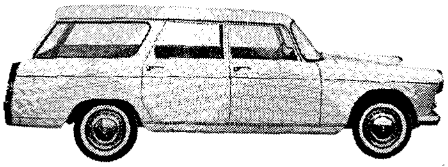

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and kin to heaven knows how many others, who by scheming and dissembling gets his betters out of trouble. In this instance, his young master and his young master's closest friend have got themselves tied up with the wrong girls, and Scapin's assignment is to prevent the youths' pinchpenny fathers from disinheriting them. At the end, of course, everyone has it in for Scapin and everyone forgives him, and, of course, the wrong girls turn out to have been the right girls the whole time, mistaken identity and kidnapping gypsies being what they are. The overexuberant production is full of horseplay and hokum, some of it contributed by the dramatist, some not. "Scapin," being the broadest of farces, can take any amount of fooling, and since exuberance is one of the qualities that make APA invaluable, it seems ungrateful to complain of it. The trouble is that much of the fooling isn't very entertaining and much of the acting could be better, though some of it could not. Sydney Walker, who was so good as Ponza in "Right You Are," gives a strong, legitimate comedy performance as one of the stingy fathers. As the other and even stingier father, Ellis Rabb is a long, limp, ragged, volatile strand of spaghetti, reduced to unconsciousness by every proposed incursion into his purse, and Clayton Corzatte is wonderfully flamboyant as his son, a hot-blooded, trigger-tempered youth who is a pre-Dumas parody of all Three Musketeers in one. He is at his best in a scene where, leaping about and wild with rage, he tries to skewer Scapin, his own servant, on his sword. As Scapin, ringmaster and scapegoat, Keene Curtis is in-and-out, sometimes effective but not really up to the part. Nobody else is impressive in the least, and the show sprawls all over the place. But I sort of enjoyed it anyway. It certainly is good-natured, and, despite its flaws, when Mr. Walker and Mr. Corzatte and Mr. Rabb are onstage, singly or in combination, it certainly does nip along.

"Impromptu at Versailles," the curtain-raiser, is at best an inside joke, and was one, I guess, even in its own time, giving Molière a chance to ridicule his enemies, his rivals, and all bad actors, and to defend his own work and private life against interference by anyone. To sum up the non-plot as quickly as possible, the playwright and his troupe have been commanded to give a performance of a new play before the King. The action is the rehearsal, at which Molière lets off steam and his under-rehearsed actors waste time and kid around, although they must shortly perform and don't even know their lines. At the last moment, they are reprieved by the King and allowed to substitute something they do know. The play doesn't work, partly because it seems scattered and remote and, again, overloaded with shenanigans, and partly because actors have to be established as terribly good before they can seem funny when they are being terribly bad. Even so, Joanna Roos is amusing, loping about the set as an elderly, highty-tighty character actress, and so is Richard Woods, upstaging and blocking his fellow-players and committing several other Thespian atrocities. Mr. Rabb has a comic bit as an effete courtier who is thrown out of the rehearsal. As Molière, the usually admirable Paul Sparer is neither convincing nor interesting.

THE Théâtre de France ended its brief engagement at the City Center with a six-day run of "La Vie Parisienne," complete with Offenbach's spinning, tuneful songs. The members of the company, most of whom are not professional singers, sang as if there weren't anything to it, which there is. Jean-Louis Barrault directed the operetta and must be held responsible for its empty stretches as well as for its moments of grace and lightness and charm. He also, in the character of a Brazilian tourist in Paris, contributed a rather winded rendition of a patter song, and he danced the fandango (or something) all over the place. On the other hand, a cancan troupe danced to such bracing effect that the audience, on opening night, applauded it in rhythm. The hit performance of the show was that of a comedian named Jean Parédès, a droll and resourceful fellow with the look of Melville Cooper, who played a shoemaker but appeared in a number of other disguises, the last and funniest of them being a lisping, falsetto-voiced maître d'hôtel. As a Swedish baron, Pierre Bertin, the best actor in the troupe, was appropriately innocent and dignified—every (cubic) inch the well-heeled countryman in the big town. The lovely Simone Valère did well, too, and Jean-Denis Malclés, who designed the delightful costumes along with the delightful settings, certainly did well by her.

—EDITH OLIVER

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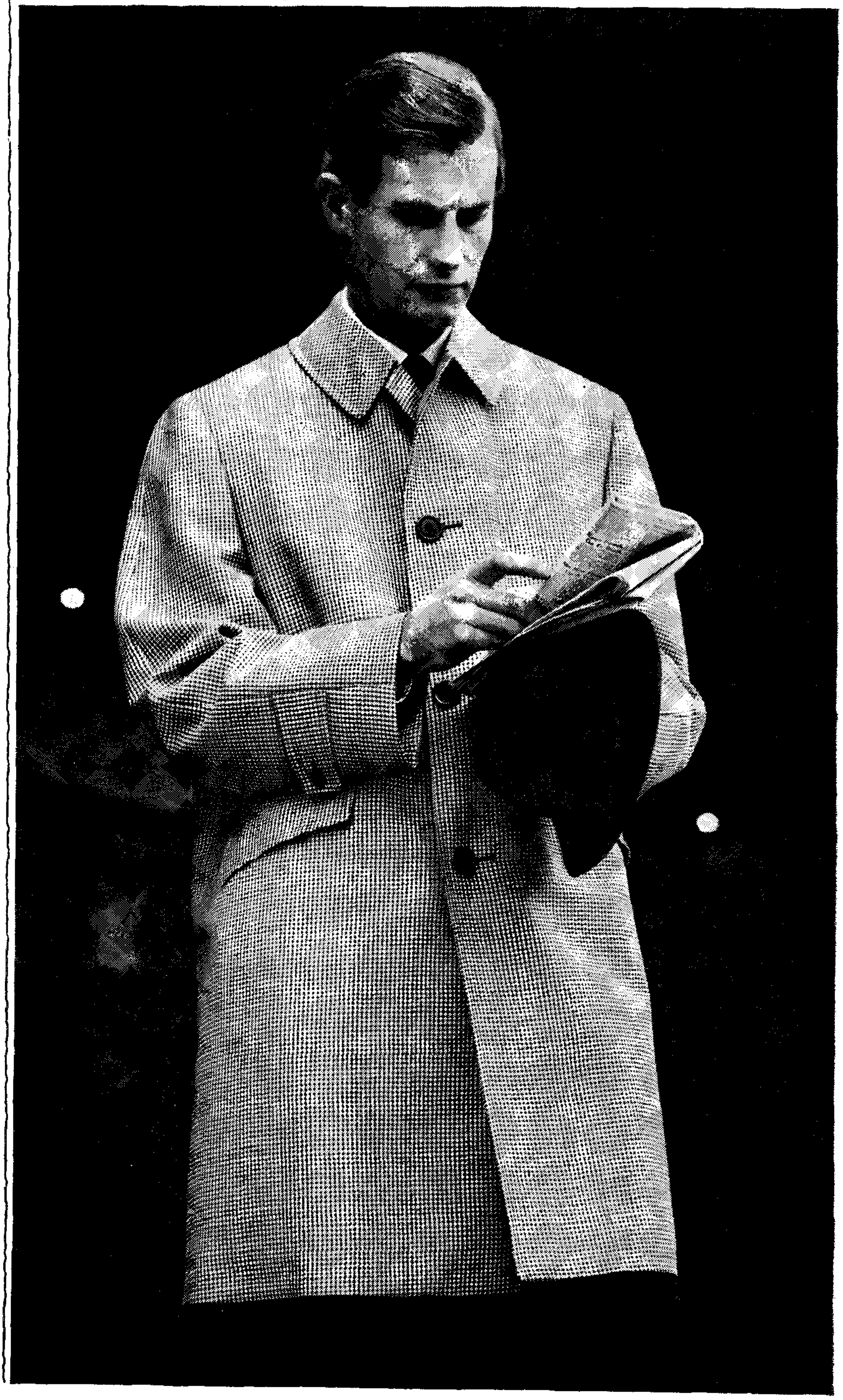

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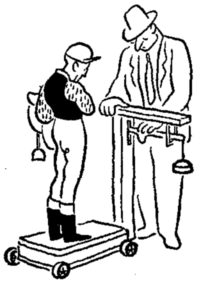

HAPPY days are here again! *They're off and running at Aqueduct,* as of last Monday, but instead of waiting around for the opening day's results, which were too late for these notes, Colonel Martingale and I merely went out and tipped our hats to the eighth pole—the usual petitionary gesture of those in search of future favors. Now we're fixed for the meeting, which will run on and on until the first of August.

As the horseplayers start their homework for the new semester, I would like to remind them that winners may be hard to find and form may be a bit topsy-turvy for a while at the Big A, what with seasoned runners from Florida, California, and Maryland meeting horses who have been doing their winter galloping in private quarters. I wonder how many people remember the Colonel's little list of "Don'ts." Probably not many, so I suppose racegoers will keep on backing jockeys and too obvious favorites in claiming races, overlooking the solid horses in stake events, and trying to pull out at the end of a bad day—most likely a Saturday—by betting an odds-on choice in a race for maiden two-year-olds. In this connection, something should be done (though I haven't made up my mind exactly what) about those well-meaning friends who disseminate what they call inside information. Perhaps a first offender should be made to pay you double the amount you lost on the tip.

THERE appear to be plenty of horses around—more than a thousand at Belmont and at least three hundred at Aqueduct, according to the last word I've had. The crowd's favorite trainers, Buddy Jacobson and Hirsch Jacobs, are back in action and are expected to win most of the races. The big arrival last week was, of course, Kelso, and horsemen at Belmont, where he's stabled, agree that he has never looked so good. The infection in his right front ankle that brought his training in Florida to a halt early in January—it's something that nobody in his stable can account for—disappeared

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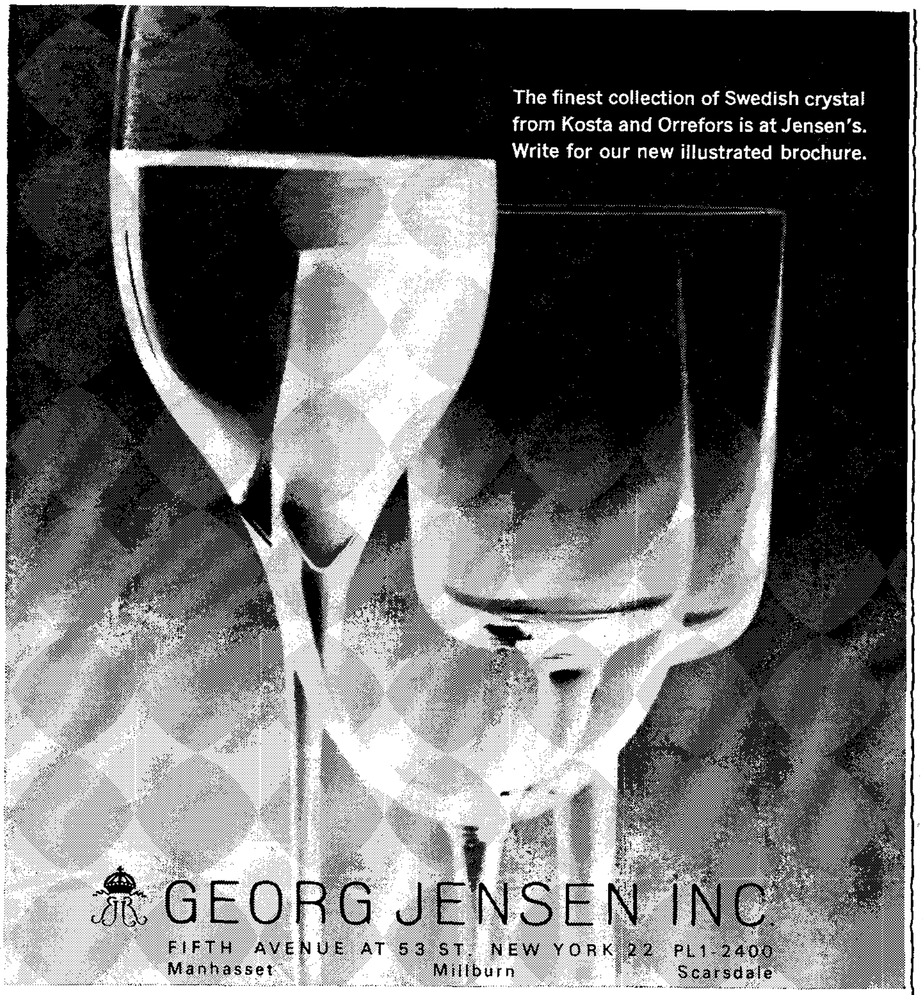

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more than a month ago, but the interruption in his routine caused him to skip the Widener and this weekend's Gulfstream Handicap. Carl Hanford, who handles him, is taking no chances; although Kelso is sound again, and galloping smartly, he probably won't come to the races until the middle of June. Then, if all goes well, he will run for the Suburban, which he has won twice, or the Brooklyn Handicap; they're both at Aqueduct in July. After that, he will turn his attention to the weight-for-age races in the autumn.

PRACTICALLY all the 1964 three-year-olds you've heard of, and some you haven't, are booked for the coming spring classics: the Kentucky Derby, at Louisville on May 2nd; the Preakness, at Baltimore on May 16th; and the Belmont Stakes, at the Big A on June 6th. As for the number of nominations, it is interesting, just for the record, that the Preakness heads the list, with a hundred and forty-seven, and that the Belmont has only one less. The Kentucky Derby has a hundred and thirty-eight.

THERE'S little to be said in a critical sense about the Appleton Handicap at Gulfstream Park last Saturday. Frankie's Nod, who had shown speed in the Campbell at Bowie the week before, romped in by lengths, but he is nothing for Gun Bow to worry about in the Gulfstream Handicap. Admiral Vic might be. . . . Bowie's best race of the week, the Barbara Fritchie Handicap, was a real thriller. Pams Ego won comfortably, but Vitamin Shot, Srta. Monica, and Tona finished so closely bunched behind her that spectators thought it was a triple dead heat for the place. The camera split them up in the order named. . . . And at the Fair Grounds, in New Orleans, Grecian Princess, who isn't down for the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, or the Belmont Stakes, won the Louisiana Derby, beating Whit's Pride, who is in all three. The last filly to win the Louisiana Derby was Carolyn A. (named after Arcaro's daughter), back in 1947.

—AUDAX MINOR

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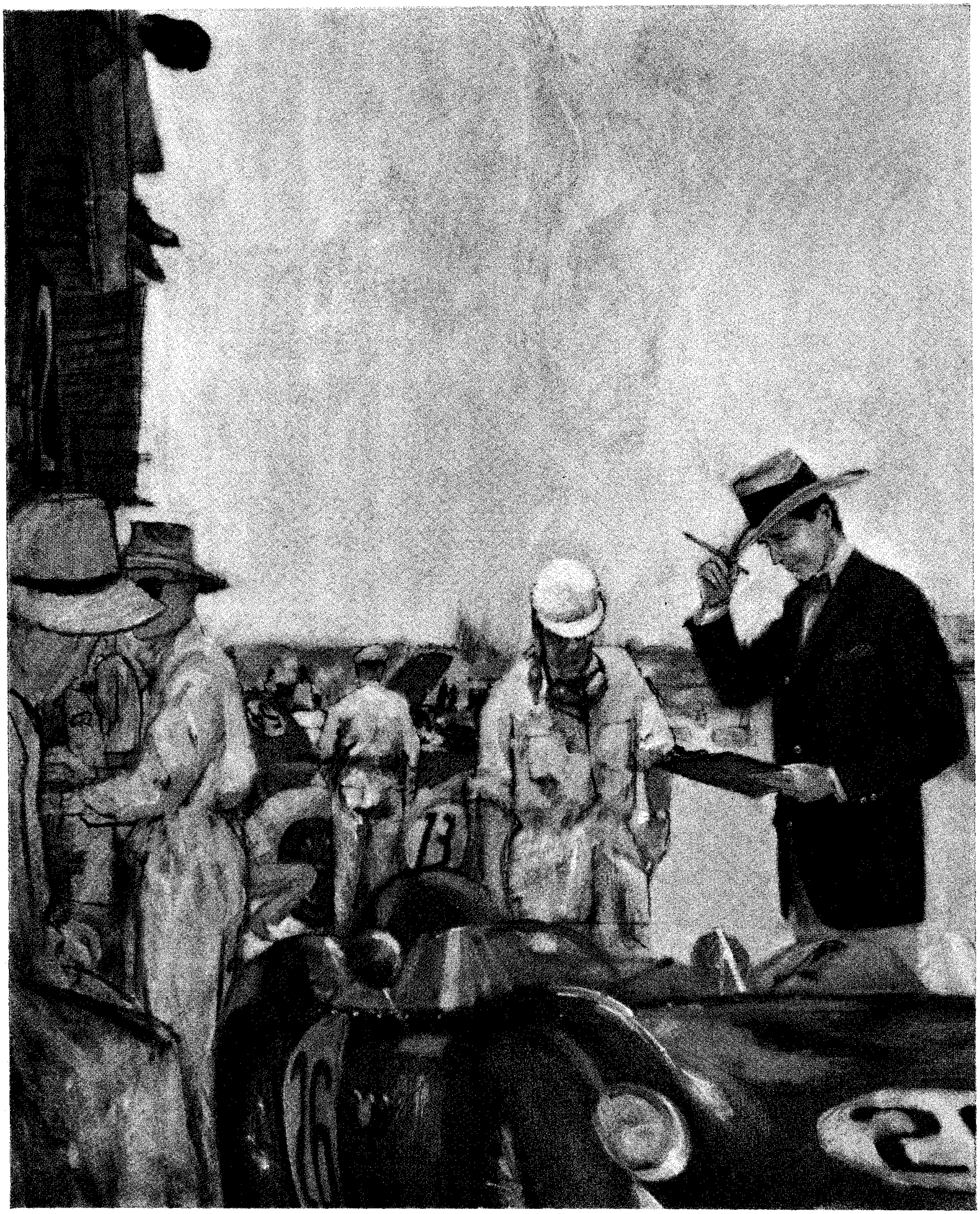
The book is a free adaptation of Moliere's "Volpone" by screenwriters Ian McLellan Hunter and Ring Lardner. They have set it during the Alaskan gold rush, with Lahr playing Foxy and Larry Blyden as Doc Mosk (Mosca in the Moliere original).—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

Noted.



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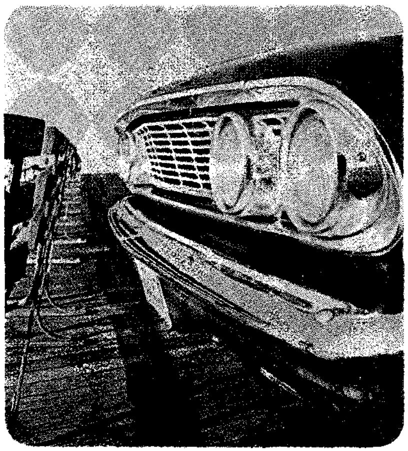

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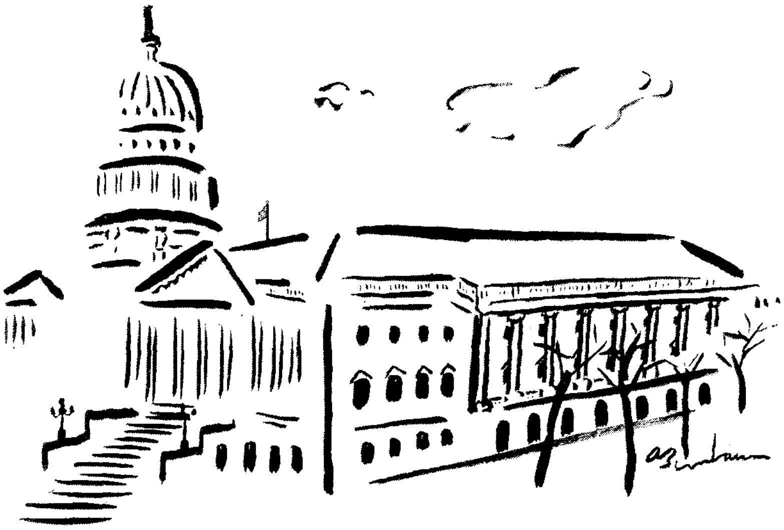
ANNALS OF LEGISLATION

THE REAL VOICE—II

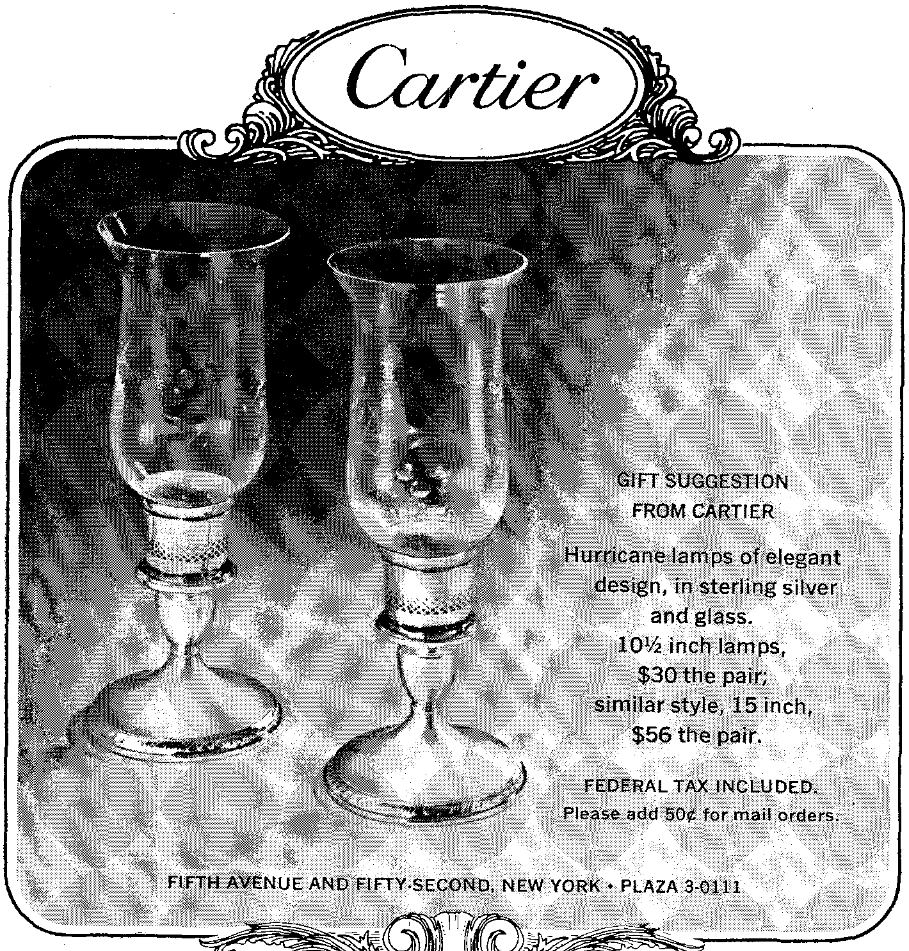


Capitol Hill is probably the only place in the world where tourists come from hundreds and thousands of miles away to watch men read their mail. On an ordinary day, a visitor will find perhaps twenty representatives in the lower house, and perhaps half a dozen senators in the upper, sitting about idly. Whenever Congress is in session, of course, one member of the majority party is there to preside over the routine parliamentary proceedings, another is there to conduct majority business, and one member of the minority party is there to conduct minority business and to make sure that his counterpart doesn't get out of line. Periodically, someone will appear to deliver a speech about the beauties of his home state or the virtues of an influential constituent. More often than not, the others are there because they want to escape the hubbub of their offices or simply because they haven't been there for a long time and feel that they ought to put in an appearance. Except on rare occasions, today's Congress is the haphazard custodian of the tradition of high debate—in Woodrow Wilson's words, "the severe, distinct, and sharp enunciation of underlying principles," which he described as "the essential function of a popular representative body." In Wilson's opinion, "the informing function of Congress should be preferred even to its legislative function"—a belief that has also fallen into decline. For one thing, most issues of the present are far more complex than those of the past. For another, many of them are highly controversial, and lately members of Congress have generally shown themselves to be disinclined to stand up and be counted—so disinclined that the last severe and distinct debate was over the censure of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, in 1954. Although debate, high and low, resounded through the halls of Congress until recent years, the day-to-day work of Congress has long been performed not on the floor of the Senate and the House but in their committee rooms. The committee system, Wilson said, being "shielded from all responsibility by its sneaking privacy," put things out of balance, since committee chairmen could do pretty much as they pleased. Today, the imbalance is far greater than it was in his time, for some two-thirds of the committee chairmen in both houses are Southerners who have risen to their positions through seniority and whose power, unchecked by debate, has steadily increased, making it more and more difficult for anyone outside the government to find out even what the current issues are. About the best the ordinary citizen can do is to follow the published reports of the activities of the various committees—sixteen standing committees in the Senate and twenty in the House, plus a hundred-odd subcommittees, select committees, joint committees, policy committees, conference committees, and committees on committees. Then, when he has become hopelessly muddled, he will probably pick out a political figure whose approach he finds congenial and tag along—or else forget the whole thing.

In recent years, a few men in Congress have managed to use the committee system, with as much publicity as they can generate, to air issues that had previously been evaded, if not ignored. Most notable among them was a liberal Southern Democrat, the late Senator Estes Kefauver, of Tennessee, who, though he usually gave the impression of being inarticulate in straight floor debate, was unusually skillful at using the narrow forum of the committee to persuade Americans that there were wrongs to be righted and rights to be asserted. Kefauver became well known to the public in the early nineteen-fifties, through the crime hearings he conducted in 1950 and 1951, through his investigation of the Dixon-Yates contract, in 1955, and through his 1952 and 1956 campaigns for the Presidential nomination. Then, in 1957, he took over the chairmanship of the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, an offshoot of the Committee on the Judiciary, and thereafter most of his time was devoted to an exhaustive study of economic concentration and the decline of competition in this country. In his first couple of years as chairman, he held hearings on the pricing policies of the steel, automobile, and bread industries, and compiled a mass of material on the curious behavior of prices in those industries, but neither the public nor Congress showed much interest in his findings, and none of the hearings led to legislation. In the end, about all he accomplished was to make a lot of enemies, in business and government. Several of his friends in the Senate, feeling that nothing could be done about monopoly and concentration, urged him to go on to something else, and in one moment of despair he referred to himself as "the Sisyphus of Capitol Hill." Nevertheless, he kept searching for a dramatic way of illustrating the evils of economic concentration, and late in 1958 he gave a tentative go-ahead to two members of the subcommittee's staff who wanted to look into the drug industry, which appeared to be making phenomenal profits. At first, Kefauver was reluctant to investigate an industry so arcane, with an all but impossible nomenclature and with no background of available data, but after his staff had uncovered a few elementary facts about the industry, he began to come around. Among the earliest discoveries the staff made was that ninety per cent of the industry's total volume of business, amounting to two and a quarter billion dollars a year (or three and a third billion dollars at the retail level), went to just twenty-two pharmaceutical firms out of a total of a thousand or so. Another discovery was that in the third quarter of 1958, according to Federal Trade Commission sources, the industry's net profits, after taxes, came to 18.9 per cent of net worth, and 10.8 per cent of sales—or twice as much, by either yardstick, as the average for the rest of the nation's manufacturers. Indeed, the records showed that the profits of several drug companies were high enough to pay off their capital investment in two or three years—a situation almost without parallel in the business world. Once Kefauver saw these figures, he gave his staff some time to see what else they could come up with, and what they did come up with impressed him more than anything else in his career. "If you hope to get through a piece of progressive legislation in an area as controversial as monopoly and antitrust, you've got to have a good, clear-cut issue," he later told a reporter. "We had that. Then, it must be an issue that will stir up the public. Otherwise, you won't get anywhere. We received quite a bit of mail from elderly people complaining about high drug prices, and by the time we were ready to hold hearings it looked as if we might have a fighting chance."

On September 25, 1959, Kefauver announced that investigative hearings on the drug industry, chiefly but not exclusively concerned with prices, would begin early in December. (Congressional hearings fall into two categories—investigative hearings, whose purpose is to describe a problem, and legislative hearings, whose purpose is to come to a legislative solution.) Over the next two months, while Kefauver's staff continued its investigation, the industry was preparing its case—in a mood of high confidence, according to the drug-trade press and to some of the participants. As one company lobbyist put it, "The industry was sure that it would come in there with all that high-priced legal and public-relations talent and mop up the floor with him."

THE first round of hearings began on the morning of December 7, 1959. The subject was the class of drugs known as cortical steroids and consisting of cortisone and similar preparations, used in the treatment of various allergies; certain diseases of the eye, skin, blood, and kidney; pulmonary fibrosis; and, most important, rheumatoid arthritis. In 1959, sales of these drugs at the wholesale level amounted to a hundred and twenty million dollars, and the consumer paid about two hundred million dollars for them. One reason for the industry's confidence was that the cortical steroids, unlike some of the other "wonder drugs," had been almost entirely developed by the American pharmaceutical industry, and represented one of its major research accomplishments. Kefauver felt that the



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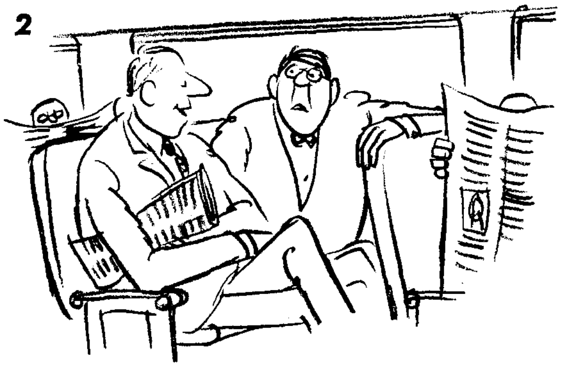

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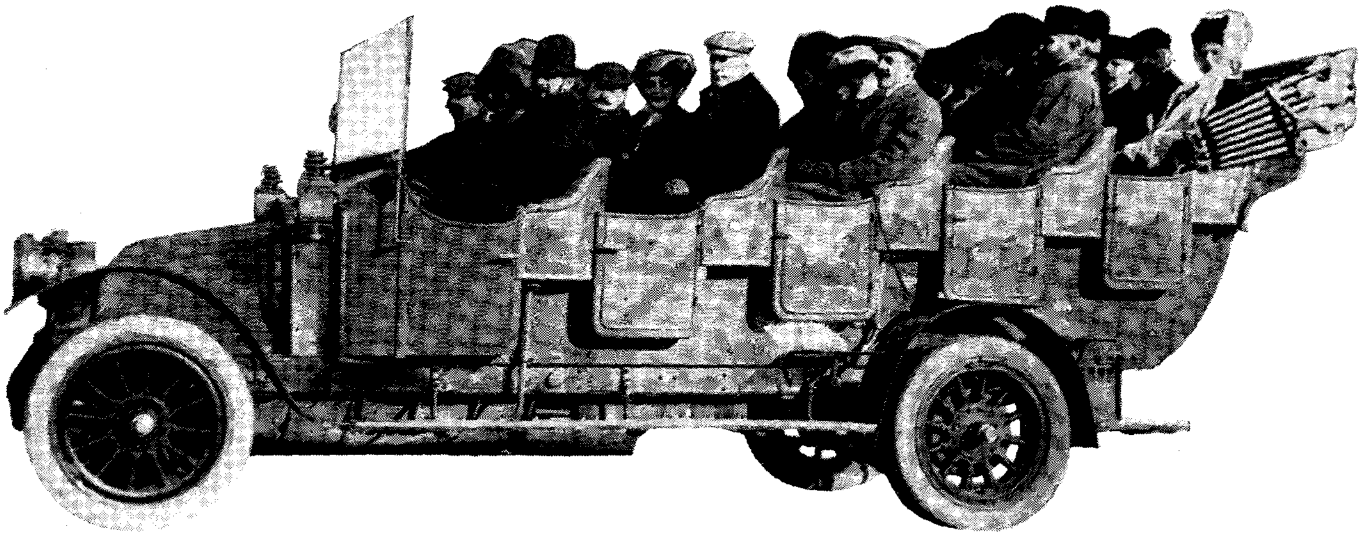
effect of the first hearings on public opinion was bound to be crucial, he said later, but he had several reasons for starting out with the cortical steroids. To begin with, the staff had assembled more comprehensive data on the steroids than on any other type of drug, and he wanted to get on with the hearings. Then, too, he thought it only fair to meet the industry on the grounds most favorable to it, and, anyway, he was sure that the subcommittee's case was overwhelming.

At seven minutes after ten on December 7th, in the lofty, marble-pillared Senate Caucus Room—the scene of the McCarthy hearings—Kefauver called the subcommittee to order. On hand were a couple of hundred people—representatives of the drug industry, tourists, reporters and television crewmen, the opening witness, a battery of his aides, sixteen members of the subcommittee staff, and, besides Kefauver, just one senator—Alexander Wiley, Republican, of Wisconsin. (At the time, the makeup of the subcommittee was decidedly liberal, with four other Democrats—Thomas C. Hennings, Jr., of Missouri; Joseph C. O'Mahoney, of Wyoming; John A. Carroll, of Colorado; and Philip A. Hart, of Michigan—and one other Republican, Everett McKinley Dirksen, the Minority Leader. A month earlier, the third Republican slot had been vacated by the death of William Langer, of North Dakota, a maverick who was almost as fervent a trustbuster as Kefauver; it was later filled by Roman L. Hruska, an arch-conservative from Nebraska. Before the hearings were completed, Hennings had died, and O'Mahoney had left the Senate; they were replaced by Thomas J. Dodd, of Connecticut, and Edward V. Long, of Missouri.)

The opening witness was Francis C. Brown, president of the Schering Corporation, which has its headquarters in Bloomfield, New Jersey. Originally a German-owned firm, Schering was seized by the United States early in the Second World War and was run by the Alien Property Custodian until 1952, when a syndicate headed by Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane bought it, for twenty-nine million dollars. Brown, a one-time New Deal lawyer, who was in charge of drafting the Banking Act of 1935 and later served as general counsel to the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, had been appointed by the Custodian to head the company while it was under government control, and he had been kept on by the new owners. The choice of Brown as the leadoff witness had great-



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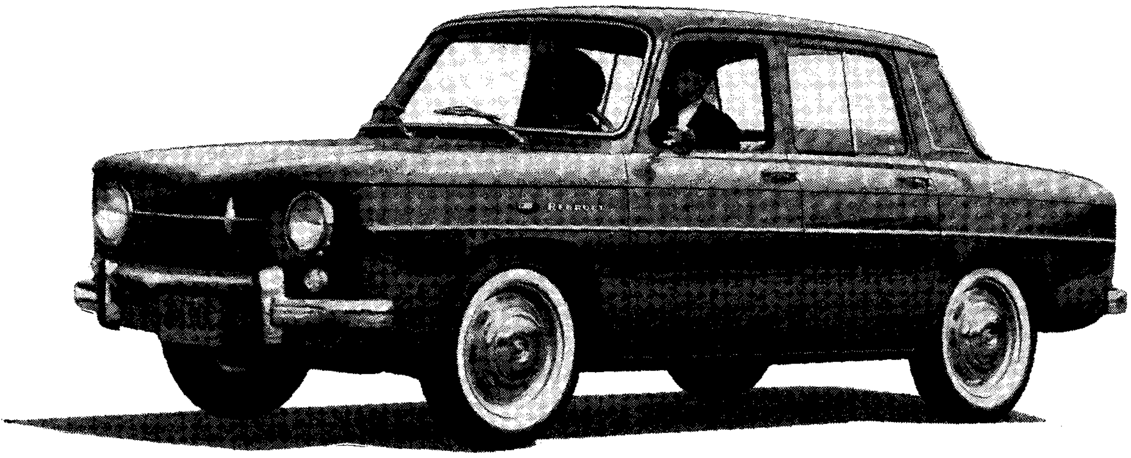

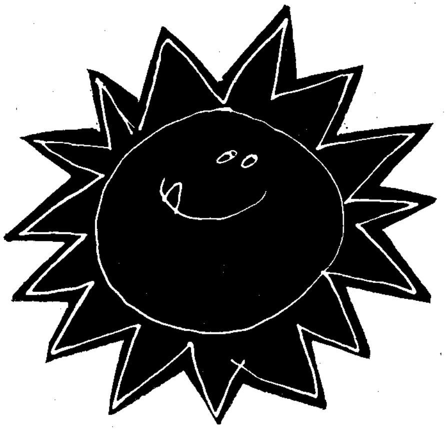

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ly encouraged the industry, for he was known as an extremely able man, with a firm grasp of government practices and a sharp tongue.

Following the usual procedure, Brown read a prepared statement that had been submitted to the subcommittee a couple of days earlier and to the press that morning. The statement began with a detailed description of how another drug firm, Merck & Co., had originally synthesized cortisone, the first of the steroid drugs, and it went on to explain that Schering had subsequently come up with what became two of the most widely used steroids—prednisone and prednisolone. Ultimately, Brown got around to drug prices. "For every good compound that is found, there are many failures," he declared. "Some failures come after years of effort and hundreds of thousands of dollars of expense." The basic issue was not the price of drugs, Brown testified, but, rather, "a matter of inadequate income," and he suggested that Congress study *that* problem. Then, coming back to steroids, he concluded, "Men walking who were crippled, and working who were incapacitated, at a cost of between thirty and sixty cents a day, seems to me to be pretty reasonable."

A congressional hearing resembles a trial in that a charge and a denial are resolved—if, indeed, they *are* resolved—during the cross-examination of witnesses. However, the newspaper reporters who cover Capitol Hill, because they ordinarily have neither the time nor the space to describe a hearing closely, usually base their stories largely on the witnesses' prepared statements, perhaps adding a brief quotation or paraphrase to convey the views of the committee members. Kefauver, who had what one observer called "a genius for publicity creation," made it a point to bring out his biggest guns half an hour or so before the reporters had to leave to file their stories—ordinarily 11:30 A.M. for afternoon-paper men and 4:30 P.M. for morning-paper men. On this occasion, Brown finished reading his statement at around a quarter to eleven, and Kefauver nodded to Paul Rand Dixon, his chief counsel and staff director, who in turn called on John M. Blair, the subcommittee's chief economist. Blair passed out mimeographed copies of a chart to the senators, other staff members, the witness, and the press. Prepared from data that had been subpoenaed from Schering and the Upjohn Company, which supplied Schering with much of its finished bulk prednisolone, the chart showed that Schering had bought the drug at a cost of $2.37 a

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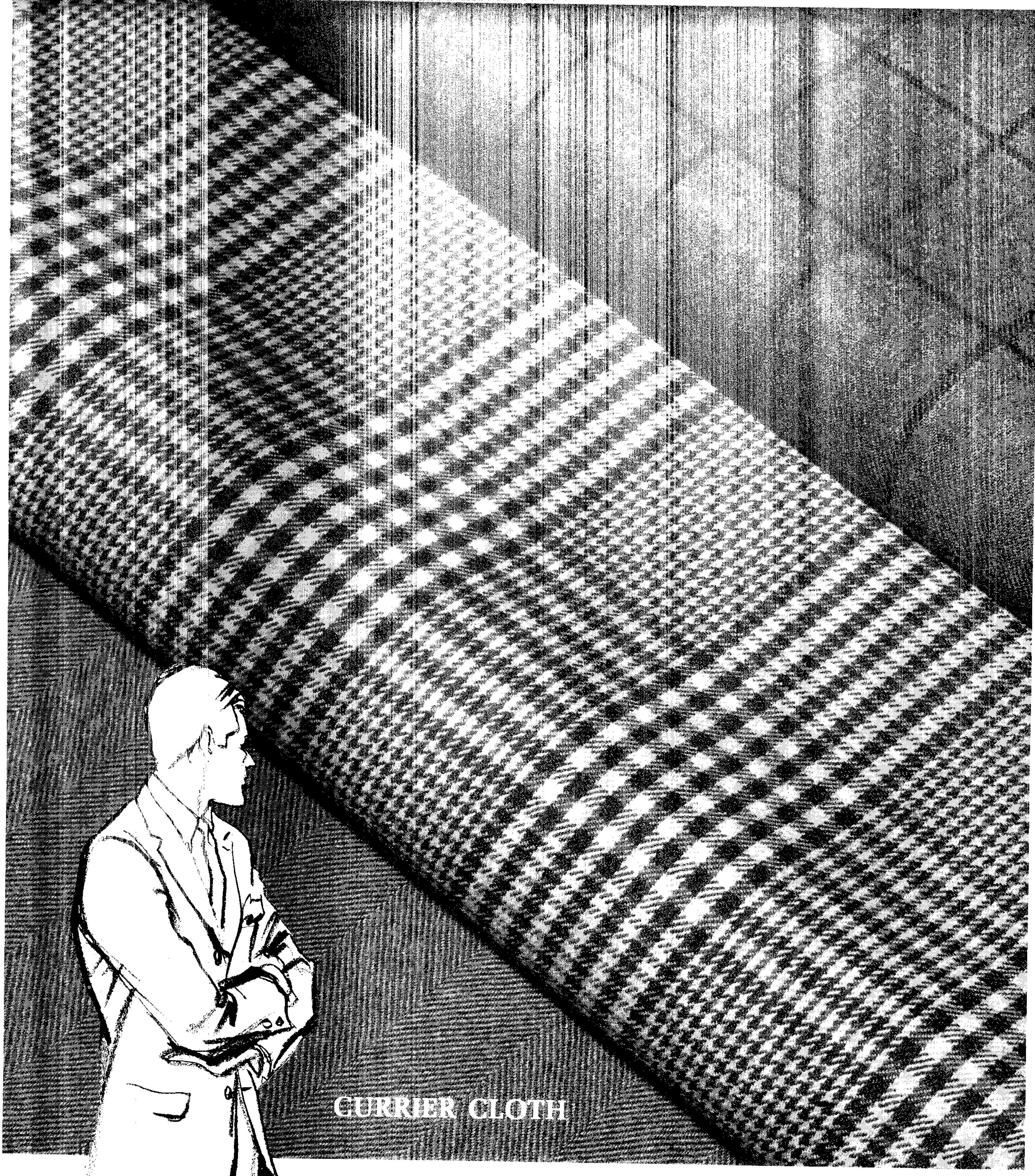

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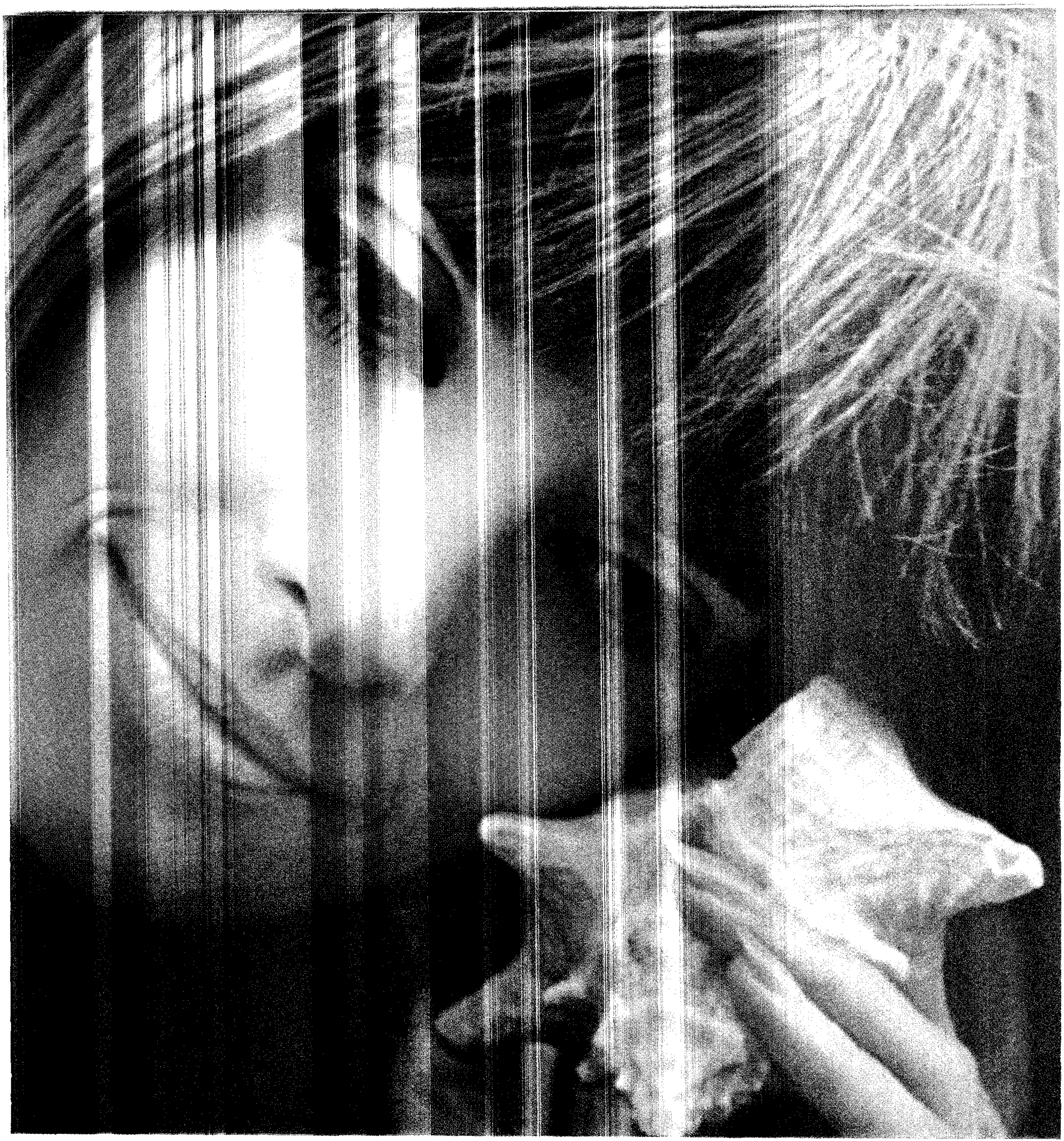
gram, and that, after wastage amounting to sixty-two cents a gram and expenses for tableting, bottling, labelling, and packaging (figures based on a price quotation from an independent company), the cost of making a thousand five-milligram tablets could not have exceeded 1.567 cents a tablet—which cost the druggist 17.9 cents and the consumer 29.8 cents.

"Mr. Brown," Dixon said when Blair had finished, "you mentioned in your statement that you think thirty or sixty cents a day is a pretty reasonable price for the consumer to pay. Do you consider it reasonable on your part to charge 17.9 cents for a tablet when your cost certainly must be less than 1.6 cents?"

Data on basic costs are one of any industry's most cherished trade secrets, and Kefauver, fearing that the conservative members of the committee would object, had not issued subpoenas for such data. It had, however, issued them for the purchase-and-sale agreements made by various concerns, including Schering, and Brown apparently failed to realize that these documents might be used to calculate approximate production costs. After looking at the chart for several moments, Brown replied that his company had many expenses besides the cost of production—"informational work" (promotion), "pioneering work" (research), "support of the distribution system" (sales), and "maintenance of . . . research" (research).

As the hearings went on, it became evident that Kefauver's preferred method of conducting them was to suggest or approve the general line of questioning to be followed at any particular session, and then leave the development of the case largely to his staff. Nevertheless, he often intervened to make a point that no one else had thought of, and he repeatedly moved in at a critical moment to restate a point in a way that would make it perfectly clear to the press. Sitting stolidly, with his long, thin, impassive face thrust slightly forward, he spoke in a hesitant monotone that was close to inaudible if he got too far away from his microphone. Since he was unfailingly polite and often let himself be summarily interrupted, some of the more aggressive witnesses in the drug hearings thought they could push him around. "The way Kefauver *sounded* was fatally deceptive, because witnesses often didn't realize what he was *saying*—that is, until they read the transcript," one reporter for a drug trade paper noted. "It took cold print to show how relentless the man could be." Kefauver often began an interro-



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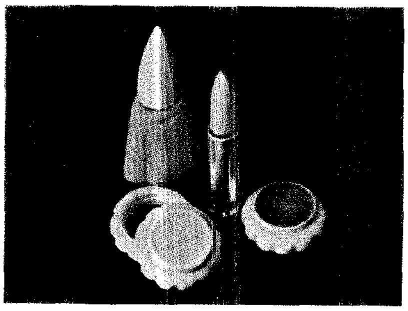

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gation with "What I can't understand is . . ." and whenever he did, according to a lawyer for the drug industry, "the best thing a witness could do was knock over the table and hide behind it. That unchanging voice of his gave no hint of when the axe was going to fall," the lawyer added. "And his use of repetition was amazingly effective, too. He had a way of coming back to the same question again and again, and a witness would begin wondering what he had answered the last time and the time before that. All in all, I'd say that Kefauver was about the most formidable cross-examiner I've ever come up against."

On this first morning, Kefauver took over after Dixon's question to Brown. "Let's get it very clear," he said. "You buy this material from Upjohn. . . . All you do is put it in a capsule, add your brand name to it, and sell it. Presumably, this $2.37 price per gram . . . includes research costs, with some profit remaining for Upjohn. So presumably at $2.37 a gram you can produce it and include research and profit and depreciation and whatnot in it also. Upjohn could not under the law sell it to you at a loss. They must sell it to you at a profit. We have a reliable concern here that will tablet it for $2 [per thousand tablets] . . . so that your maximum cost per bottle of one hundred, which must include some research and some profit, is $1.57. Yet [you] sell it for $17.90. How do you justify that?"

Brown said, to begin with, that he refused to accept the 1.57-cent pill as accurate. (Some months later, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., which had just gone into the prednisolone business, informed the subcommittee that its production costs came to about a penny a tablet, and that its tablet was being sold to the druggist for two cents and to the consumer for three cents, or one-tenth as much as Schering's product.) However, for the sake of the discussion, he went on to justify the spread—accurate or not. Schering's over-all costs, he said again, included supporting the "distribution system," and carrying out "educational," "pioneering," "trailblazing," and "research" work.

In an attempt to settle the research issue once and for all, Blair pointed out that Schering, by its own admission, spent 8.5 per cent of its gross income on research, and that if the wholesale price of 17.9 cents were reduced by that percentage, the result would be 16.4 cents. At that point, Kefauver rather idly asked Blair what the markup from 1.57 to 17.9 cents

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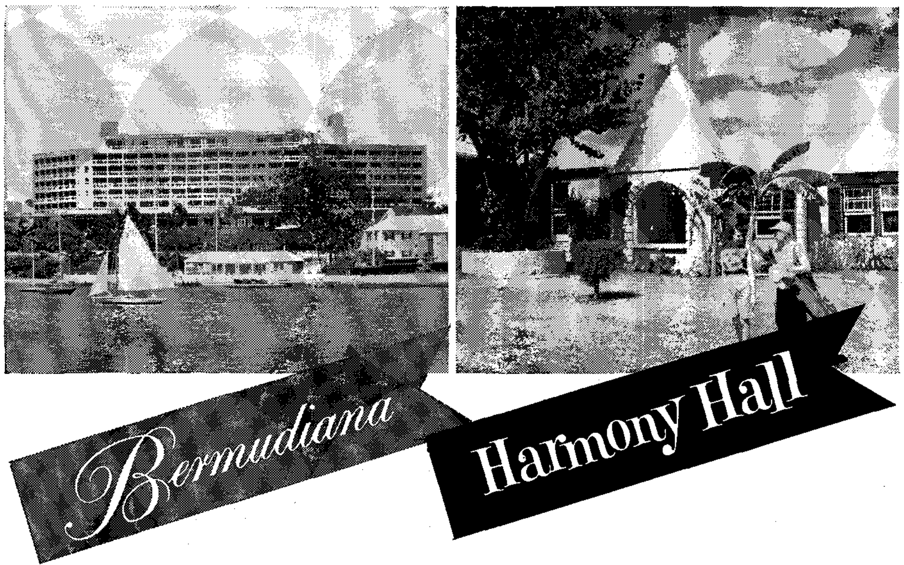

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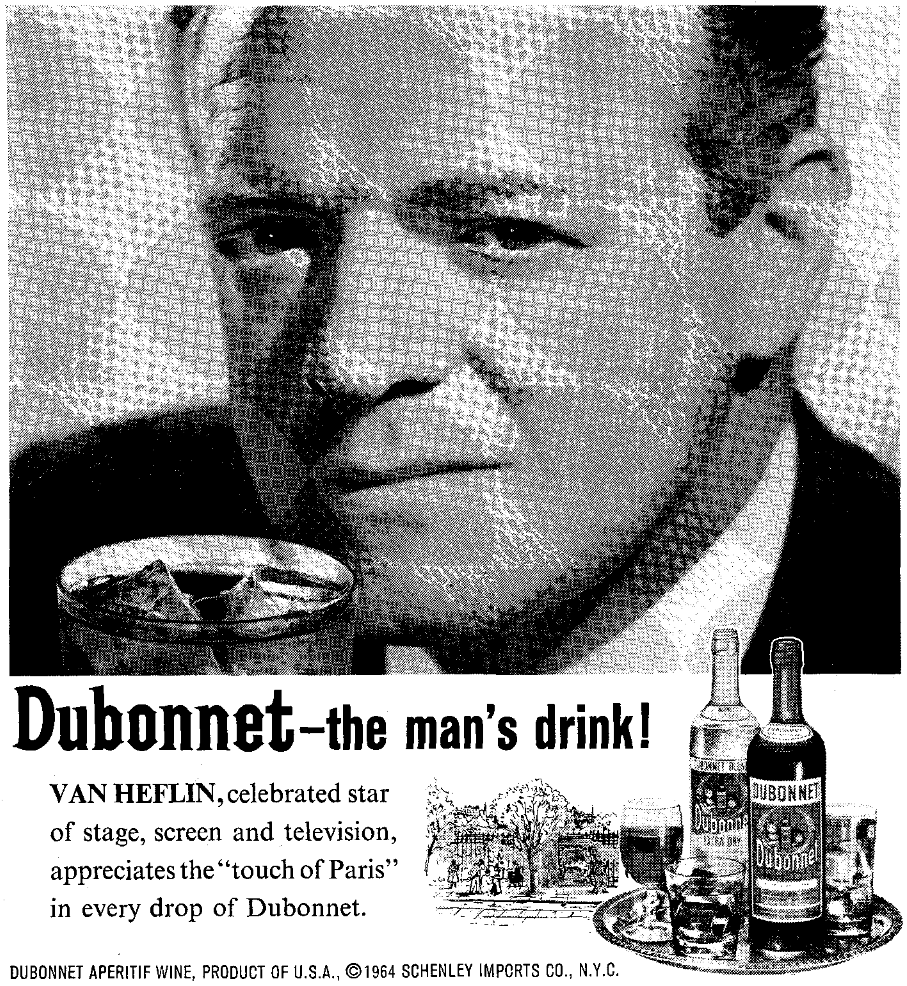

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amounted to in terms of percentage. Blair said that it was an increase of 1,118 per cent. Suddenly, the reporters began writing furiously. Glancing at them impassively, Kefauver whispered to Blair that he would need markup percentages on some other drugs. Blair quickly calculated the percentage markup on several other Schering products and handed the figures to the Senator. Then Blair presented another chart, which showed that between 1955 and 1958 Schering's net profits (after the 52-per-cent federal corporation tax) had varied between 23.2 and 46.9 per cent of net worth, and between 16.6 and 19.4 per cent of sales, and that in the five and a half years since Schering had become a private corporation its total net profits had exceeded the purchase price of the firm by about three million dollars.

"Everybody wants Schering or any other company to make a reasonable profit," Kefauver said to the witness. "But . . . there are these people who have to have these medicines, and many of them can't get the medicines. . . . I just meant that as a matter of public policy, it seemed that during some of this time you might reduce the price of your medicines a little bit rather than trying to garner back more than the corporation cost in five years."

"There were a great many uncertainties hanging over our company," Brown said. "Let me point out to you that the development of a product which has such a sizable impact upon the sales of a company as small as we were at that time is of itself a hazard, and these uncertainties influenced the management's decision all the way through."

Kefauver looked baffled. "All right," he said.

A few minutes later, the morning session ended. In the drug camp, as one of its people said afterward, "all was chaos and consternation."

However, one Schering aide suggested a way to turn the defense to the offense, and shortly after the subcommittee reconvened, after lunch, Brown tried it out. "I would like to ask, Mr. Chairman, if we can have an opportunity to study these charts and compilations which have been shown me by surprise today, and then answer them either personally or in writing," he said.

"Just a minute, Mr. Brown," Kefauver replied. "These charts on profits are well known to everybody. They were prepared by the Federal Trade Commission. They were published in *Fortune* magazine. You have been in business for a long, long time, and I don't like for you to say that this is a great shock to you. . . ."

Brown then attacked the citing of the 1,118-per-cent markup on prednisolone as "a headline item," and went on to point out that his company had to make high profits on some products in order to compensate for losses on others.

"Now, just where is the big bargain that you have on some other drugs?" Kefauver asked. "We will get to what you charge on some other drugs a little later on."

They got to other drugs at once, and Dixon first discussed estradiol progynon, which is used in menopausal disorders. Schering, he declared, bought the drug in bulk form from Roussel, a French firm, for $3.50 a gram, and sold a bottle of sixty tablets, containing altogether three one-hundredths of a gram, or 11.7 cents' worth, for $8.40—a markup of 7,079 per cent. The reporters hunched over their pads, and Brown retorted, "You seem wedded to a question of percentage," adding that the subcommittee's figures left out Schering's expenses for "selling," "manufacturing," "informational work," "advertising," "informing the medical profession," "development work," and "research."

"You did no research on this drug," Kefauver said. "You bought a finished product from Roussel. All you did was put it in a tablet, put it out under your name, and sell it at a markup of 7,079 per cent."

Next, Dixon went on to a Schering product called ethinyl estradiol, a similar preparation, also bought from Roussel; in this case, Schering bought four hundred half-milligram tablets for 28 cents and sold them for $8.

"What am I expected to say?" Brown asked wearily. "I have repeated a number of times that we are engaged in an over-all operation."

Kefauver inhaled deeply on a cigarette, and said quietly, "What I can't understand is that small companies buy the same product from Roussel and sell it for $2 to $3. You sell it for $8. . . . You don't do any more to it than they do. You just buy it, put it up, and sell it; they buy it, put it up, and sell it."

So far, Brown hadn't received much help from the Republican side of the table—Wiley had little to offer and Dirksen was out of town—but now Peter N. Chumbris, the senior minority counsel, spoke up. Reminding the subcommittee that Schering's current rate of profit was 16.6 per cent of sales after taxes, he said that at that rate the net return on an eight-dollar item would be $1.28, leaving an over-all cost of $6.72. If ethinyl

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estradiol should be sold at this price, the markup would still be 2,400 per cent, he said, pointing out that percentages of this sort were more or less irrelevant. (Chumbris's arithmetic was shaky, but not significantly.) Brown agreed, but he apparently failed to see that this was by far the most persuasive argument he could use—that regardless of particular markups, his company's current profits were 16.6 per cent of sales, which, though very high when compared to business generally, would scarcely shock the man in the street—for he all but ignored the point from then on. In any event, Chumbris's argument, Kefauver said later, had a grave flaw. It was true that the big firms' markups on certain products, and in certain circumstances, were relatively low (Kefauver had erred on this score), but taken as a whole, the markups were high enough to permit the companies to spend twenty-five per cent of the difference between gross income and production costs on advertising and promotion and still have a profit rate double that of American industry in general.

Shortly afterward, Blair presented still another chart, this one demonstrating that the four largest companies selling prednisone and prednisolone—Schering, Merck & Co., Upjohn, and Chas. Pfizer, Inc.—all charged exactly the same prices for them, and that these prices hadn't changed a penny since 1956, when the drugs were introduced.

Brown declared that the competitive situation in the pharmaceutical business required such prices.

"I have never understood this kind of a competitive system," Kefauver said. "How is it, if you want to be really competitive, you don't lower your price to get more of the business?"

"Senator," Brown answered, "we can't put two sick people in every bed where there is only one person sick."

One representative of the drug industry got up and left the room. "I never expected to hear anyone in the business testify that drug prices were high because the number of sick people was limited," he said later.

The subcommittee moved on to a question concerning small drug companies. At that time, several big firms were engaged in a dispute—of the sort known as a patent interference—over which one of them had discovered prednisone and prednisolone, and until the disagreement could be settled by the Patent Office, anyone was permitted to sell the two drugs. A number of small companies had entered the market, selling them for about one-

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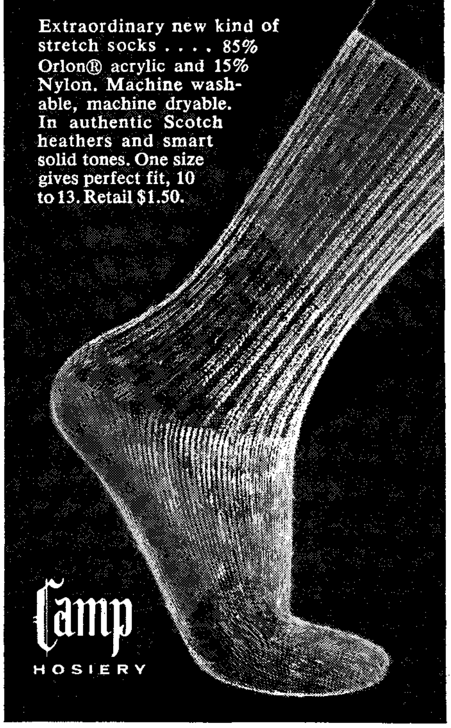

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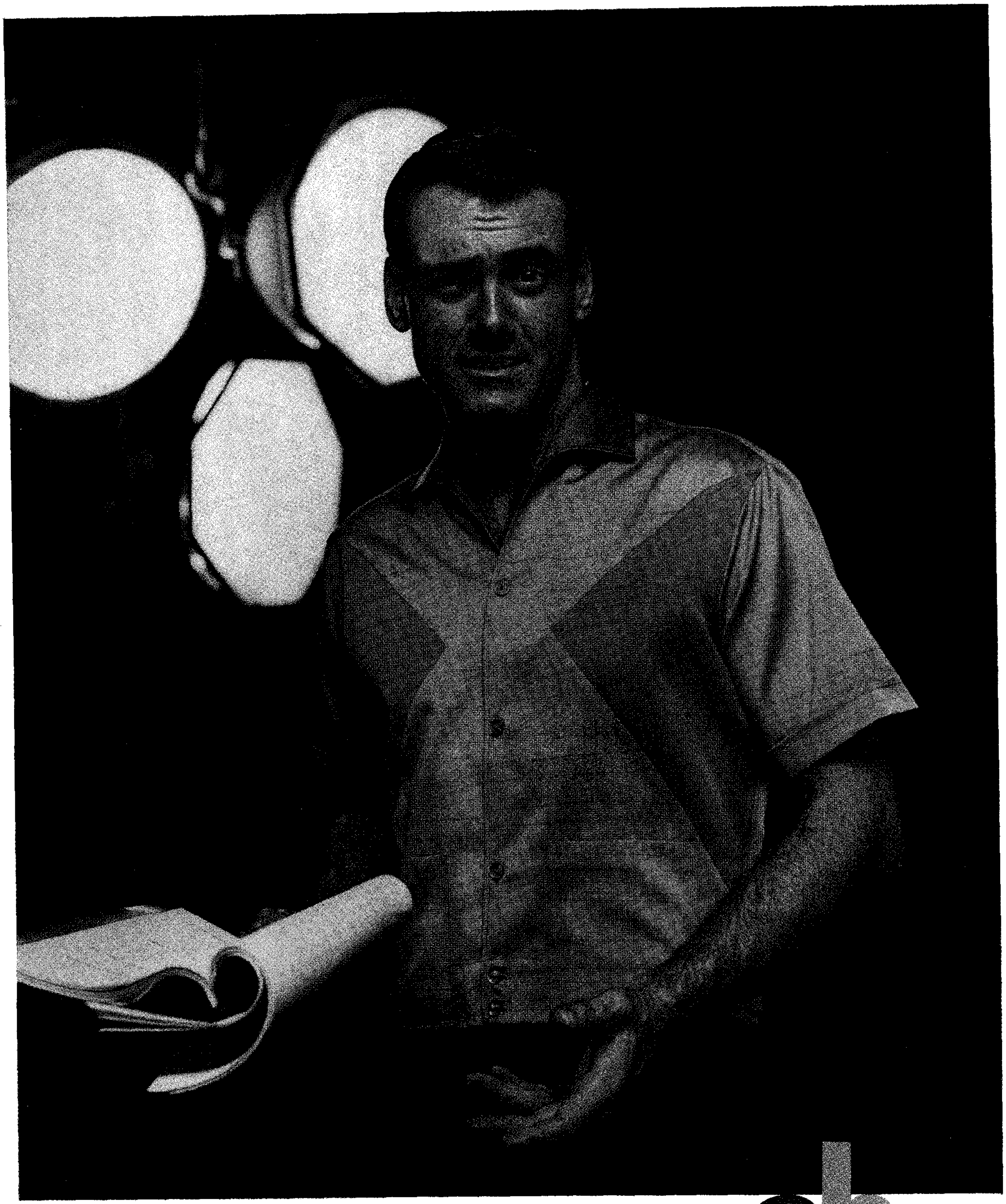

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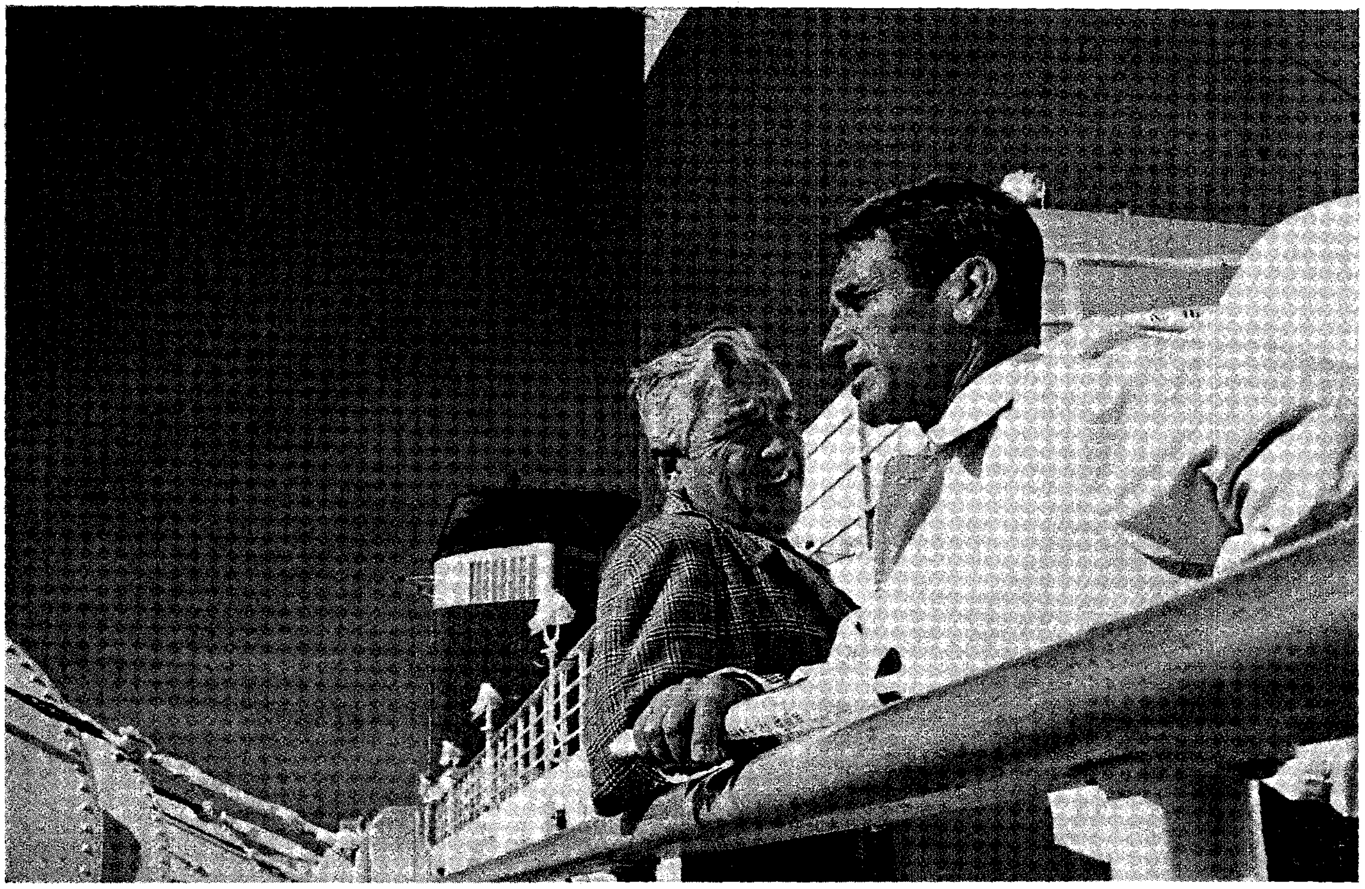

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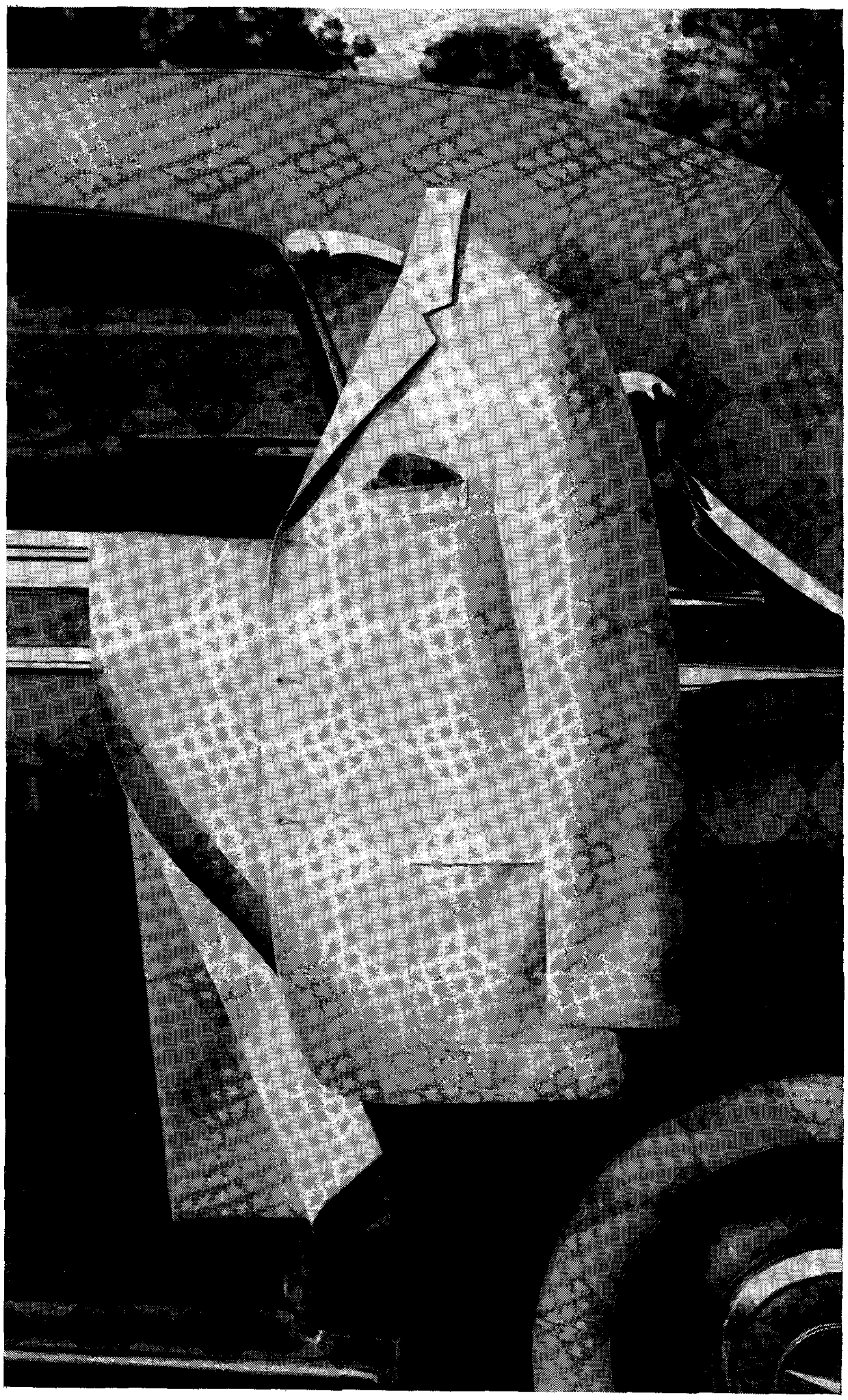
fourth as much as the big ones charged. When Dixon asked about this difference, Brown replied that Schering's overhead ran eight or ten times as high as that of the small companies. Dixon's next question had been prepared in anticipation of precisely that answer: How many detail men (the pharmaceutical phrase for salesmen who call on doctors) did Schering employ, and what were their salaries? Schering had four hundred and thirty of them, Brown said, together with a hundred in a subsidiary firm, and the salaries of the lot of them came to more than four million dollars a year. Dixon pointed out that Schering, by its own account, spent some twenty-five million dollars a year—roughly a third of its gross income—on promotion, and asked if that did not put the small drug firm with limited funds for promotion at a hopeless disadvantage. Brown said he thought not, since the physician would prescribe drugs as he saw fit. For the time being, the question was left dangling, for neither side wanted to get down to whether doctors had been succumbing to ordinary advertising and sales pressure. Of course, Brown was not likely to question the good sense of the medical profession, and Kefauver, as he said later, felt that he had enough enemies at the moment.

When Brown returned to his hotel that evening, he picked up a copy of the Washington *Evening Star* and saw the headline "Senators Find 1,118% Drug Markup." "I felt very sad," he said later. Undoubtedly, the next day's papers, which carried stories about the afternoon session, made him even sadder. "Senate Panel Cites Markups on Drugs Ranging to 7,079%," ran a front-page headline in the *Times*, and other papers all over the country treated the story in much the same way. Inevitably, this news buildup brought on a series of counterattacks from the industry. For instance, Brown accused the subcommittee of being insulting, of trying to exert thought control, of placing him at an unfair disadvantage, of besmirching his firm's reputation, of invading the privacy of his mind, and of prying into his personal affairs. But none of the counterattacks were very effective at the grass-roots level. In one national public-opinion poll, taken a couple of months later, two-thirds of the people questioned favored federal control of drug prices—a prospect that disturbed Kefauver almost as much as the prices themselves.

Senator Dirksen, who was taking a vacation in Tennessee, of all places,



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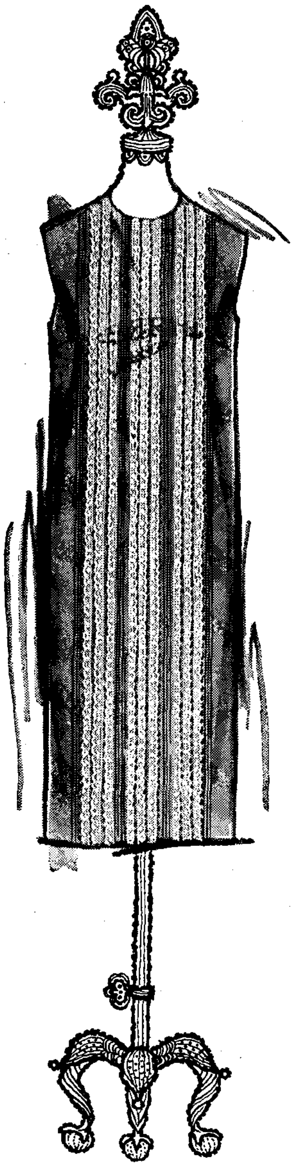

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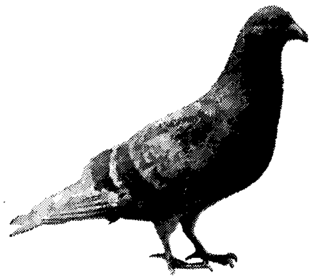
read the newspaper accounts of the hearings and at once got in touch with Chumbris to find out what was going on. On January 21, 1960, when the subcommittee met for the second round of hearings—this one on tranquillizers—Dirksen was very much present. He characterized the method of arriving at what he called "these amazing markups that were so freely bandied about in the press" as "terribly unobjective and unfair and completely inequitable," and added, "I must assert with all the vigor at my command that that is an unfair technique, and that I cannot tolerate it."

Kefauver, as sombre as ever, heard him out. "I'm glad you brought up this issue," he said, with a tic of a smile, and proceeded to restate his position. "Senator Dirksen, of course it is not the subcommittee that creates the facts," he concluded. "If little companies are selling prednisone at 2 cents a tablet and the big companies are selling it identically at 17.9 cents, that is what they are doing."

Throughout the hearings, and afterward, Kefauver was accused by members of the drug industry and by their friends in Congress of trying to give the impression that the percentage markups represented clear profit. He repeatedly denied this, pointing out that Blair's charts clearly showed the production costs to be "exclusive of selling and distribution costs," and, further, that Brown had time and again enumerated his company's other expenses. If the charges were misunderstood, Kefauver said, it could only be because of the newspapers' need for headlines and their readers' readiness to feel maltreated by business. The drug industry also contended that Kefauver had put it in a bad light by concentrating on its shortcomings and ignoring all that it had done for mankind. To this accusation, Kefauver replied that the industry had been given every opportunity to state its case and had been urged to submit any exhibits it wished. Perhaps the best defense of Kefauver's approach came from an unexpected quarter—a spokesman for the professional pharmacists, who were generally opposed to the investigation but had tacitly agreed not to fight it as long as they were left out of it. Dr. Robert P. Fischelis, formerly general manager of the American Pharmaceutical Association and an occasional columnist for the *American Druggist*, attended every session of the drug hearings, and after they had been going on for two months, he wrote, "What is being built up in this investigation, stripped of all extraneous showmanship,



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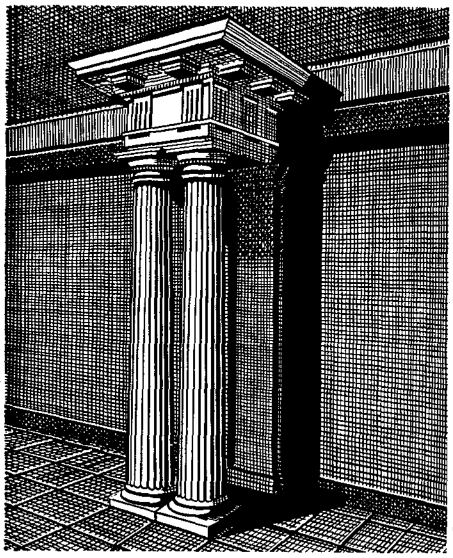

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is a well-documented record of what goes on in the 'business' of discovering, producing, and distributing drugs. This has never been done before in such a public manner." And he added, "Nor can one minimize the fact that the record is being put together from the statements of the top officials of the drug industry and from their answers to questions put to them by the senatorial committee."

However, Kefauver's approach was open to fair criticism. Congressional hearings have invariably been described by those who conduct them, including Kefauver, as nothing more or less than objective attempts to get at the truth, but the reality doesn't appear to be that simple. They are rarely unbiassed. "The most notable committee investigations are seldom in point of fact 'investigations,' " Douglass Cater, the Washington correspondent of the *Reporter*, has written. "They are planned deliberately to move from a preconceived idea to a predetermined conclusion." When Kefauver was asked, after the hearings, whether he had held them to get information or to give information, he answered, "Primarily to get information. But naturally you have to give information if you hope to get public support for legislation." Although his first point was true enough, the second was open to dispute, for his staff had asked only questions to which they knew the answers. While this is the lawyer's standard approach to any kind of legal contest—"Never let yourself in for a surprise" is the first rule of courtroom practice—it is bound to create a trial, or adversary proceeding, of a sort, and congressional hearings afford none of the traditional safeguards that attend courtroom trials. If our way of conducting an investigation of this kind is less impartial than, say, England's, there are good reasons for it. Because of the strength of special-interest groups and the weakness of the consumer in this country, congressional reformers agree, they have no choice but to stir up the public. Actually, a handful of drug-industry executives told Kefauver privately that he had performed a public service. "There *were* abuses in the industry," one man said, "and they never would have been corrected if you hadn't put them in the spotlight."

In the end, the charge against Kefauver that was thought to stand up best was that, especially in the early stages, he gave witnesses little advance information on what they were going to be questioned about. In fact, even the minority members of the subcommittee were not shown the specific mate-

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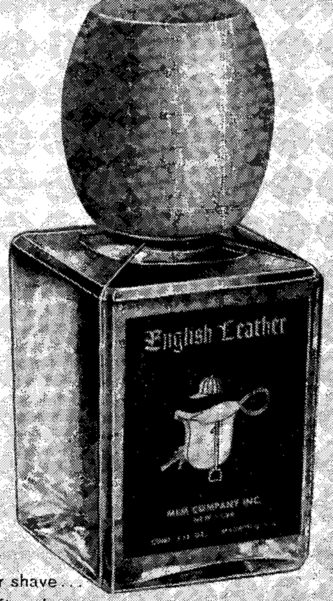

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rial to be used in a particular session until a few minutes before the session convened. The majority's defense was that the subcommittee's files were always open to the minority, but the sheer quantity of documents made it quite impossible to figure out what would be used and how. This procedure, though standard for congressional committees, is obviously open to extravagant abuse.

THE investigative hearings on the drug industry continued, on and off, for ten months, and about a hundred and fifty witnesses and their aides appeared before the subcommittee. To simplify matters, Kefauver limited testimony for the most part to four groups of drugs—after cortical steroids came tranquillizers, oral antidiabetics (used to supplement or replace insulin), and antibiotics—that made up by far the largest share of the prescription market. In each case, as with the steroids, Blair chose a widely sold drug and compared its production costs and its wholesale and retail prices. According to the evidence he presented, the production cost of Carter Products' Miltown, the leading mild tranquillizer, was seven-tenths of a cent a pill (to the surprise of all concerned, the president of the company confirmed this), the price to the druggist was 6.5 cents, and the price to the consumer was 10.8 cents; for Upjohn's Orinase, the largest-selling oral antidiabetic, the figures were 1.3 cents, 8.3 cents, and 13.9 cents; and for Polycycline—a form of tetracycline turned out by Bristol Laboratories (the drug branch of Bristol-Myers)—they were 1.7 cents, 30.6 cents, and 50 cents.

Then, too, Blair showed that the American consumer was paying a good deal more for drugs than many people abroad were. Merck was selling its brand of prednisone in England, through a subsidiary, for less than half of what it charged here; various foreign concerns were selling such tranquillizers as chlorpromazine and prochlorperazine for less than a quarter of what Smith, Kline & French Laboratories got for them under the trade names of Thorazine and Compazine, and were selling meprobamate for a third of what Carter got for it as Miltown; and foreign manufacturers were selling the antidiabetic tolbutamide for less than half what Upjohn charged for it under the name of Orinase. And the same thing was true of some drugs actually made by American manufacturers. Eli Lilly & Co. was selling a form of penicillin in Mexico for two-thirds of its price here. Parke, Davis & Co., the producer of Chloromycetin, was selling it here

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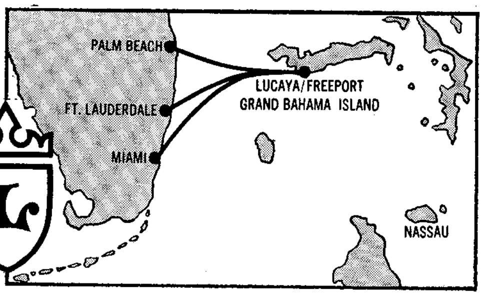

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One of the subcommittee's witnesses was Rear Admiral William L. Knickerbocker, the director of the United States Military Medical Supply Agency, which procures medicine of every description for the Department of Defense, for the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization, for the Public Health Service, and, under our military-assistance program, for our allies. The M.M.S.A., which is the largest buyer of drugs in the country, spent more than thirty-three million dollars for drugs and biological supplies in 1959, Admiral Knickerbocker testified. Despite M.M.S.A.'s enormous purchases, he said, the agency received extremely small discounts on patented drugs unless they happened to be so widely licensed that there were many bidders, as in the case of the tranquillizer reserpine, which CIBA, the patent-holder, sold to druggists for $39.50 per thousand tablets and to the government, in the face of competitive bidding by over a dozen other companies, for as little as sixty cents. Of all the negotiations that the M.M.S.A. had had with the pharmaceutical industry, Admiral Knickerbocker said, the most exasperating involved an attempt to buy tetracycline hydrochloride through secret bids. These negotiations, he said, were carried on with Pfizer, which held the patent on the drug, and with Lederle Laboratories (a division of American Cyanamid), Bristol, Upjohn, and E. R. Squibb & Sons (a division of the Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation), which were licensed to manufacture it. "When the government first purchased these tablets, it paid $11 per bottle of one hundred in a procurement involving 94,176 bottles," the Admiral said. "Six months later, in May, 1957, the unit price (from a different supplier) was still $11, even though the quantity purchased was about one-seventh that of the previous procurement. On the third procurement, nine months later, the price rose, inexplicably, to $17.24. . . . During 1958, there were three additional procurements of tetracycline hydrochloride for 93,476, 41,904, and 25,632 bottles, respectively. For the first two of these procurements, the price remained at $17.24 and for the third it was $17.15. In June, 1959, it seemed that this price 'freeze' finally had been broken when the Government was able to buy 46,512 bottles at a unit price of $14.36. But no! This 'thawing out' process was illusory, because two months later, in August, 1959, a solicitation for 28,000 bottles, again produced an of-

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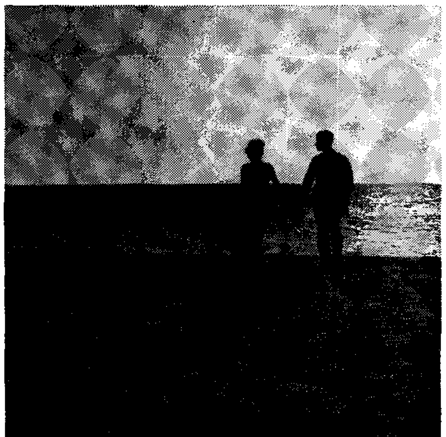

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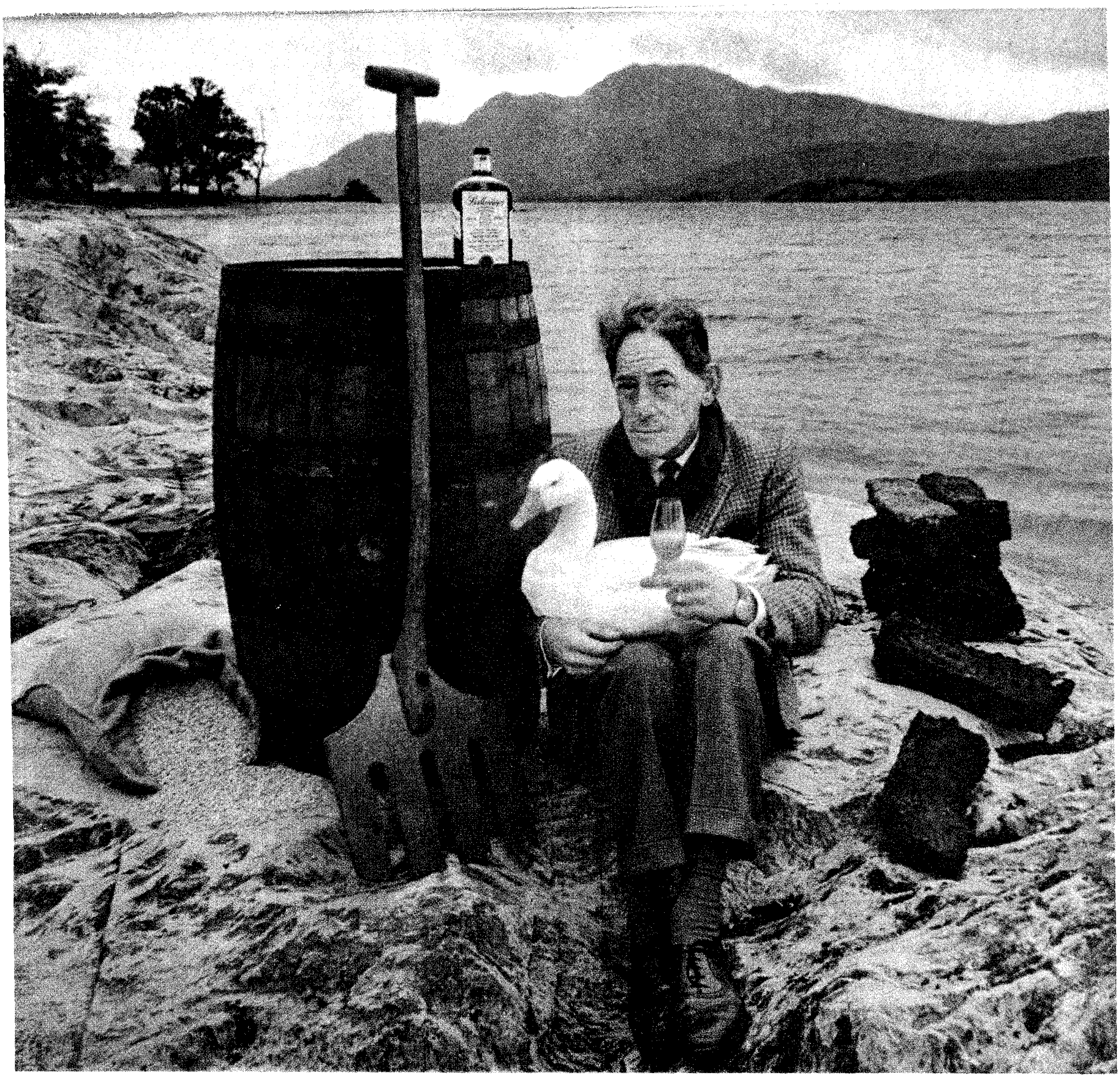

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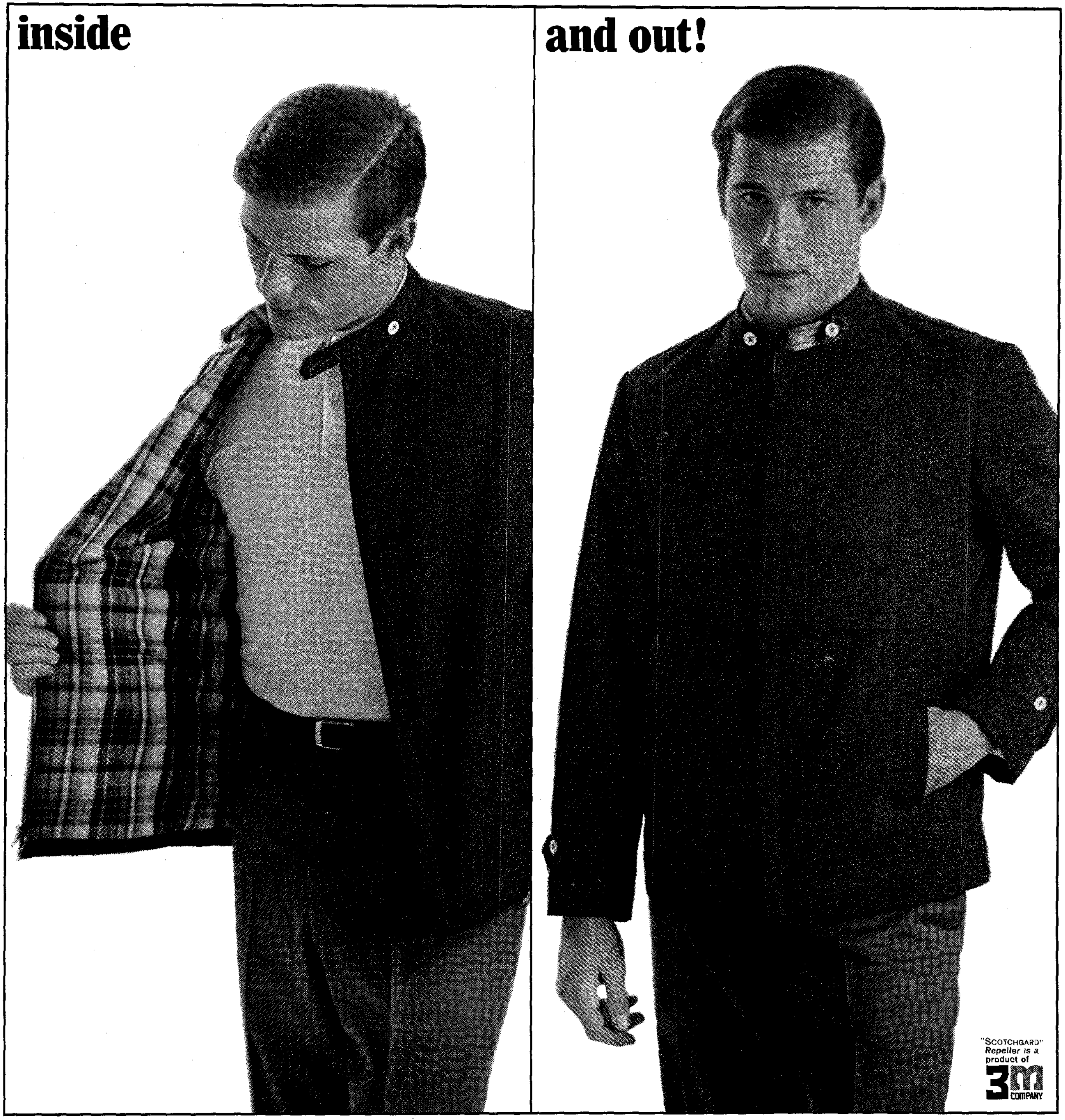

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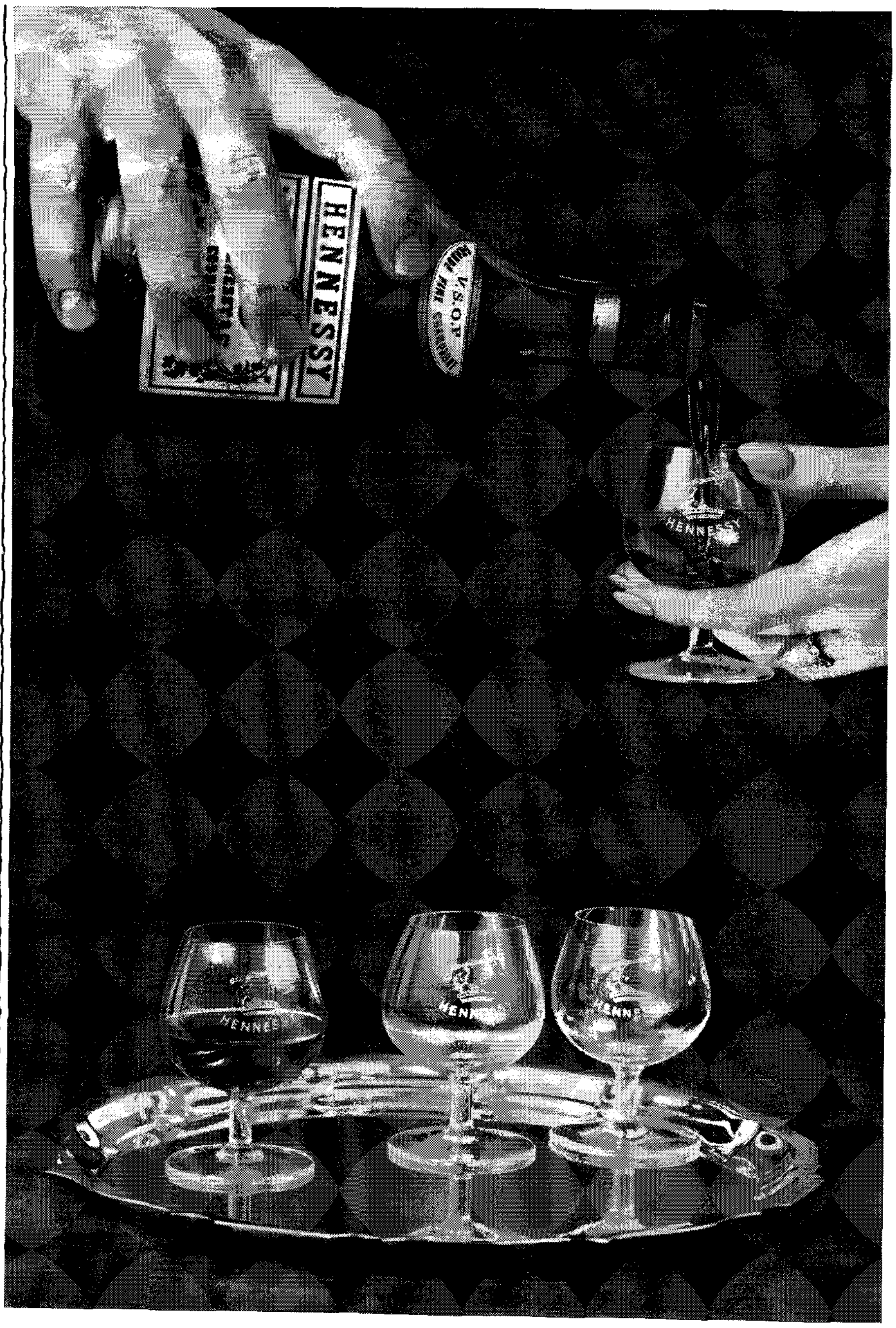
On one other occasion, the Admiral added, three firms submitted $17.24 bids—Lederle, Pfizer, and Squibb. Later, when Lyman Duncan, manager of Lederle, was testifying before the subcommittee, Dixon asked him how this had come about. "I had not the faintest idea, Mr. Dixon," Duncan answered. "It is very easy looking back, but in looking ahead I had not the faintest idea. Actually, I was astounded that they bid $17.24."

Another coincidence concerned the division of sales of tetracycline to the M.M.S.A. For the three-year period immediately before the hearings, Pfizer took 46.6 per cent of the business, and three of its licensees took almost all the rest—Lederle 17.8 per cent, Bristol 17.6 per cent, and Squibb 17.5 per cent, all on the basis of secret bids. The missing .5 per cent went to Upjohn. (Toward the end of the investigative hearings, Pfizer, American Cyanamid, and Bristol were indicted in the United States District Court, Southern District, in Manhattan, for violation of the antitrust laws, with Olin Mathieson and Upjohn named as co-conspirators but not defendants. The issue has yet to come to trial, but on August 11, 1963, the day that Kefauver's obituary appeared in the *Times*, a column alongside it announced that the F.T.C., in its quasi-judicial role, had unanimously found the five firms guilty of conspiring to fix prices on tetracycline. The Commission issued a cease-and-desist order, requiring them to stop fixing antibiotics prices, exchanging information on those prices, and submitting rigged bids on antibiotics.)

If one were to awaken any one of a thousand drug executives in the dead of night and ask him where all those profits went, the answer would undoubtedly be "Research." For most of the witnesses at the hearings who used it tirelessly—and, as far as that goes, for many who heard it—the word seemed to have the force of an incantation. Among those who used it were such eminent scientists as Dr. Edward C. Kendall and Dr. Philip S. Hench, who in 1950 had shared the Nobel Prize for Physiology and Medicine with Professor Tadeus Reichstein of Switzerland for the discovery of cortisone, and who appeared at the hearings along with the president of Merck, the company that had underwritten their work. Dr. Hench described efforts of this kind as "some of the finest research that has



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ever been done in the whole world of medicine and science," and certainly Merck was known for sponsoring careful and distinguished research. However, other witnesses—most of them physicians of note—began by praising the American drug industry's accomplishments, and ended by dismissing some of its research claims as more important to public relations than to medicine. "Far from leading in drug progress, it appears that our industry has usually followed and often after a clear lag," testified Dr. Frederick H. Meyers, associate professor of pharmacology at the University of California Medical School. He did give the United States credit for the discovery of cortisone and other cortical steroids, and for anticoagulants, hydrazides, anterior pituitary hormones, antithyroids, and oral diuretics, but he went on to say that "most of the progress [in drug research] has come from European and British researchers, both industrial and independent." Foreign researchers, he added, had discovered the antihistamines, synthetic morphine substitutes, new antimalarials, synthetic estrogen, almost all of the tranquillizers, oral antidiabetics, and penicillin, the ancestor of all the other antibiotics. The purpose of much of the work done by American drug firms, Dr. Meyers asserted, was "partly to exploit and market" these foreign products but "mostly to modify the original drug just enough to get a patentable derivative."

This point was made by other medical experts. One of them, Dr. Harry F. Dowling, head of the Department of Medicine at the University of Illinois College of Medicine, cited a particular case. In 1952, he said, Lilly put out a new antibiotic called erythromycin, which proved to be highly effective against staphylococcic infections. A year later, Pfizer introduced a modification, carbomycin, but this turned out to be more efficacious in the test tube than anywhere else, and was withdrawn half a dozen years later. Meanwhile, in 1956, Pfizer had made another try, coming up with oleandomycin, which, Dr. Dowling said, "has essentially the same effectiveness as erythromycin." In 1957, apparently still not satisfied, Pfizer brought out yet another variation, called triacetyloleandomycin, which, in the Doctor's words, "was heralded as an important drug because the same oral dose that was used for oleandomycin produced somewhat higher concentrations of the drug in the blood." But then in 1958 Lilly came up with a propionyl salt of erythromycin that was said to produce higher antibacterial ac-

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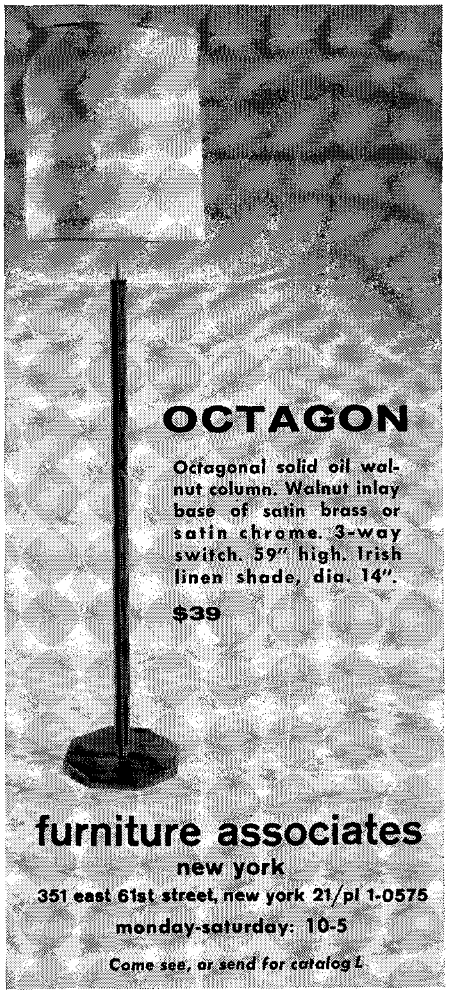

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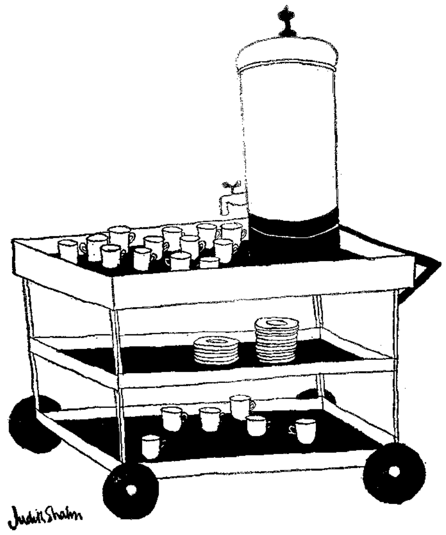
tivity than any of its predecessors. However, Dr. Dowling said, "all of these attempts to produce higher blood concentrations are of doubtful benefit, since a slightly higher dose of the original drug would achieve the same results."

Several witnesses testified about another preoccupation of the industry—the practice of combining old drugs, perhaps with modifications, and patenting the result, or, at least, giving it a fancy new trade name. Dr. Maxwell Finland, an associate professor at the Harvard Medical School and an authority on antibiotics, pointed out that there were more than a hundred such mixtures on the market, and declared that it was "doubtful that any of these . . . combinations can be justified." For one thing, he explained, their use encouraged "shotgun therapy" and discouraged proper diagnosis; for another, they had not been proved to have any advantage over the same drugs taken separately (when they were taken separately, there was an advantage—dosages could be more closely controlled); and, finally, some of them did outright harm. He concluded by saying, "As a teacher and one who has worked hard in this field, I am naturally discouraged and disturbed that these combinations continue to be prescribed by physicians in spite of repeated expositions of their potential and actual dangers by most of the leading workers in this field." As a number of other witnesses pointed out, it was small wonder that the individual practitioner wasn't always able to keep up with these warnings, for some four hundred new drug products reached the market every year.

As the hearings continued, Kefauver brought on several former drug-company employees, including a number of doctors. One of these, Dr. A. Dale Console, who had been Squibb's medical director for five years, remarked that the companies were always talking of



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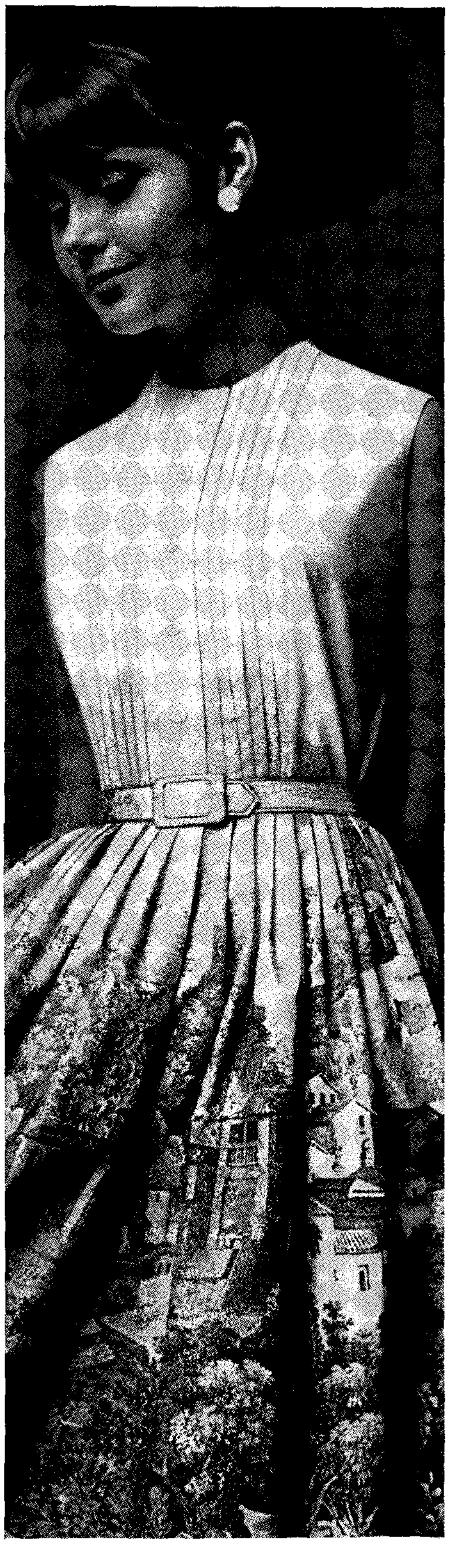

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the great number of research failures they had for every success, and said, "This is true, since it is the very essence of research. The problem arises out of the fact that they market so many of their failures."

Kefauver asked him if, in his opinion, much of the industry's research led to the marketing of drugs that were useless or worse.

"I think more than half is in that category," Dr. Console answered. "And I should point out that with many of these products it is clear while they are on the drawing board that they promise no utility. They promise sales."

Seymour N. Blackman, the executive secretary of the Premo Pharmaceutical Laboratories, a small firm with a relatively ambitious research program, remarked in his testimony that the National Institutes of Health, a government outfit, spent over a hundred and forty million dollars a year on research grants, a sum that almost equalled the research expenditures of the entire drug industry, and added that private foundations, universities, charitable organizations, and the ordinary citizen contributed far more than either. "The funds necessary for the development of the Salk vaccine were contributed mainly by public donations," he said. "The profit from the fifty-three-million-dollar sales [of the vaccine], at wholesale level, were shared by only five large drug concerns."

ARTICLE I, Section 8, of the Constitution gives Congress the power "to promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." Some of the Founding Fathers, it appears, were rather uneasy about the patent system that Congress later created, allowing an inventor seventeen years of exclusive rights over his product. Franklin refused a patent on his famous stove, and Jefferson refused a patent on his hemp-brake, pointing out that to the best of his knowledge the only country that granted a patent on just about anything was England and that "nations which refuse monopolies of invention are as fruitful as England in new and useful devices." Using information gathered by Mrs. Dorothy Goodwin and Mrs. Lucile Burd Wendt, attorneys on the subcommittee staff, Kefauver's aides prepared a table showing that at least as far as drugs were concerned Jefferson was on the right track: Countries that refused to grant patents on drugs had created just as many new drugs as countries that granted such

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But our amateur standing does provide some lovely impromptu compensations. (In fact, it might almost be said that each Irish inconvenience provides its own appropriate Irish compensation).

Our lackadaise for the clock, for example, (a heritage, perhaps, from our suspected Mediterranean forebears) is compensated for by our gift for improvisation.

If, let us say, you should arrange with one Con Noonan, a private hired driver, to pick you up at your hotel in Galway by 10 in the morning for a trip to Dublin for an afternoon of shopping and an evening at the theatre, be patient. By 12 o'clock, one Tom Scully, brother-in-law of Con Noonan, will arrive with the news that, "Poor Con has had a bit of trouble."

Of course, Tom will offer to take you in his car instead, if you *must* go to Dublin, and if you don't want to take the train (which he'll honestly tell you is much faster than his car), and if you don't mind a small detour first to pick up some chickens from a Mrs. Kelliher along the way.

Miss the shopping. Go with Tom. Take the detour. Chances are, you'll have an adventure you couldn't buy.

To soften the blows of the delay, there's the lovely back-road scenery as you take the gorse and heather and fuchsia-fringed short-cut on the way to Mrs. Kelliher's.

And when she comes out to the car with the chickens, and spots an American, you will, beyond reasonable doubt, be invited in for some Irish hospitality—which, it has been said, can be as overwhelming as Eskimo hospitality.

While you're concentrating on the still-hot Irish soda bread, griddle cakes, sweet cakes, cheese, jam, new-laid eggs, new churned butter, cold ham and tea so strong that "a spoon will stand up alone in it", the room will gradually fill with Mrs. Kelliher's neighbors who've been informed, by some mysterious form of Irish telepathy, that she "has an American".

By the time you regretfully leave to continue your journey, you will have made 24 new friends, turned down 17 invitations to spend the night, and been pressed with a long list of Irish expatriates to look up when you get back to the States.

When you finally do get to Dublin, (just in time for the opening curtain), there's another unexpected pleasure. Translate the Irish money into American, and you'll find that the best seats in the house have cost you but $1.50. None higher. (For that, you'll see Synge, Shaw, Yeats, Behan, Wilde, O'Casey, Joyce or Beckett.)

After the show, there's dinner at Beaufield Mews, $4.62 for two. Complete with five courses, candlelight and an antique dining table—which, if it strikes your fancy, you can buy right out from under you. (So you got your shopping in after all.)

Likewise, if it strikes your fancy, you can also buy the *haute couture* right off the model's milky shoulders at Irish designer Irene Gilbert's salon the next day. If the $175 ankle-length hostess gown she's wearing is tweed, woven from the black sheep of the Earl of Dunraven at Adare, you had better make up your mind quickly. Or you might have to wait until next year's shearing. He produces only enough wool each year for 55 yards of fabric.

If you're interested in Ireland's *haute couture*, you may also be interested in our *haute voiture*. You can buy, in Ireland, a Mercedes-Benz 300 SE sedan for about $6,429 (N.Y. price $8,135.49), whitewalls optional. Or rent, for touring, an Irish *haute voiture* of another type: a high-roofed gypsy caravan, complete with horse, and cooking and sleeping accommodations for four, for $15 per person per week. The only danger is that if you're dark-haired, and the country folk mistake you for one of the gypsy tinkers, they'll be handing you pots to fix at every crossroads.

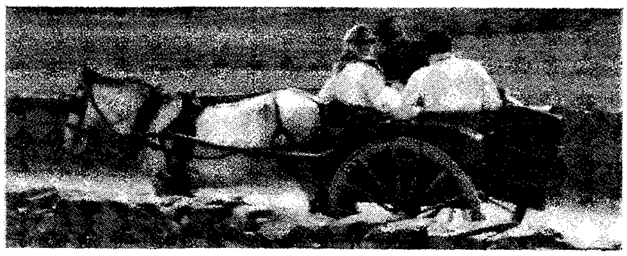
If you do engage in commerce with the farmers along the way, there's one Irish inconvenience you may not be able to forgive, especially if you're used to terse and monosyllabic business dealings, "I'll take it", "Too much", "Yes", "No", "Maybe". In the rural districts, certain business affairs are still conducted, as John D. Sheridan has so euphemistically put it, ". . . with the aid of an ancient and elaborate ritual." In other words, we talk a lot.

Would you like an Irish convenience?

A 44-page colorful, convenient booklet which describes all you need know to plan your holiday in Ireland is yours free if you'll write the Irish Tourist Board at any of the following addresses:*

33 East 50th St., New York 10022
135 So. La Salle St., Chicago 60603
681 Market St., San Francisco 94105
2100 Drummond St., Montreal, Quebec

*Please address your inquiry to Dept. NY3B



MERCURY . . . THE SPECIALIST IN GIVING WAGONS A SPECIAL TOUCH

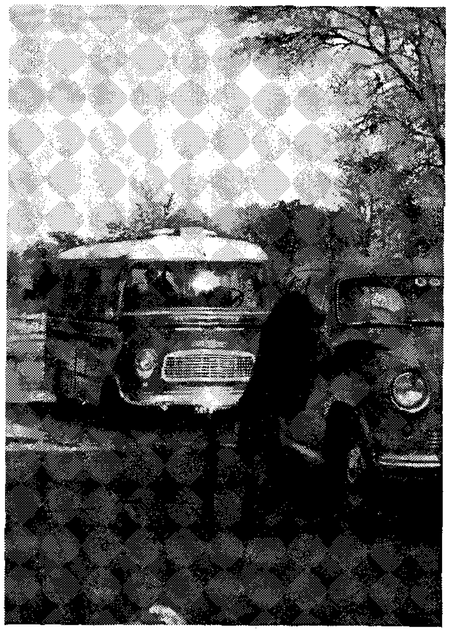
You can see one special touch in the picture: the warm look of mahogany-toned paneling. No other wagon has yet been able to match the elegant richness. Another Mercury hallmark is the interior decor: so luxurious it suggests a town car. Then there is Mercury's extra staying power — a big, 390 cu. in. V-8 is standard! And, of course, the main reason you buy a wagon in the first place—room. Cargo area measures 99.2 cubic feet. We know of none bigger in the field. LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford MOTOR COMPANY **MERCURY . . . The Wagon Specialist** patents. Moreover, the prices of twelve major drugs in countries with patent protection were from 18 to 255 per cent higher than the prices of the same drugs in countries without it. All in all, Kefauver concluded, antibiotics constituted the clearest illustration of monopoly power resulting from patents. Sir Alexander Fleming did not patent penicillin; it was widely manufactured under intense competition, and between 1943 and 1950 its price fell by more than ninety per cent. In 1945, along came streptomycin, which had been developed by Merck. Although it was produced from a soil culture, and although the Patent Office does not issue patents on products of nature, the Patent Office decided that it was actually a transitory product of nature, that it had never before been isolated, and that it had hitherto unknown therapeutic powers. However, Dr. Selman Waksman, who had discovered the drug while doing research at Rutgers University under a grant from Merck, prevailed upon the company to turn the patent over to the university, and suggested that the drug be freely licensed to all qualified comers. It was, and between 1945 and 1955 its price fell by more than ninety per cent. In 1948, American Cyanamid introduced chlortetracycline—the first of a series of so-called broad-spectrum antibiotics, meaning antibiotics that dealt successfully with a wide variety of hostile organisms—and sold it widely under the name Aureomycin. In short order, Parke, Davis followed with chloramphenicol, marketed as Chloromycetin, and Pfizer with oxytetracycline, marketed as Terramycin. Each drug was patented on the same grounds as streptomycin, but each company refused to license anyone to make and sell its product. After nine years, the three antibiotics still cost the consumer what they had cost him when they were introduced—fifty cents a tablet. Finally, in 1953, tetracycline, the drug whose purchase had given Admiral Knickerbocker such an exasperating time, made its appearance, under somewhat different circumstances but with much the same result. Because several companies claimed priority in discovering it, they got into a patent interference, but this dragged on for so long that at last they got together and settled it among themselves. Pfizer was the winner, and after the others had officially withdrawn their claims, it licensed them either to make or to sell the drug. At the time the hearings opened, the price for tetracycline, whoever manufactured it, was fifty cents a tablet. ("Unclean hands and bad faith played a major role" in the se-

Some things can't be repeated too often.

Like being seen in Glen Guard.

Some places can't be visited too often. Like these great Glen Guard stores. *Kolmer-Marcus, New York • Martini-Carl, Boston • Tabin & Pearlman Clothes, New York • Leighton's, New York • Martin's, Brooklyn, N. Y. • Turner/Fagman, Chicago • Cuzzens of Fontainebleau, Miami Beach • Scholnick's Importers-Clothiers, Detroit • Pincus Co., San Antonio Porter's, New Orleans • Ollie Steiner's Men's Shop, Milwaukee • Tom Houlihan Men's Wear, Kansas City, Mo. • The Larkey Co., Passaic, Newark & Paterson, N. J. • Posner's, Bayonne, N. J. For your free illustrated style booklet, write Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc., Dept. 1, 12 East 14th Street, N. Y. 3, N. Y.*

Glen Guard
INDIVIDUALIZED CLOTHES



Only $455* buys you a memorable 23 Days in South Africa

Your best way to South Africa is flying South African Airways "Springbok" Route from almost any one of Europe's major cities. The moment you board your Stratojet 707, you are enveloped by the exciting sights and sounds of South Africa. South African decor, and South African hostesses will make your flight memorable.

In South Africa, enjoy unspoiled nature and man-made wonders! Visit the Skukuza hippo pools on an SAR "Sarbus" tour and see the "Big Hole" at Kimberley's diamond mines. Explore Johannesburg, photograph big game in Kruger National Park. Your picture-window motor coach also takes you to Durban, a smart Indian Ocean resort.

See your travel agent soon, and in the meantime, send in coupon for free SAR and SAA tour folders.

*Includes all hotels and most meals for each of two. Air fare not included.

SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS RAILWAYS
Dept. BM, 655 Madison Ave., New York 21, N.Y.
Please send me your free SAA/SAR tour folders.

NAME______________________________
ADDRESS___________________________
____
____

SAA reservations through BOAC, General Sales Agents in U.S. and Canada

lection of Pfizer, the F.T.C. said at the time of the cease-and-desist order.)

IN the belief that doctors are experts who cannot be fooled, Congress specifically exempted advertising directed at the medical profession from the F.T.C. Act of 1914, which gives the Commission regulatory power to prohibit false and misleading advertising in interstate trade. At the Kefauver hearings, several witnesses suggested that doctors not only could be but were being fooled. Dr. Solomon Garb, a member of the faculty of the Albany Medical College, described a course he had conducted in which his students evaluated various kinds of drug advertising. Although the material sent out by some drug companies was exemplary, he said, "the majority of the mailed ads were unreliable, to the extent that a physician trusting them could be seriously misled." One advertising campaign that was referred to in the hearings promoted a tranquillizer called Deprol, which was produced by Wallace Laboratories, a division of Carter. "Deprol helps balance the mood by lifting depression as it calms related anxiety," a typical claim stated. In the opinion of most medical men, no drug should be put on the market until it has been clinically evaluated and test results have been published by a number of researchers. Dr. Heinz Lehmann, a Canadian psychiatrist who is one of the world's leading authorities on tranquillizers, testified that Deprol had been widely advertised on the basis of a single medical-journal article—an article that had not even been published when the promotional campaign for the drug was begun. "There is not much to substantiate the first early claims of its efficacy in depressions," he concluded. Another psychiatrist, Dr. Fritz Freyhan, who was then director of research at the Delaware State Hospital, testified on Deprol. He pointed out that the general practitioner "cannot and should not be expected to be so familiar with the symptomatology of depressions. . . . He is, however, told that depression per se, all depressions, can be treated with this drug, and this is not true and it has not been shown to be the case in an authoritative article, I think it is fair to say. The very intensive Deprol promotion campaign which reaches my desk at least two or three times a week really makes me feel quite concerned about what may happen to depressed patients who are treated by the general practitioner."

In his testimony, Dr. Console had characterized the pharmaceutical industry as "unique in that it can make

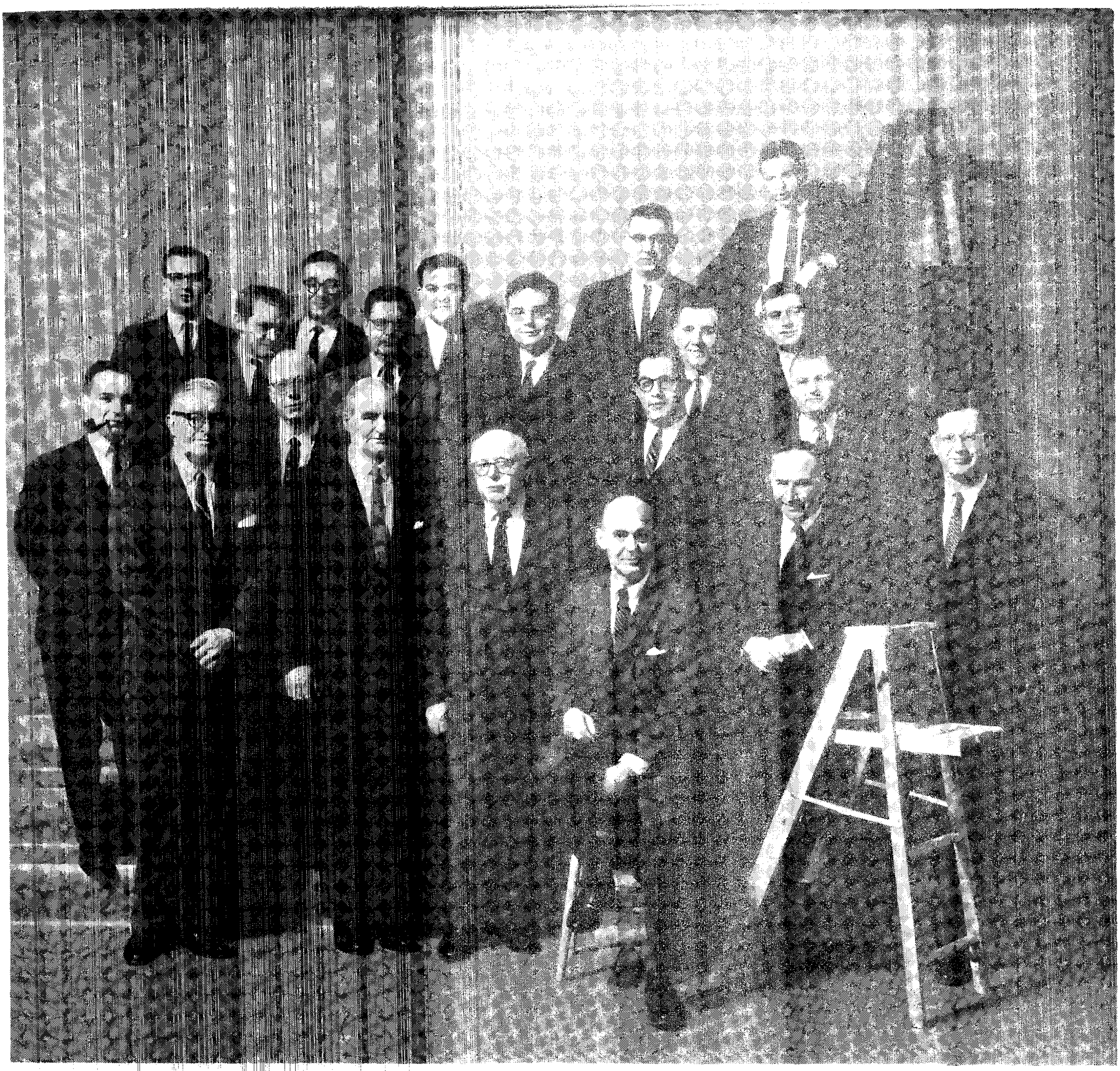
OVER FROM ENGLAND—OUR "CAMPUS CARDIGAN," 25.00

It is made to our exacting specifications in washable white wool. A hardy classic that's shape-keeping and bulky without weight, it's expertly knit with hand-tied cables. (Not shown): matching V-neck pullover, 17.00. Both 38-44 sizes. University Shop. Mail and phone orders filled; no c.o.d's.

THE UNIVERSITY SHOPS
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

THE SMARTEST TRAVELERS IN THE WORLD DO IT. . . come to Chicago and Carsons great restaurant, the Seven Continents, at O'Hare International Airport. They rave about chef Gallo's breast of chicken Kiev. You can write him for the recipe. Better still, dine at the Seven Continents. Eventually, everyone does.

O'HARE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT
SEVEN CONTINENTS
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



**These are the men who recommend stocks at Shearson.
We pay them $533,000 a year.
Let them work for you without charge.**

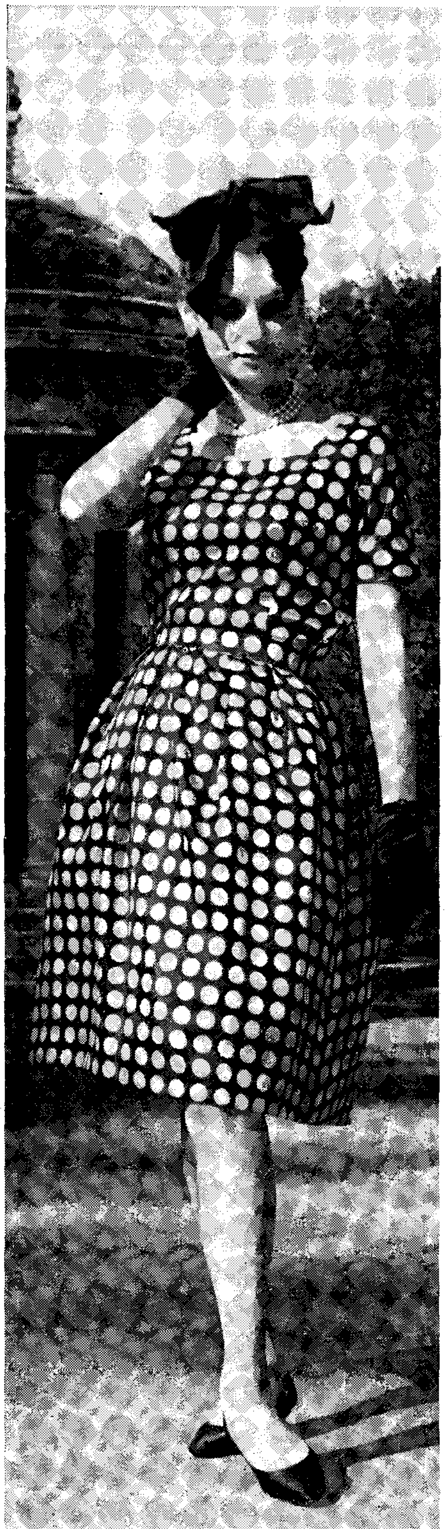
Gathered here are the partners and analysts who select the stocks they believe have the best chance of making money for Shearson clients.

350,000 miles a year. These men are professional cynics who spend untold hours in the critical study of company reports, trade magazines and financial statements. They also get off their seats and get out where the news is... into executive suites, plants and laboratories. Last year they traveled more than 350,000 miles, studied more than 10,400 annual reports and held more than 5,400 interviews with company executives. Even then, a Shearson research analyst cannot make recommendations on his judgment alone. His analysis must also convince members of the Investment Policy Committee which makes the final decision.

A searching review. This committee is composed of senior research partners, floor partners and members of the Investment Banking Department. It subjects reports by analysts to a barrage of questions to eliminate all but the most promising stocks. Of the thousands of issues available, Shearson places on its approved list only a comparatively limited number, but these have been thoroughly researched. The firm's policy requires a registered representative who recommends any stock not on this list to inform clients that the recommendation is based on his own evaluation.

The key point. Through Shearson's research, hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of professional judgment come to you each year without charge. You may use it or not; it's there for the taking.

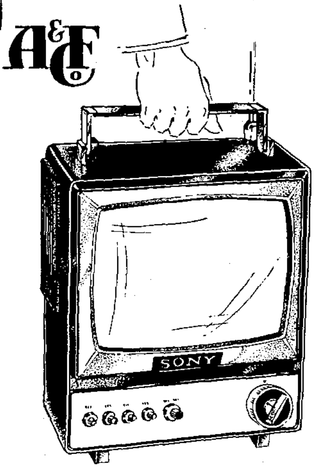
SHEARSON, HAMMILL & CO. 14 WALL ST. / MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE / OFFICES COAST TO COAST



IMPORTED FROM ITALY
COIN DOTS IN SILK SURAH . . .
NAVY WITH WHITE,
BLACK WITH GOLD,
BLACK WITH GERANIUM PINK,
JADE GREEN WITH BLACK
8-16 $110.
Available in other prints as well
Eleanora Garnett
NEW YORK: 47 EAST 51 STREET
ROME BOUTIQUE: VIA SISTINA 46A

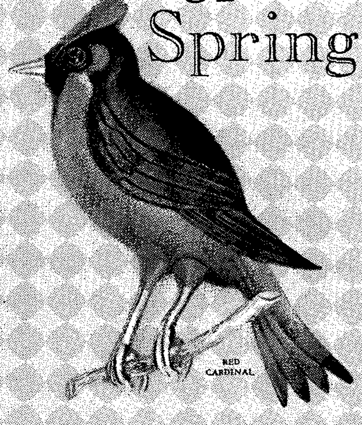
exploitation appear a noble purpose." An abundance of myths had been created, he said—among them the myth that advertising was a kind of postgraduate education for the physician. He noted that in medical school the student was taught to seek the cause of, say, a fever and that most drug advertising ignored the cause and harped on the cure—the company's product. In the course of one promotional campaign he recalled, the manufacturer had sent him a clinical thermometer along with a sample of its drug. "The invitation is delightfully tempting," he said. "Too many physicians, pressed for time, would like to believe that medicine can be practiced with a thermometer and a bottle of pills." Dr. Console, like several other expert witnesses, declared that a large number of the drugs then being marketed were useless, and he added that a claim persistently made by the industry—that it could police itself—was nonsense. Under the law, the F.D.A. could, except in a few instances, bar a drug only if it was unsafe, and not if it was inefficacious. However, as a former F.D.A. medical officer pointed out at the hearings, "No drug is safe if it fails to cure a serious disease for which a cure is available." A witness for the industry had previously contended that the job of making and selling drugs was far different from that of making and selling automobiles. Dr. Console concurred. "If an automobile does not have a motor, no amount of advertising can make it appear to have one," he said. "On the other hand, with a little luck, proper timing, and a good promotion program, a bag of asafetida with a unique chemical side chain can be made to look like a wonder drug. The illusion may not last, but it frequently lasts long enough. By the time the doctor learns what the company knew at the beginning, it has two new products to take the place of the old one."

All the way through, Senator Hruska was much exercised by this kind of talk, and he accused some of the doctors who testified along such lines of impugning their colleagues' integrity—or, at any rate, competence. "The Republicans on the subcommittee made repeated efforts to turn the criticism of advertising into a reflection on the intelligence of the doctors, apparently in the hope of arousing the American Medical Association," reported the Public Affairs Institute, a non-profit Washington research organization. "Many of the experts refused to be frightened, however, and said frankly



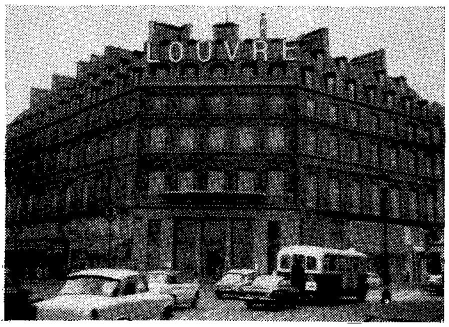
A&F
the new Sony TV
with the big
little 9" screen!
12 lbs. light, 27 transistors powerful, 3 ways to operate it: battery, AC, or 12-volt car/boat battery. Private listening jack, handle 229.95
auto cigarette lighter cord......17.95
rechargeable battery 24.95
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
Madison Ave. at 45th St., N.Y. 10017—MU 2-3600
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
COLORADO SPRINGS SHORT HILLS
PALM BEACH SARASOTA

Harbinger
of
Spring



This unusual pin will put a song in your heart. Hand enameled in authentic colors, it's one of a collection that rivals Audubon's.
$5.00 plus tax.
Pin by Albert Weiss
For the store nearest you write:
Albert Weiss and Co., Inc., 15 West 37th St., N.Y. 18

Hotel Westminster, Nice

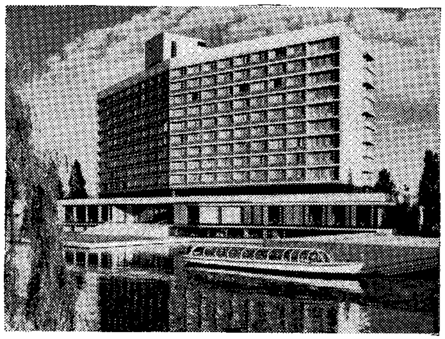


Hotel du Louvre, Paris

Park Hotel, Venice

Hotel Anglo-Americano, Florence

Eden-Hotel Wolff, Munich



Amsterdam Hilton†, Amsterdam

"FIRST-CLASS ON A BUDGET"

For just $10 a day, KLM will put you up in one of these *first-class* European hotels. You get private bath or shower. Breakfasts. *Plus* one sightseeing tour for every two nights you stay in each city.

HERE'S a sensational new KLM bargain tour for people who want to watch their budgets *but still tour Europe with a flourish.*

You'll find some of Europe's most famous hotels in the photographs above. This year, reliable KLM gives you a room (with private bath or shower) in any of these luxurious hotels *for the cost of a motel back home.* You have a choice of first-class hotels in no less than 35 cities.

With this amazing KLM "First-Class on a Budget" plan, you could actually tour Europe for nearly three full weeks *on what you save* with KLM's new reduced jet fares to Europe.

> *That's right. You can now fly with reliable KLM from New York to Amsterdam and back for only $341.80* (21-day jet economy excursion fare)—almost $200 less than last summer's economy fare.*

What's more, KLM's "bonus city" bargains let you visit London, Paris, Brussels and Glasgow on your Amsterdam ticket—*for no extra air fare.*

How KLM's plan works

First, you decide which European cities you'd like to see. KLM gives you a list of 35 to choose from. All the great capitals are on it—Amsterdam, Rome, Paris, London, and so on.

Then decide how much of your vacation you'd like to spend in each of the cities you've picked. That's all. Your travel agent does the rest.

He gives you prepaid certificates for reserved first-class accommodations, breakfasts, and one sightseeing trip for every two nights in each city—*all for just $10 a day.*

New KLM vacation catalog

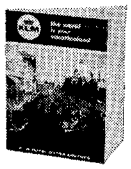
For full details on KLM's "First-Class on a Budget" plan, send for KLM's colorful new catalog, "The World is Your Vacationland." It includes a complete list of the 35 cities you can visit.

It also shows you how to visit up to 25 of them *for the jet fare to only one.* Reminder: Even in these big hotels, accommodations are limited. So get your reservations in early—especially if you want the best rooms with the best views.

Start now—by clipping the coupon. Then see your travel agent—*soon.*

**Effective April 1, subject to government approval.*

†Breakfast *not* included



KLM Royal Dutch Airlines
609 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17. Tel: PLaza 9-3600

Please send me KLM's new 20-page vacation catalog, "The World is Your Vacationland," with full details of KLM's "First-Class on a Budget" plan and many other KLM bargain tours.

Name________________ Phone__________

Address________________

City________________

Zone______ State__________

____

(Name of your travel agent)

8-9

KLM

ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

Sophisticated people call for the typically Italian bitters

FERNET-BRANCA

Nowadays, sophisticates do things in a big way—big evenings, big dinners, big times on the town. When you suddenly feel so sophisticated that you can't pronounce it, head home with Fernet-Branca . . . big size.

Known the world over for over 100 years

At your favorite grocers, or write
Fratelli Branca & Co., 12 Desbrosses St., N.Y.C., N.Y.

that large numbers of doctors are taken in—as indeed would appear undeniable in view of the vast success of the advertising."

If the quality of drug advertising was not always impressive, the quantity was. One of the documents read into the record was a statement made to the American College of Apothecaries in 1959 by Walter L. Griffith, director of product advertising and promotion for Parke, Davis, noting that during the previous year "the ethical [prescription] pharmaceutical industry of this country" had turned out "3,790,908,000 pages of paid journal advertising" and "741,213,700 direct-mail impressions," and that its detail men had made between eighteen and twenty million calls on physicians and pharmacists. Kefauver had subpoenaed the records of the twenty-two largest manufacturers relating to their expenses for 1958 advertising and promotion, and these showed that $580,000,000, or an average of twenty-four per cent of the companies' gross income, had gone for those purposes. On the basis of these figures, the subcommittee staff estimated that in the same period the whole industry must have spent at least three-quarters of a billion dollars to sell its wares.

This vast promotional effort, Kefauver concluded, had, essentially, one purpose—to plant trade names firmly in the minds of physicians. The situation was unique in the world of commerce, for, as Kefauver remarked during the hearings, "he who orders does not buy, and he who buys does not order." Once a doctor has written a trade name on a prescription blank, the patient is stuck. For one thing, even if there is a cheaper equivalent available, pharmacists in four-fifths of the states are forbidden by law to substitute it, and, for another, trade-named drugs ordinarily sell for the same price in every drugstore. One industry witness who agreed with Kefauver was Premo's Blackman, who had also testified on research. Some years earlier, Blackman said, his firm had done its best to break into the big time by splurging, relatively speaking, on detail men and advertising. However, he went on, his company's gross income—two million dollars, as he had noted—was about what one of the large manufacturers spent in getting a single product off the ground. Premo's effort amounted to little more than what Blackman called "a spark in a vast conflagration"—a spark that quickly spluttered and died. One example of Premo's failure to succeed involved its penicillin,

A Country For All Seasons—

That's

AUSTRIA

Whether you wish to join the world's parade to Vienna, Bregenz, Salzburg in festival time, to linger at fashionable lake resorts, spas; or to frequent the upper slopes for spring skiing or wander "off-the-beaten" path in Alpine fastnesses, by "The beautiful Blue Danube"—***Austria is the answer.***

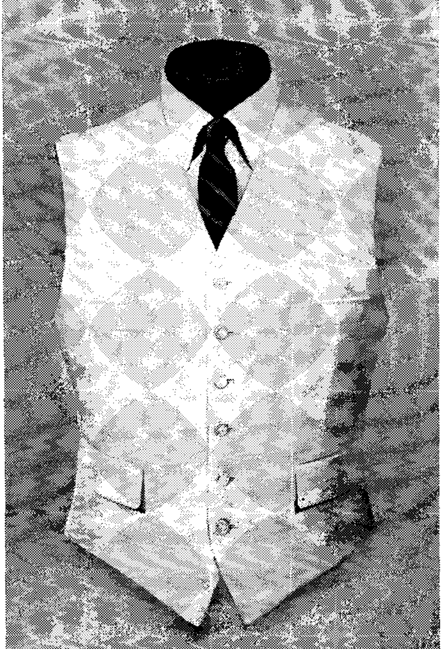
Easily reached by air, rail or road, with a range of excellent accommodations, facilities, Austria has all the usual town and country diversions—and many that are distinctive: music beyond compare, ***Heimatabend*** (native evenings), great art and historic collections, wine gardens, coffee-houses, Konditoreien with the world's finest pastry, gliding, castle "haunting". The atmosphere is gaily unique, the company congenial, the welcome sincere. Come see for yourself. Consult your travel agent or:

Austrian State Tourist Department

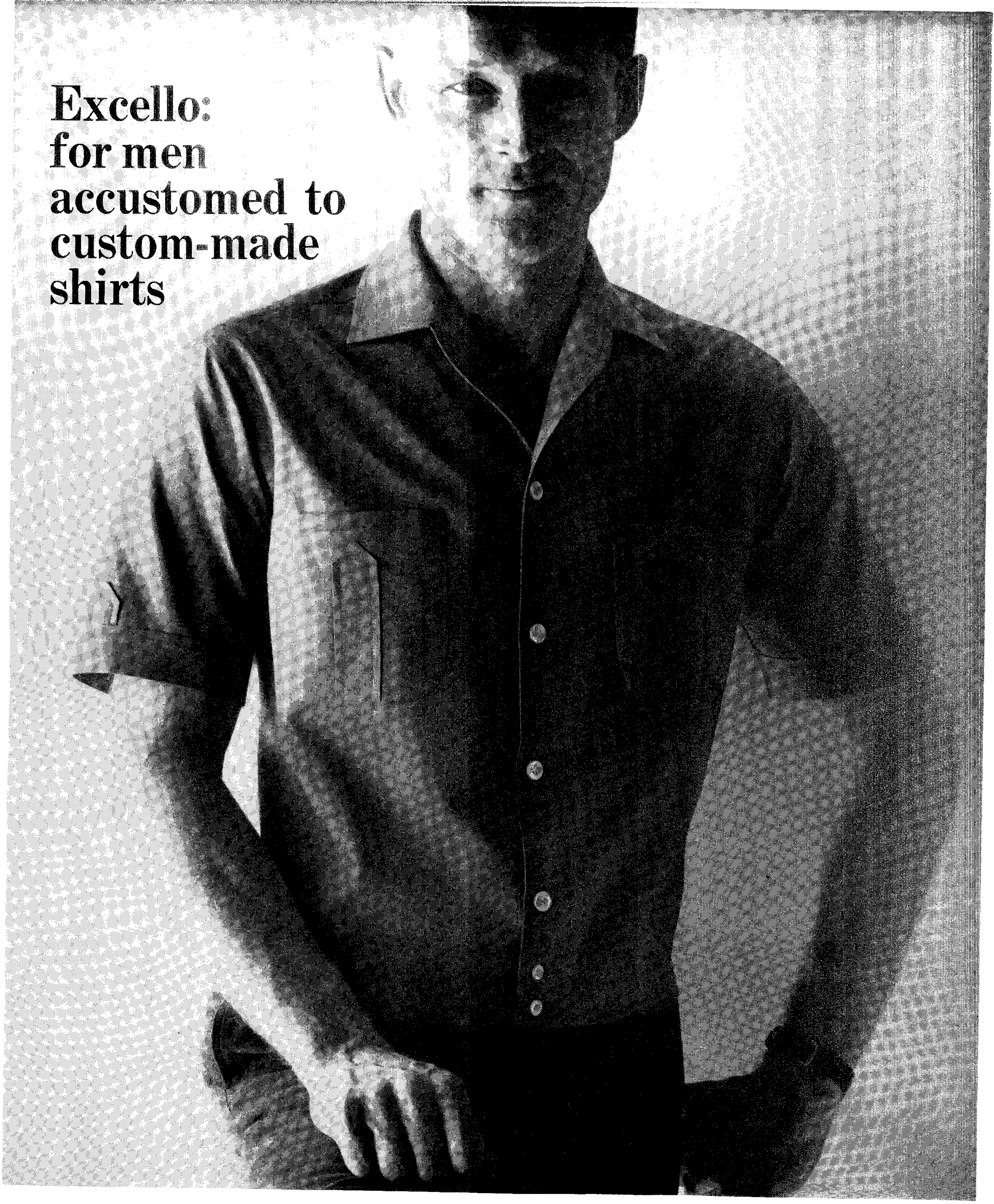
444 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

The Elegant Touch

DRESS-UP VEST, OF IMPORTED IRISH LINEN, FOR SPRING AND SUMMER. THE COLORS, WHITE AND NATURAL. STATE SUIT SIZE. $21.50
Please add 65c per package for postage



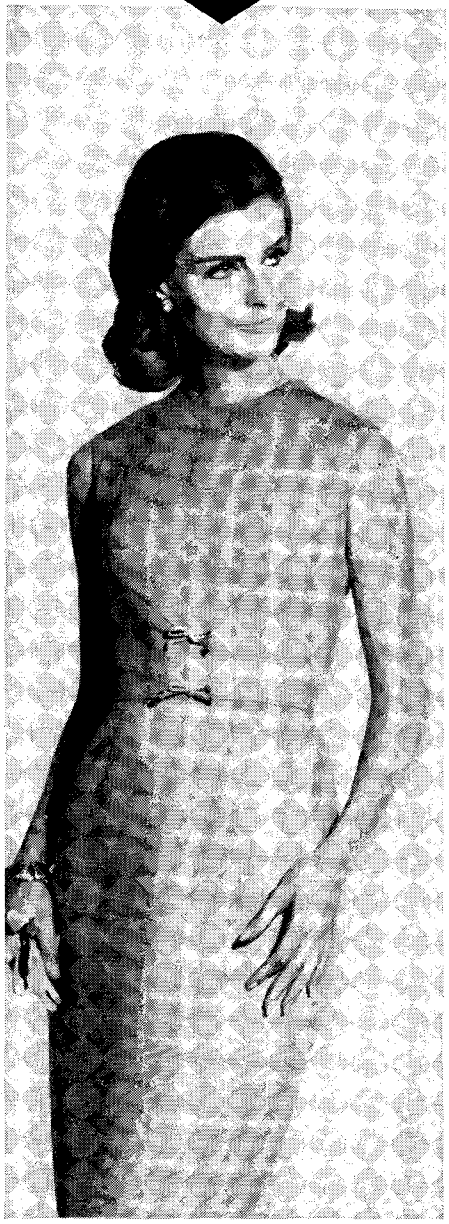
at
Paul Stuart
18 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.



Excello: for men accustomed to custom-made shirts

Why settle for the run-of-the-mill, when Excello's Shantella Jac-Shirt is available to you? Shantella is a superb leisure shirt, with a suggestion of a jacket. And Excello's sophisticated tailoring creates a slim, tapered look. Haze, sand, sandune, brass, burgundy, leather, caramel and taupe. $8.95. For stores selling Excello, write to: Excello, Inc., 390 Fifth Avenue, New York.
Another fine product of Kayser-Roth

Excello



Peck & Peck

The Peck & Peck Girl loves the savoir-faire of our Carletons

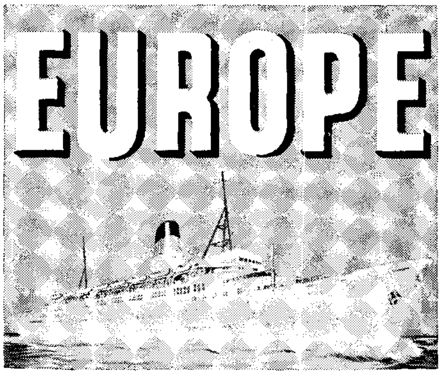
The special fashion authority of our Carletons: dressmaker importance in a day-into-evening look. *Ours alone:* this gently shaped linen. Pale blue, red, aspic green or white. 8 to 18,

25.00

Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis Indianapolis • Atlanta • Twin Cities • Buffalo • Kansas City Cincinnati • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

which it sold for $3.75 a hundred tablets, without many buyers, while Squibb was doing rather well with the same preparation, under the name Pentids, at $14.85 a hundred.

Ordinarily, a drug has three names: the chemical name, which simply lists its components; the generic name, which is customarily an abbreviated description of the components; and the trade name. The chemical name is fixed, and the trade name is entirely up to the manufacturer as long as it doesn't conflict with another brand. At the time, though, a company could give a drug any generic name it chose, subject to lenient restraint by one or another semi-official agency. In the course of the hearings, it became clear that some generic names failed to indicate the drugs' chemical structure, that in quite a few cases a drug had different generic names, and that some drug companies at least gave the impression of going to great lengths to devise generic names that even a professor of pharmacology would boggle at. As examples of generic complexity and trade simplicity, one doctor cited chlordiazepoxide, or Librium; isocarboxazid, or Marplan; piperidolate hydrochloride, or Dactil; and thioridazine hydrochloride, or Mellaril. Another witness, discussing a new form of synthetic penicillin that had recently been put out by six companies, noted that the substance had ended up with one chemical name (alpha-phenoxyethyl penicillin potassium), three generic names (potassium penicillin-125, phenethicillin potassium, and the chemical name), and six trade names (Alpen, Chemipen, Darcil, Dramcillin-S, Maxipen, and Syncillin), and that it had appeared on the market under all these trade names, and in a variety of shapes and colors, within a period of two months. Moreover, it turned out that a drug was sometimes given more than one name so that it might be recommended for more than one use. Dr. Walter Modell, associate professor of pharmacology at the Cornell University Medical College and editor of *Drugs of Choice*, a physicians' manual, told the subcommittee that "no practicing physician can possibly deal with this Hydra-headed monster of terminology." As he saw it, the proliferation of names created two problems. One was "the danger of not giving the patient the best drug available." The second, he observed, after noting that one drug he knew of had as many as twenty-five names, was that "if a patient is allergic to a drug under one trademark name, and the doctor, in trying to avoid it, gives him the same drug under another



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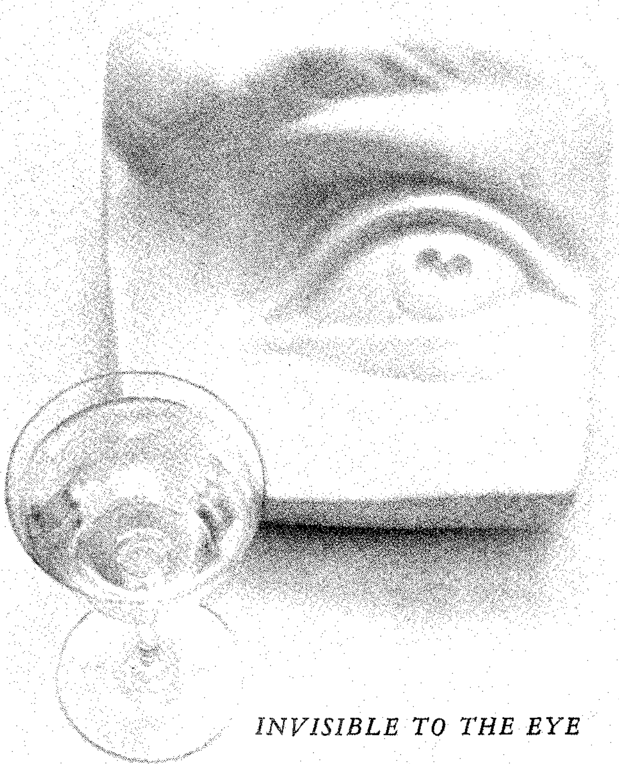
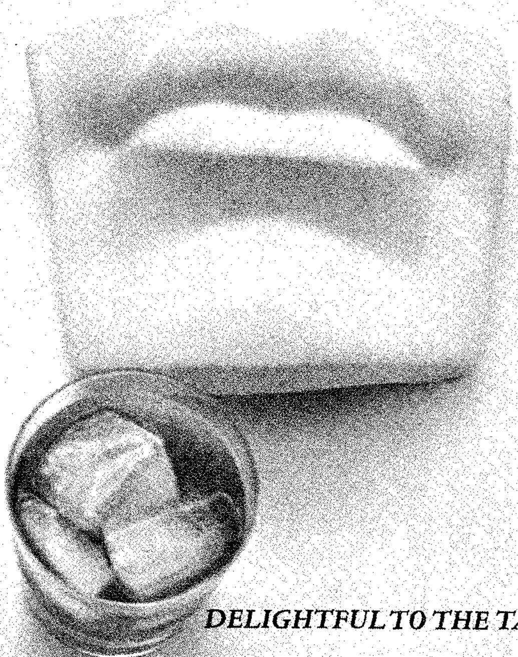


INVISIBLE TO THE EYE

The French—invisible in your gin or vodka—but the extra dry flavor of Noilly Prat French Vermouth is there to make your Dry Martinis really civilized.



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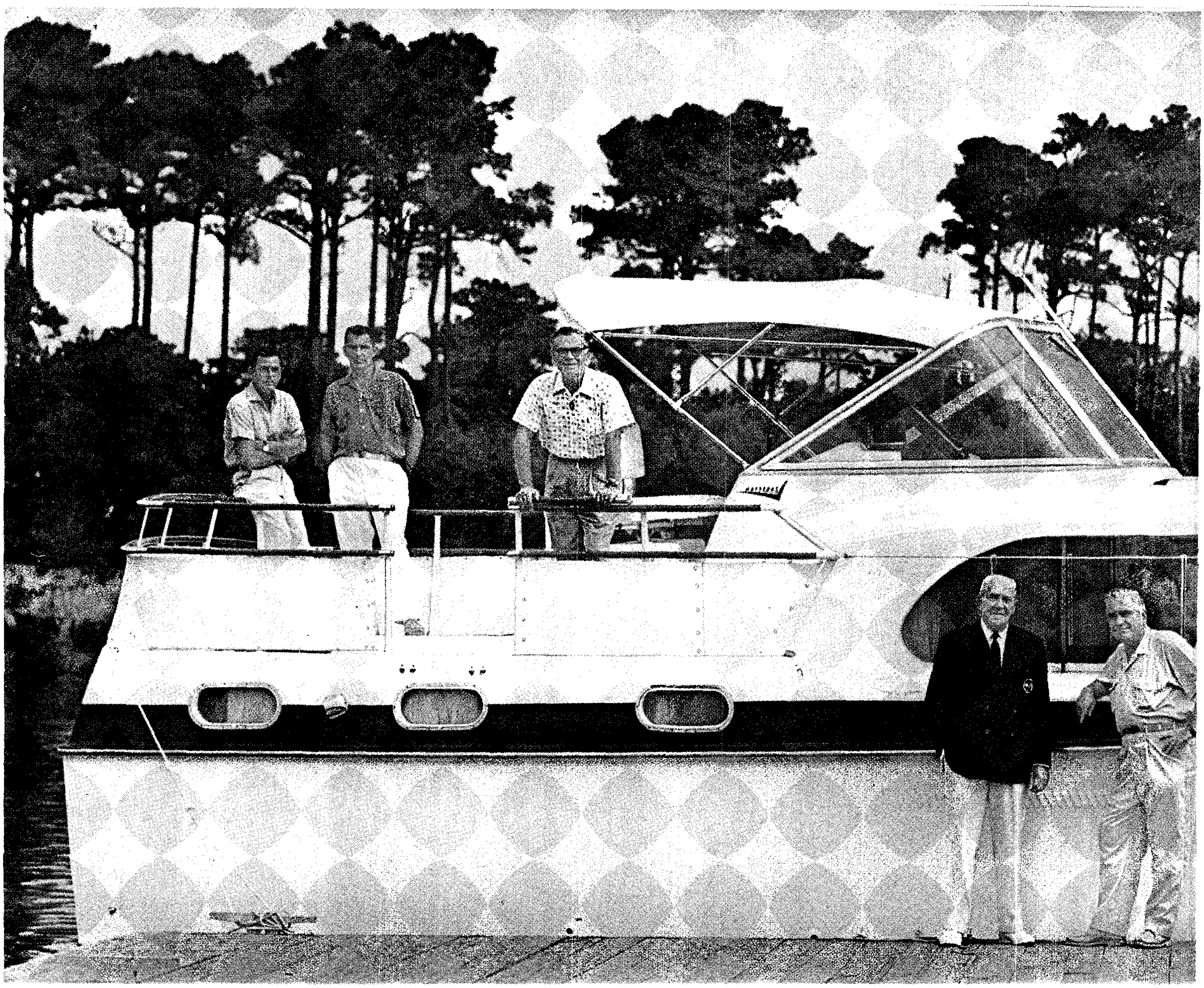
The Italian—somewhat less than sweet, and something more—it's delightfully Bittersweet! The correct Italian Vermouth, for smart Manhattans or on the rocks.

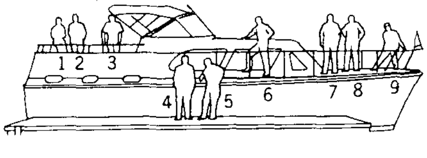
When you ask for Noilly Prat your
French is perfect—and so is your Italian!

NOILLY PRAT IMPORTED VERMOUTH

BROWNE-VINTNERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK, SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.



These nine sportsmen were
they developed this boat



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One Saturday night in May, 1959, nine sportsmen-sailors were spinning yarns at Hatteras, N.C.

The talk was of boats, and as so often is the case, the work and cost of maintaining boats.

Willis Slane lamented the fact that there were small easily-maintained fiberglass boats and large custom jobs—but no moderately-priced 40 footers available in fiberglass.

"You know, I bet there's a market for such a boat," said Slane.

The Hatteras Yacht Company was born that moment.

Today, four years later, the Hatteras is one of the largest selling yachts. This unusual acceptance (there's a waiting list for certain models) is probably due to the considerable time and money that went into development of the boat, and the high standards that were set at the very beginning.

Another reason for the success of the Hatteras is the material used, fiberglass—and the *way* it is used.

Gibbs & Cox specifications

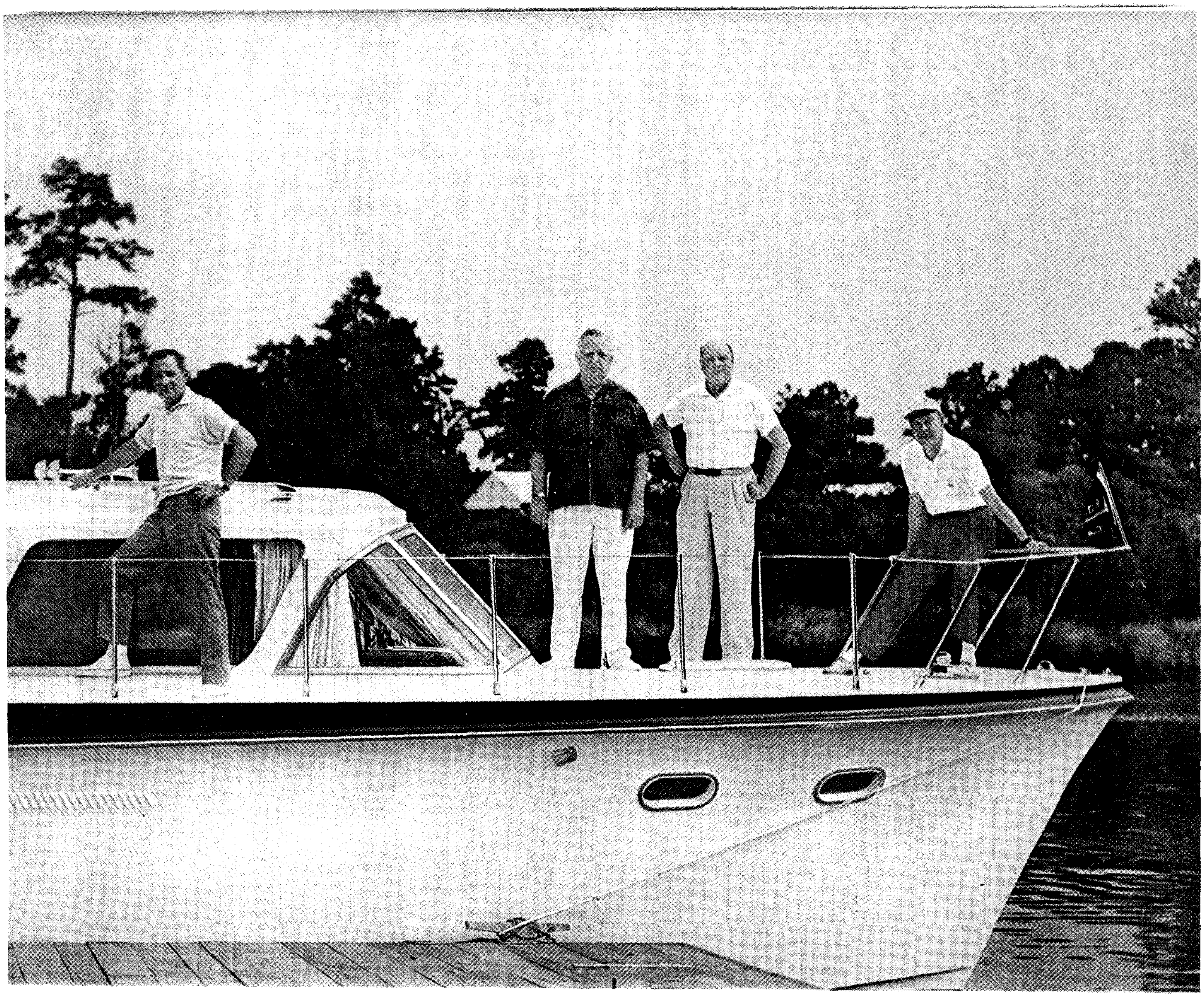
Owens-Corning Fiberglas helped develop the Hatteras, as did Gibbs & Cox, architects and engineers of the liner United States. (The Hatteras is built to Gibbs & Cox specifications.)

J. B. Hargrave design

The designer is J. B. Hargrave whose business is designing yachts costing $250,000 and up.

Through molded, reinforced fiberglass construction, he has eliminated beams, ribs and frames. This makes *all* of the inside usable.

The extra space is used well. The Double Cabin has more usable spac than many larger boats. It has two private suites, each with bath. On is aft, one forward.



The Hatteras 41 Double Cabin

so dissatisfied with boats —the fiberglass **Hatteras**

Hargrave's interiors are Philippine Mahogany. The finishing and joining have been compared to that found in fine furniture. (The Hatteras is made in High Point, N.C., home of craftsmen who know wood.)

Engineered by Mucklow

Director of Engineering is Don Mucklow, considered by many to be the most knowledgeable man in fiberglass boat manufacturing today. (You may recall that Don built a fiberglass boat that won the Miami-Nassau race in 1957.)

With fiberglass, Don is using the strongest material available for marine construction. The Navy has used it since 1946, and now has 1200 such boats in service. Over 90% of the boats bought in the last two years by the Navy and Coast Guard are of fiberglass construction.

The one-piece seamless hull and one-piece superstructure have a resilient quality that takes shocks and jolts better than other materials. This gives the Hatteras an extra degree of safety.

There's no swelling, cracking or shrinking. No painting is required for protection. And leaks, dry rot, loose fastenings, rust and corrosion are eliminated.

Saves 60% in hull upkeep

It's an economical craft to maintain. Pete Welch of Welch Marine, Pier 66, Fort Lauderdale, who has rented out both wood and fiberglass boats, says about 60% is saved on hull upkeep with the Hatteras.

It's an exceptionally comfortable boat; fiberglass permits a hull shape which virtually eliminates pounding, yawing and broaching.

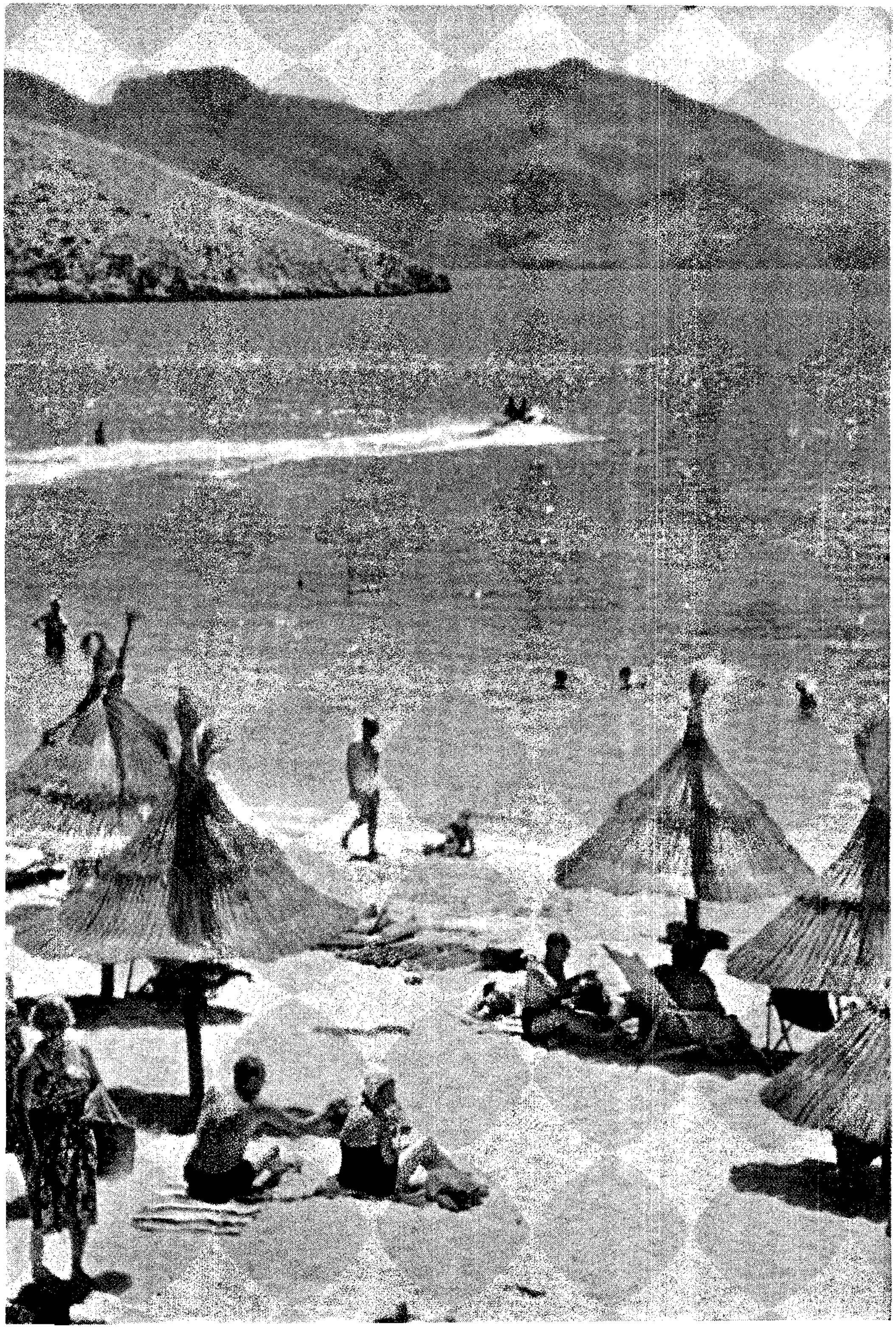
Even at high speeds in heavy seas, the molded flare of the hull throws water off in a low flat arc.

After testing the Hatteras, Hank Bowman, contributing editor of Popular Boating, wrote:

> *"I find myself hard put to find even minor flaws. We have given this boat the highest rating of any craft reviewed in our entire series."*

There are six Hatteras models: 34 ft. double cabin; 34 ft. sports cruiser; 34 ft. deluxe sports fisherman; 34 ft. sedan; 41 ft. convertible; 41 ft. double cabin.

Write for the name of your nearest dealer. He'll show you the Hatteras with the same pride the original nine founders have in this fine boat. Hatteras Yacht Co., Dept.NY364. High Point, N.C.



Formentor beach on Majorca Island. Iberia Air Lines has daily flights to Majorca from six Spanish cities.

Fall in love with Spain

MODERN air travel by Iberia DC-8 Fan Jets makes it easy for you to enjoy the remarkable beauty, climate and prices of Spain.

The variety of color and scenery is unequaled anywhere in Europe. Here you'll find rugged snowcapped mountains. Vast rolling plains. Lush olive and orange groves. Medieval villages. Bustling modern cities. And magnificent beaches.

On the Mediterranean, there's a three-hundred-mile stretch of beaches along Costa Brava, Costa Blanca and Costa del Sol. On the Atlantic, there are the resort cities of Santander and San Sebastian.

You can count on good weather from March to November along Costa Brava and Costa Blanca, and year-round balmy weather along Costa del Sol.

Hotel accommodations are good throughout Spain. In the cities, you have a wide choice of first class and de luxe hotels. In the country, Spain has a unique chain of government-operated *paradores* (guest houses). Many are converted castles and palaces. Rates are exceptionally low.

Spanish food is hearty, but not nearly as spicy as many people believe. A typical meal may include *Gazpacho* (an excellent soup made from cucumbers, garlic, tomatoes, and a dozen other ingredients). *Cochinillo asado* (roast suckling pig). And a half bottle of wine.

Iberia is *the* way to get there

Iberia Air Lines of Spain will give you a delightful introduction to Spanish cuisine. During your flight from New York you are served delicious meals and wines by gracious, multilingual stewardesses.

Iberia has the most modern DC-8 Fan Jets. They are meticulously maintained. The cabins are spacious and comfortable. Your pilot's training surpasses the most rigorous standards. Only the plane gets more attention than you.

There's no end of things to see or do in Spain. There's a festival or fiesta somewhere almost every day of the year. There are bullfights every Sunday from Easter till the end of October. And there's flamenco dancing in the cabarets every night.

The Prado Museum in Madrid has one of the world's three finest art collections.

And the shopping bargains in Spain are fabulous.

Spain is *the* place to go . . . Iberia *the* way to get there. Make the decision. Iberia Air Lines will fly you from New York to Madrid, the new gateway to Europe, in 6½ hours. Your travel agent will take care of all the details.

Fall in love with Spain. (A fine head start: make the Spanish Pavilion your first stop at the New York World's Fair.)

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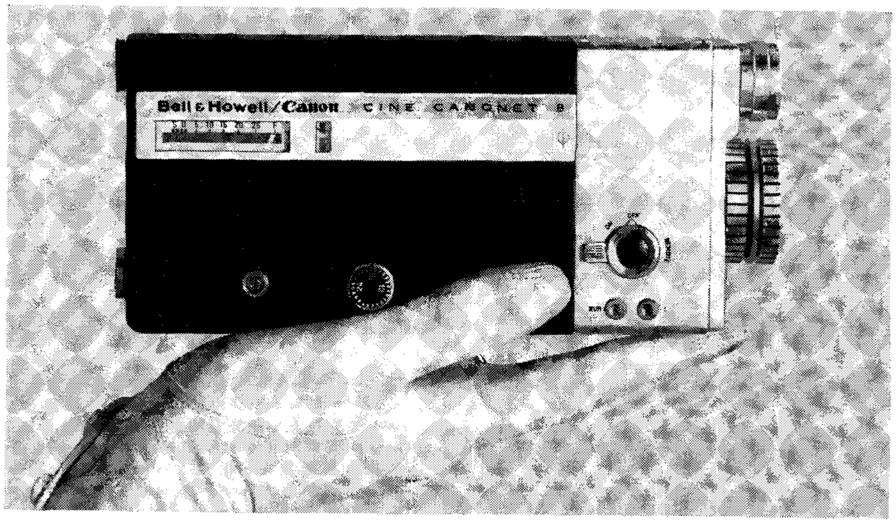
trademark, because he doesn't know that the two are identical, he can cause a catastrophe."

While large hospitals and the M.M.S.A. had laboratories where they could test generic-named drugs, it was pointed out at the hearings, individual doctors obviously didn't have them. Clearly, most of the drugs sold under generic names were dependable (the small houses almost invariably bought finished bulk powder, such as prednisone, from the big ones), but a few so-called *bathtub operators* did turn out substandard drugs, and it was impossible for a doctor on his own to know which of the thousand small concerns were trustworthy. Almost invariably, therefore, he decided to depend on the reputation of a manufacturer, which, of course, meant ending up with one of the giants. As a colloquy between Dixon and Dr. August H. Groeschel, associate director of New York Hospital, indicated, the physician was concerned not just about his patients:

> MR. DIXON: In other words, if the doctor prescribed a drug product, relying upon that drug product, the drug company cannot escape liability.
> DR. GROESCHEL: No.
> MR. DIXON: It is not just the doctor?
> DR. GROESCHEL: I think it is under the law of product warranty, I believe.
> MR. DIXON: Yes.
> DR. GROESCHEL: Yes, indeed. And the bigger the company, the more comfortable I expect the doctor would feel.

THE hearings revealed that although practically all drugs had adverse side effects on certain people under certain conditions, not all drug manufacturers had posted warning signs. At Kefauver's request, the Library of Congress had made a survey of the advertisements for thirty-four widely used trade-named drugs that appeared in six prominent medical journals during the months between July, 1958, and March, 1959. In all, the study covered more than two thousand pages of advertisements, and found that eighty-nine per cent of the ads either contained no mention of side effects or dismissed them briefly. The current law stated that each shipment of a new drug must contain as a package insert a small folder giving complete details on a drug, and that this document, unlike drug advertising, had to be approved by the F.D.A. The insert, however, had to be sent not to the physician but to the pharmacist, which meant, as Kefauver pointed out, that it usually ended up in a drugstore wastebasket. He was concerned about side effects not only because they were medically dangerous



It's a movie camera

It fits in your pocket

It runs on batteries

It zooms

It sets itself by electric eye

It has reflex viewing

It weighs only 26 oz.

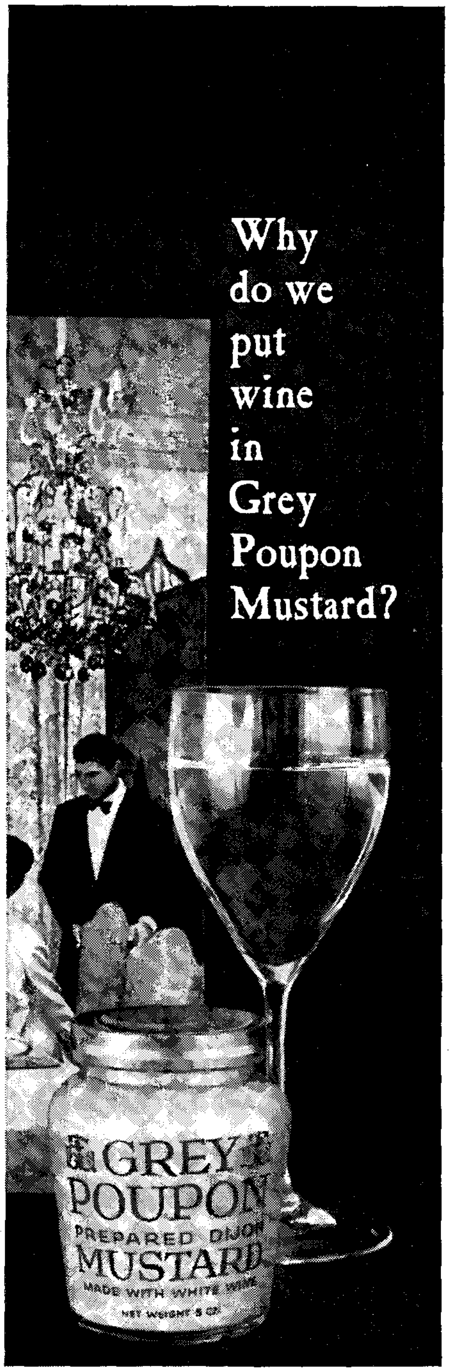
It costs under $150.00

(Outside of that you might call it an ordinary 8mm movie camera)

We call it the Canonet® 45C

If you're the type who likes to move around, go places, the 45C's the perfect 8mm movie camera to take with. We've styled it, slimmed and trimmed it down so it'll fit in a purse, pocket, flight-bag. At your Bell & Howell/Canon dealers: the Canonet 45C.

Bell & Howell brings out the expert in you (automatically!)



When it comes to good eating, trust the French. The original Dijon mustard recipe specifies white wine. Leave it out—and something vital is missing. Wine is one of the things that makes Grey Poupon the best mustard you ever tasted. One of the reasons why you will never again be satisfied with ordinary mustard. Grey Poupon is in a class by itself. That's why we're so sure you'll like it. Although Grey Poupon Mustard costs a bit more, it's well worth it.

GREY POUPON

HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

but because his staff had found that the advertiser's tendency to play them down contributed substantially to a given drug's share of the market—anyway, until the truth got out. Moreover, he observed later, evidence collected by the subcommittee showed that "many of the nation's largest commercial banks and investment companies, in deciding how to invest funds, attach great importance to what they hear about a new drug's side effects." And, finally, as Dr. David P. Barr, president and medical director of the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York, testified, five per cent of all the patients in hospital wards were being treated for ailments resulting from doctors' treatments, particularly from side effects of drugs—a situation, he declared, that made the problem equivalent to a major disease.

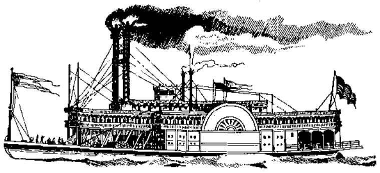
In preparing for the hearings, Kefauver's staff looked into the side effects of, among other drugs, the largest selling oral antidiabetic—tolbutamide. This substance was developed in Germany and licensed by a firm called Farbwerke Hoechst to Upjohn, which began selling it here, very successfully, under the name of Orinase. Not long afterward, Pfizer came up with a related drug, to which it gave the generic name chlorpropamide and the trade name Diabinese. In its advertisements, Pfizer told physicians, variously, that Diabinese was "the oral antidiabetic most likely to succeed," that it had an "almost complete absence of unfavorable side effects," and that it would "eventually prove to be the drug of choice in the sulfonylurea group." At the time of the hearings, about sixty thousand Americans were taking Diabinese. John E. McKeen, president and chairman of the board of Pfizer, giving the subcommittee a document in which thirty-six doctors endorsed Diabinese, testified that the drug had been investigated with great care. Blair, however, had received a tip that made him dubious on this point, and he was eager to get his hands on two other documents that dealt with the clinical studies on Diabinese; both of them, he had been told, were prepared by Dr. Domenic G. Iezzoni, Pfizer's associate director of clinical research. Despite repeated requests to Pfizer for this material, Blair has said that he obtained neither document until early on the morning of McKeen's appearance, when they were slipped under his office door. A quick look showed that they had been well worth waiting for. In one, Dr. Iezzoni's data showed that the incidence of side effects had amounted to twenty-seven per cent. In the other,

Sausage from Wisconsin's dairyland

In this rich farm country of southern Wisconsin, we still make Jones Dairy Farm Sausage the way we did a century ago—from choice cuts of tender young pork seasoned with fine natural spices. Try JONES SAUSAGE for real farm flavor.

JONES *Sausage*
DAIRY FARM
Jones Dairy Farm, Ft. Atkinson, Wis.

All the flavor of New Orleans



in a cup...

French Market
COFFEE & CHICORY

Now available Coast-to-Coast. Gracious coffees, selected from choice imports, are carefully blended and roasted to ultimate flavor. Then we add the vital stimulus of chicory. Serve it "half and half" (café au lait)—or demitasse, black as sin. For name of nearest supplier and "Conversation Coffee Recipes", write us.

Blended, roasted and packed since 1890 by
American Coffee Company, Inc,
Box 52018, New Orleans, La.

Presenting the second exciting album in a Prokofieff series

by the Boston Symphony under Erich Leinsdorf

There has always been a close identification between the music of Prokofieff and the Boston Symphony. Many of the composer's works received their American première in Boston. And now, the second in a series of Prokofieff recordings on RCA Victor Red Seal presents the seldom heard Prokofieff "Symphony–Concerto for Cello and Orchestra." The soloist is cellist Samuel Mayes. The work demands extreme virtuosity on the part of the soloist and Mr. Mayes' performance is superb. The DYNAGROOVE album includes a moving performance of Fauré's "Elégie for Cello and Orchestra." The album is a delightful sequel to Prokofieff's "Symphony No. 5" released in February.

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The most trusted name in sound

Prokofieff Symphony-Concerto for Cello and Orchestra
Boston Symphony Orchestra/Erich Leinsdorf
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PETIT RHUM BA BA

Little butter cakes bathed in Jamaica rum. Packed in jars of 12 and 24 servings. No refrigeration. Keep indefinitely after opened. Delicious plain, with ice cream or with whipped cream.

Boxed 18's, 6's and bars. Crisp roasted almonds in a nougat of fresh eggs and honey. Assorted flavors, soft, delicious.

Ferrara's delicious baked crêpes en glass sauteed in butter and steeped in Grand Marnier Liqueur. (14 or more servings)

FERRARA'S WILD CHERRY JUBILEE

Delicious Cherries Anglaise in rum for tasty desserts.

Try our Panettone (Italian Coffee Cake), Panforte Siena style, Marron au rhum, Imported Apricots and Figs in cordials and Rum Nesselrode.
WRITE FOR OUR COMPLETE CATALOG.

ESTABLISHED 1892
Ferrara
PASTRY AND CONTINENTAL
COFFEE SHOP
195 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

a memorandum addressed to McKeen personally, the doctor had written, in part:

> Our study program with Diabinese in patients with diabetes mellitus is continuing. Approximately 1,200–1,500 persons have been given this medication (domestically) either for the control of their diabetes or as part of testing programs. . . .
>
> In the evaluation of Diabinese we have encountered an incidence of toxicity which, at the least, is not less than that seen with Orinase. We have encountered six cases of jaundice. The jaundice in each instance developed after 3 to 4 weeks of chronic daily treatment with Diabinese. . . . It is significant that subsequent to their jaundice, two of these patients, after being on Orinase for 4 weeks, and one patient, after being on Orinase for 2 weeks, do not, at present, show any clinical or laboratory evidence of liver toxicity. . . .
>
> Among the most striking evidences of toxicity associated with Diabinese are three instances of exfoliative dermatitis [extensive scaling, itching, and redness of the skin, along with loss of the hair]. . . . There have been reported several additional cases of severe skin eruptions with edema [abnormally large amounts of fluid in the skin] and erythema multiforme [an acute skin affliction with burning papules and tubercules] in addition to the other skin lesions. . . .
>
> The gastrointestinal side effects of nausea, vomiting, and epigastric distress, although less frequent at the lower dosage levels of 0.25–0.5 gm./day, are still more frequent than generally noted with Orinase. . . . There have been several instances of severe hypoglycemia [subnormal glucose in the blood] in patients receiving doses as low as 0.25–0.5 gm./day. No death has occurred from hypoglycemia at these lower dose levels. One patient, however, died of intractable hypoglycemia following Diabinese medication.
>
> Among other complaints still evident at the lower doses are such things as headaches, hazy vision, depression, weakness, and three cases of eosinophilia [an excessive accumulation of one kind of cell in the blood].
>
> Of the side effects noted with Diabinese medication the jaundice and exfoliative dermatitis are particularly outstanding when one realizes that, to date, there has been no reported instance of either of these complications in patients treated with Orinase.

After Dr. Iezzoni's memoranda were put into the record, Dirksen and Hruska denounced Kefauver to the press for attempting to evaluate the worth of a particular drug, and McKeen begged Kefauver not to continue. "May I . . . plead with you, Senator," he said, "in the interest of the public welfare and the peace of mind of those thousands safely taking our drug that you cease dealing with medical aspects of the drug, which are, quite candidly, apparently beyond the depth of this committee."

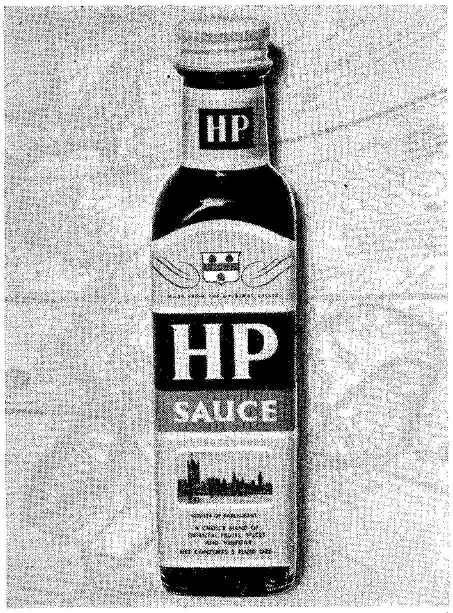
Kefauver was not moved. "I believe that patients ought to be cautious," he told McKeen. "I think the evidence here and in other places justifies the pa-

Many imitations no substitutes

Only Lea & Perrins has the full strength flavor of authentic Worcestershire. All others are imitations of the secret, original L & P recipe. But quality tells. Lea & Perrins never fades in cooking. It enhances the natural flavor of food...puts new life into old favorites...adds taste excitement to new ones. Insist on the original — Lea & Perrins.

FREE NEW COOKBOOK: "100 Ways to Be Original." Write Lea & Perrins, Box N, Fair Lawn, N. J.

LEA & PERRINS the original Worcestershire



Very worldly

Widen your taste horizon tonight. Serve spices from the Orient, herbs from the Continent, fruit from Africa all blended to hearty perfection in Houses of Parliament Sauce.

This British-born aristocrat of sauces imparts a sophisticated new flavor to steaks, chops, soups and cheeses, fish and game.

Look for HP Sauce — from the makers of Lea & Perrins Worcestershire—wherever quality foods are sold.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT SAUCE

you know what you can do with Woman's Day

You can work the good women of America into a frenzy in the conducive climate built by the only woman editor in the service business. You reach them with their hair down. Their minds open. Their subconscious receptive to whatever you're saying. Their purse strings itching to be unstrung. This impelling intimacy is the private property of Woman's Day. You can catch it all over the most clipped and clung to editorial pages in America. You can sense it in the soft and salient answers to 800,000 letters a year. You can see it working for you in 19,500,000 shopping trips every single week. The impelling intimacy engendered by Woman's Day's woman editor will out regardless. Food or furs. Aspirin or appliances. Rain or shine **Woman's Day works.**

From a poster by Toulouse-Lautrec

The wines you loved in Paris

They are here—wherever
fine wines are sold and served.
These are wines of the
best growths and the best years
from Barton & Guestier
—wine merchants to the
world since 1726.

FROM BORDEAUX:
MEDOC, B&G
Medium, not too dry; red
ST. EMILION, B&G
Robust, big-bodied; red
ST. JULIEN, B&G
Charming, delicate, dry; red
GRAVES, B&G
Fresh, fruity, medium dry; white
SAUTERNES, B&G
Golden, velvety; full-bodied

FROM BURGUNDY:
MACON, B&G
Delightfully soft red wine
BEAUJOLAIS, B&G
Lively, fruity; red
POMMARD, B&G
Big, strong, rich; red
POUILLY FUISSE, B&G
White, fresh, delicate
CHABLIS, B&G
Clean, crisp, dry; white

Look for the name B&G on the labels—for the *seller* is as important as the *cellar!*

the finest wines of France **B&G**

BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., N.Y.C., SOLE DIST. FOR THE U.S.A.

tient in asking about side effects. . . . Perhaps getting the truth out will cause the pharmaceutical manufacturers, who are not giving all of the facts, to understand the importance of doing so."

Probably no other profession has quite the prestige of medicine—partly, no doubt, because no other profession is so closed off from criticism. No one outside the field is competent to evaluate its practices, and exceedingly few within it are willing to. Some, though, will discuss it in private, and a veteran F.D.A. doctor recently attributed most of the abuses of the drug industry to the quality of medical education. "The trouble is that doctors are even more pill happy than their patients," he explained. "Too many of us are looking for the magic formula, the total cure. The pharmaceutical manufacturers find one every week, and there are plenty of doctors who are willing to try it out. One of the greatest problems any doctor faces is that three-quarters of his patients are neurotic, not physiologically sick. Most doctors just don't want to deal with patients like these any more than they have to, so they prescribe the latest pill and get rid of them. That way, they make a lot more money with a lot less work—even if the pill isn't worth a damn or shouldn't be given to that particular patient." The best illustration of the latter in recent years, he went on, was the misuse of antibiotics, especially of Parke, Davis's Chloromycetin—or chloramphenicol, generically speaking—a highly potent medicine and also an exceedingly worthy one. According to a 1961 report in the *Medical Letter*, a non-profit publication on drugs put out in New York by a group of well-known doctors and pharmacologists, it is regarded as the drug of first choice for typhoid and Hemophilus influenza meningitis, and possibly also for coliform peritonitis and Klebsellia pneumonia. The report quoted an eminent hematologist, Dr. William Damashek, who had written that eight of thirty patients suffering from aplastic anemia whom he had seen in the past three years had had "significant" dosages of chloramphenicol and that "the tragic thing about all these . . . cases, most of whom died, is that the drug need never have been given." The *Medical Letter* piece concluded, "Even though serious reactions are infrequent, there is little point in risking its toxic and sensitizing potential in the treatment of upper-respiratory infections or in infections for which equally effective and safer antibiotics are available."

The story of Chloromycetin was an interesting one. Back in 1951, Parke,

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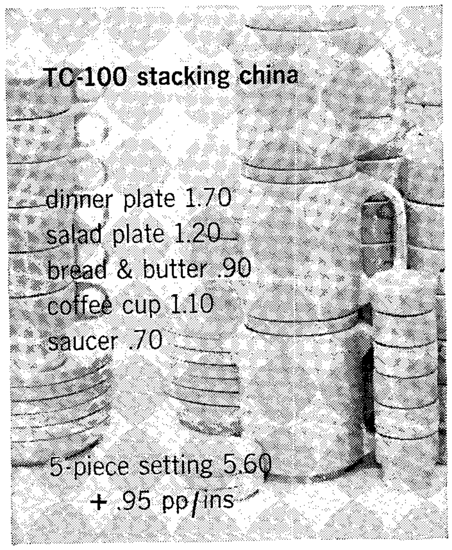

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Davis had sold fifty-two million dollars' worth of the drug (which put the company at the top of the industry in earnings for that year), and this figure, the F.D.A. man said, had made it clear that doctors were prescribing it for just about everything. That same year, though, word began to spread that Chloromycetin had been associated with a number of blood dyscrasias (abnormal states of the blood)—including aplastic anemia. The 1951 issue of *New and Non-Official Remedies*, a compilation published by the American Medical Association's Council on Drugs, warned that "changes in the peripheral blood or the blood-forming organs have been reported during the use of chloramphenicol." Then, in June of 1952, an editorial in the *Journal* of the A.M.A. stated, "In the experience of one group, this anemia [aplastic] has occurred in patients who have previously received one or more courses of chloramphenicol without untoward effect. When the drug was subsequently administered, even in small doses, a severe blood abnormality has appeared. Even deaths have been reported." Before the end of the month, the F.D.A., which was empowered to certify, and de-certify, the use of the first antibiotics, suspended certification of chloramphenicol and turned the problem over to a committee appointed by the National Research Council. Soon afterward, the F.D.A. reported, "the committee considered the records of 410 serious blood disorders, of which 177 were definitely known to have been associated with the use of Chloromycetin." The F.D.A. nevertheless decided to let Parke, Davis go on selling the drug, explaining that "the Administration has weighed the value of the drug against its capabilities for causing harm and has decided that it should continue to be available for careful use by the medical profession in those serious and sometimes fatal diseases in which its use is necessary," but it ordered the company to print the following warning at the top of each package insert:

> Certain blood dyscrasias (aplastic anemia, thrombocytopenic purpura, granulocytopenia, and pancytopenia) have been associated with the administration of Chloromycetin. It is essential that adequate blood studies be made when prolonged or intermittent administration of this drug is required. Chloromycetin should not be used indiscriminately or for minor infections.

By 1955, Parke, Davis was not doing so well with Chloromycetin. Its sales had fallen to a mere thirty-five million dollars. But in 1959, a year before Harry J. Loynd, the company's president, appeared before the subcom-

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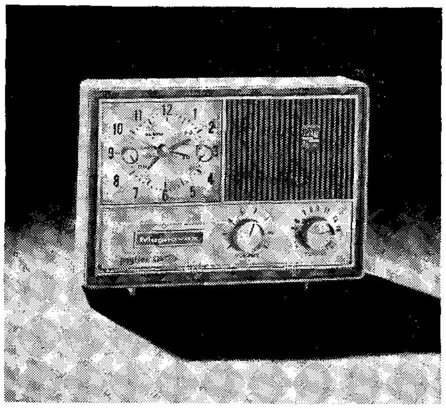

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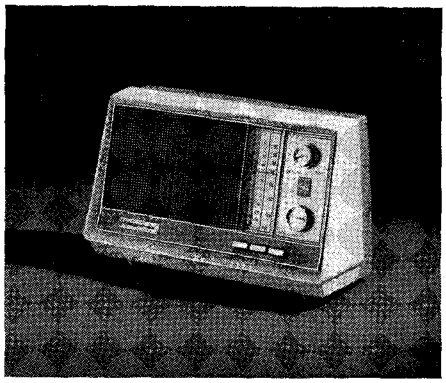

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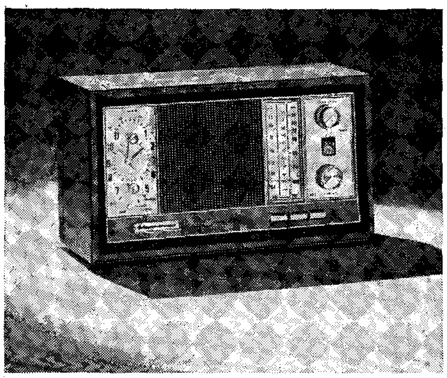

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mittee, they were higher than ever—about seventy million. Kefauver questioned Loynd more closely than any other witness. The Senator pointed out that while the company had used the F.D.A. warning in the insert and in journal advertisements, it had changed the wording in its direct-mail promotion to read:

> Chloromycetin is a potent therapeutic agent and, because certain blood dyscrasias have been associated with its administration, it should not be used indiscriminately or for minor infections. Furthermore, as with certain other drugs, adequate blood studies should be made when the patient requires prolonged or intermittent therapy.

"I am afraid that what you have done here," Kefauver said, "is first to dilute the first part of this warning, which starts off 'Certain blood dyscrasias have been associated,' by putting in front of that 'Chloromycetin is a potent therapeutic agent.' Then you have diluted the blood-study part by saying, 'As with certain other drugs.' You give the impression that certain other drugs have the same requirement. Then you have diluted 'essential' by putting in 'should be.' " He asked why these changes had been made. Loynd's answer was that it was possibly "pride of authorship on the part of one of our medical people."

Shortly after this discussion, Dixon introduced a copy of a memorandum, dated December 15, 1959, from an F.D.A. doctor, Dr. Ralph W. Weilerstein, of San Francisco, describing a visit that two Parke, Davis detail men had paid him ten days earlier in his capacity as a practicing physician, in the course of which they had made a number of claims about Chloromycetin, among them that, to quote the doctor, "there is no more danger of blood dyscrasias due to Chloromycetin than there would be from any other antibiotic." In addition, he wrote, "these gentlemen maintained that the above 'facts' were based on figures supplied them by their home office." A few weeks later, the subcommittee learned, Dr. Charles N. Lewis, head of the Antibiotics Branch of the F.D.A.'s Bureau of Medicine, wrote Parke, Davis about this memorandum, saying, "We have had similar complaints from other physicians in recent months about your detail men playing down or minimizing the side effects of this drug. This has [also] occurred at your scientific exhibits at society meetings and elsewhere. The labelling and professional literature for chloramphenicol regularly carry the blood dyscrasia warning which was worked out several years ago, but the

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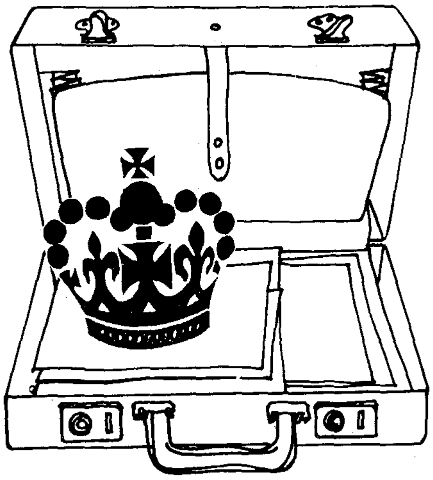

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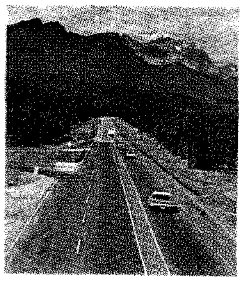

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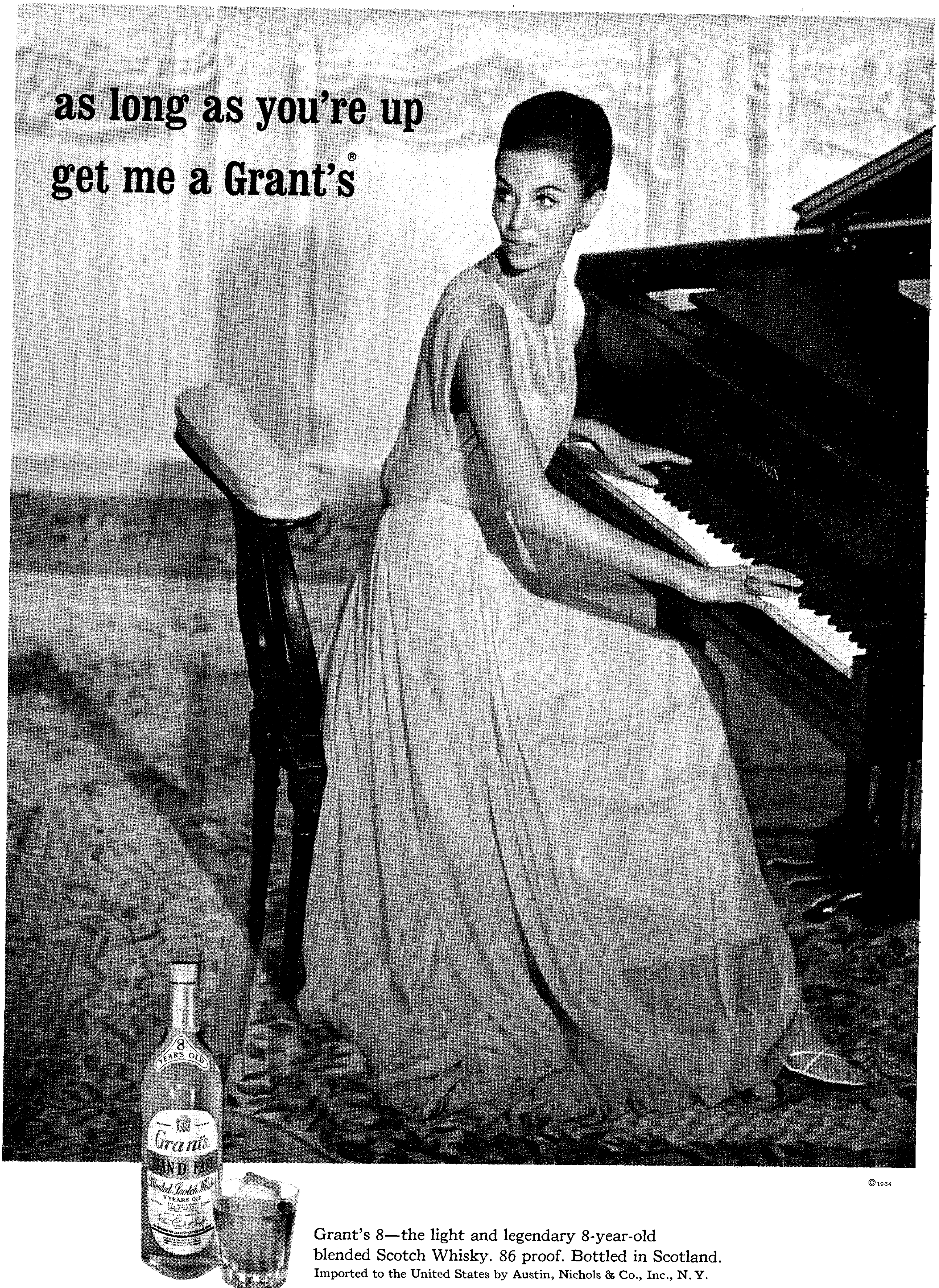

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net effect is lost if your detail people minimize this important information." Dixon read the reply from an official at Parke, Davis. It said: "I am quite sure . . . that the statements you report in your letter are not made as a result of any directive from our main office but are in complete contradiction of directions. . . ." More letters and some telephone calls passed between the F.D.A. and the firm, the subcommittee was told, in the course of which Loynd himself declared that if the report was correct he would fire the two men. Dr. Lewis finally asked for copies of the instructions that the company had sent out to its detail men, and, after some delay, Parke, Davis complied. The first directive, dated March 12, 1952, and signed by Loynd, stated, in part:

> Clinical investigation of the effects of Chloromycetin on body cells and functions is continuing and several additional studies were recently initiated, but, to repeat, up to this date we cannot find any facts that will indicate that Chloromycetin causes aplastic anemia or agranulocytosis.

That was issued before the National Research Council's committee had looked into the matter, Dixon noted. After it had, Parke, Davis sent out another directive, again signed by Loynd, which said:

> Chloromycetin has been officially cleared by the FDA and the National Research Council with *no restrictions* on the number or the range of diseases for which Chloromycetin may be administered.
>
> Thus, Chloromycetin has successfully passed three intensive investigations: originally by Parke, Davis & Co., next by officers of the Food and Drug Administration, then by a special committee of authorities in the fields of hematology and chemotherapy appointed by the National Research Council.

Finally, on September 16, 1952, just a few weeks after the official study of the drug, another letter, from the firm's sales and promotion director, went out to the detail men:

> The recent decision reached by the Food and Drug Administration with the assistance of the National Research Council and a board of nationally known medical experts was undoubtedly the highest compliment ever tendered the medical staff of our company.

Kefauver later said that nothing else that emerged in the course of the hearings had made him as indignant as these revelations, yet he remained impassive and soft-spoken. "What impression would be made on a doctor when a detail man told him that the decision was 'undoubtedly the highest compliment ever tendered the medical staff of our

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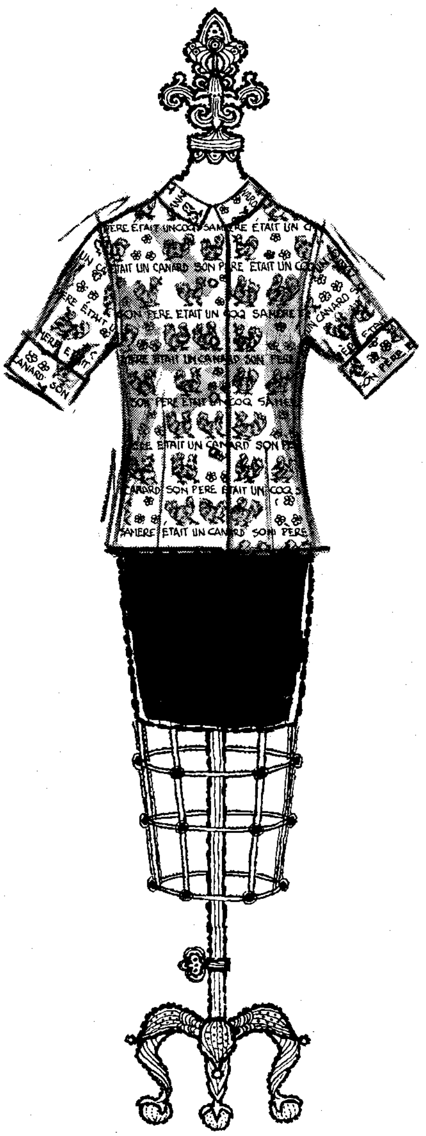
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company'?" he asked Loynd quietly, and continued, "Everyone knows that you have a great and successful company. You have been in business a long time. Wouldn't the average doctor get the impression that this was just a complete clearance?"

Loynd shook his head vigorously. "Certainly not," he answered. A confused discussion of wording followed, in which Loynd stuck to his guns and Kefauver stuck to his.

In 1961, the sales of Chloromycetin were down again—by more than a fifth. The *Wall Street Journal* reported, "Sales of the drug dropped following publicity over some alleged adverse reactions in patients, and lawsuits involving the product." (During the hearings, Loynd had acknowledged that Parke, Davis had become involved in twenty-five lawsuits over the drug, some of which had been settled out of court while others were pending. Not until March, 1962, did a case come before a jury. It was brought by a California housewife named Carney Love, who charged that her doctor, a co-defendant with Parke, Davis, had given her Chloromycetin for bleeding gums and, later, for bronchitis, with the result that she had come down with aplastic anemia; that this had required the administration of some powerful hormones; and that these had saved her life at the cost of still more side effects. The jury awarded Mrs. Love $334,046.) Loynd took issue with the *Wall Street Journal's* assessment. In an interview published in the Detroit *Free Press*, he attributed a lot of his company's troubles to Senator Kefauver and his drug hearings, which, he said, "caused some very unfavorable publicity, I might say unjustified and some of it ridiculous, which cost us a volume loss on Chloromycetin of about fifteen million dollars." He went on to express the hope that things would quiet down. To an extent, they did. In 1961, the *Physicians' Desk Reference*, a commercially produced manual of therapeutic agents known as "the physician's Bible," carried not the F.D.A.'s warning on Chloromycetin but Parke, Davis's amended version, and in 1962 this was dropped in favor of a statement that the doctor could get information on "dosage, administration, contraindications and precautions" from the package insert, the detail man, or the company. Reports from various parts of the country at the time indicated that many doctors had missed all the furor and were still prescribing Chloromycetin for minor afflictions. In 1962, a travel article in the *Times* listed the medicines that one family had taken

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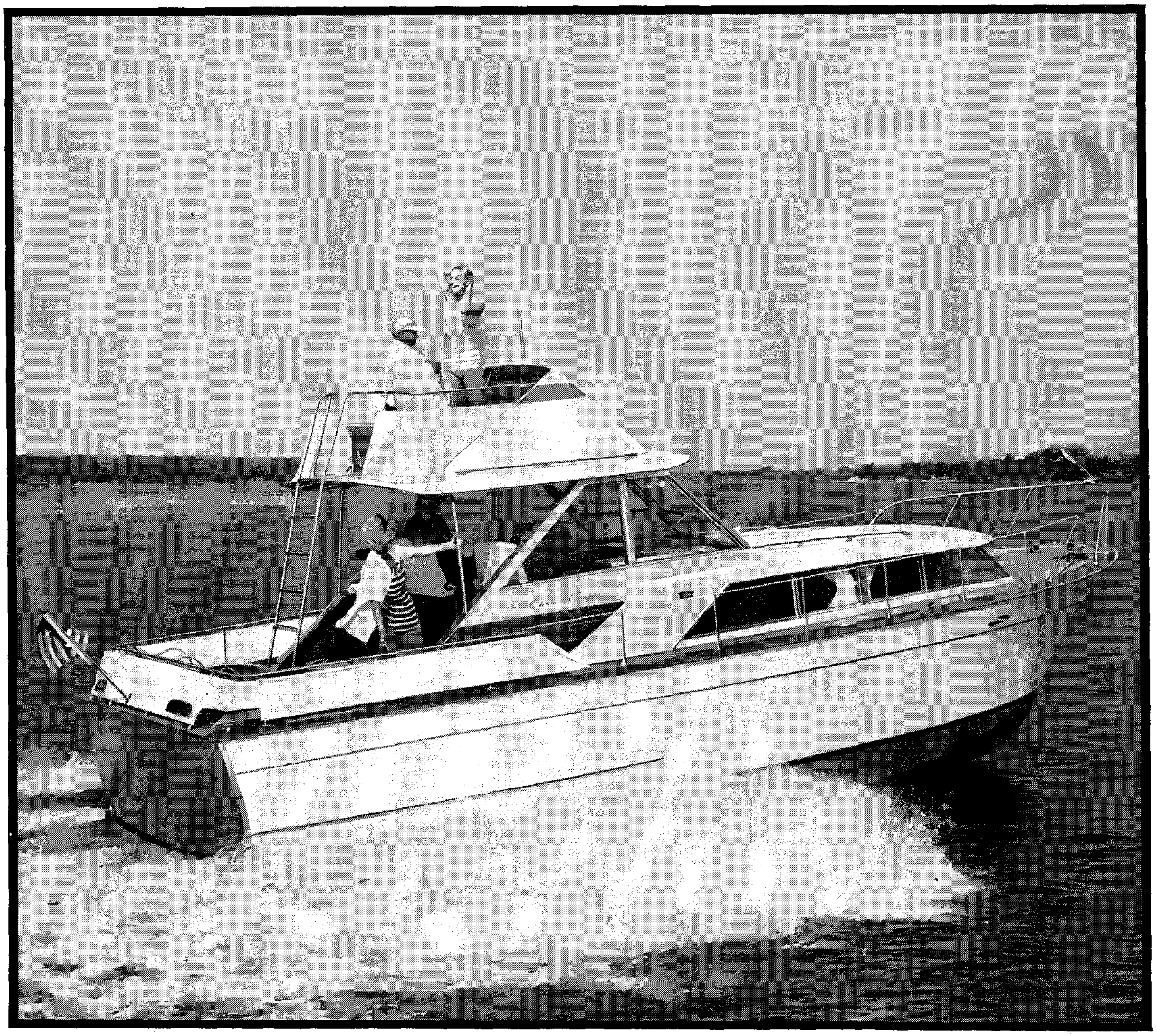

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along on a trip "at the direction of our family physician;" among them were foot powder, salt tablets, and "forty-eight capsules of Chloromycetin (an antibiotic for dysentery), $24."

KEFAUVER often said—and many members of Congress would agree with him—that government regulatory agencies sooner or later end up partially, or largely, run for, if not by, those whom they are supposed to be regulating. To be sure, these agencies are staffed, for the most part, by diligent, impartial people. But there are exceptions. From the start of his investigation, Kefauver got little coöperation from the F.D.A. and its commissioner, George P. Larrick, who had spoken with pride of his good relations with friends in the industry. It was only by accident that Kefauver found out about Parke, Davis's instructions to its detail men; the F.D.A. had decided to return the directions without making copies of them, or taking any further action, but Mrs. Goodwin had come across them, and had had photostatic copies made before they were sent back to the company. In the hearings themselves, the F.D.A. came in for some harsh criticism, implicit and explicit. The most severe critic was Dr. Barbara Moulton, who appeared before the subcommittee on June 2, 1960, to describe her own experience with the F.D.A. She had worked there as a drug examiner for five years, and then had resigned, she testified, "because the Food and Drug Administration has failed utterly in its solemn task of enforcing those sections of the law dealing with the safety and misbranding of drugs, particularly prescription drugs." The basic trouble, she claimed, was that the drug industry had more influence with the agency than its own medical officers. On one occasion, she went on, she had had grave doubts about the safety of a tranquillizer. "Soon an interview was requested and four representatives of the company appeared," she said, adding that one of her superiors "joined the conference, unexpectedly, as far as I was concerned, and informed the firm that [the] Food and Drug Administration would release the drug without proof of safety for chronic use, and without waiting for completion of the pharmacologic studies." In the case of another tranquillizer, which was already on the market and had been reported to cause addiction, Dr. Moulton said that she had recommended that the agency require the manufacturer to send out a strong warning of this to all physicians. On this occasion, she testified, another of her

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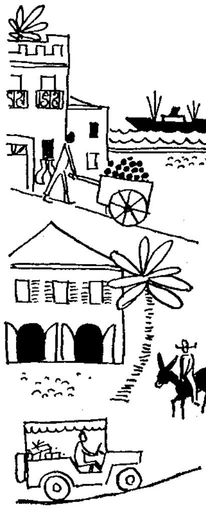

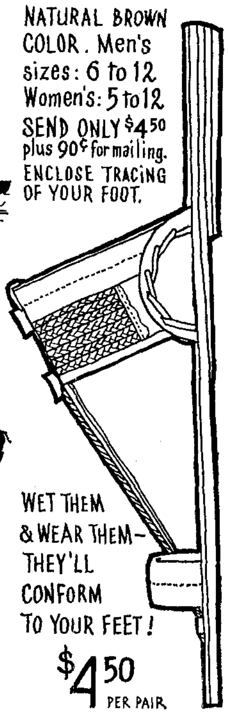

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superiors told her, " 'I will not have my policy of friendliness with the industry interfered with.' " Later, she was transferred to a less influential post—as far as drugs went—and when she tried to get reassigned to her old job, the same man refused. His explanation, she said, was that "I was not sufficiently polite to members of the pharmaceutical industry, and one of the large firms had written him requesting that I no longer be permitted to handle their new drug applications." She also said, "I am fully aware that in making this statement I have jeopardized, perhaps irreparably, my own opportunities for future government employment." For well over a year, she found that government jobs were, indeed, closed to her. But, then, in 1961, President Kennedy appointed Dixon chairman of the F.T.C., and Dixon proceeded to hire Dr. Moulton as a medical adviser.

Some months before the drug hearings began, John Lear, the science editor of the *Saturday Review*, undertook an inquiry into the activities of Dr. Henry Welch, who was then the head of the F.D.A.'s Antibiotics Division and was also the editor-in-chief of two medical journals—*Antibiotics & Chemotherapy* and *Antibiotic Medicine & Clinical Therapy*, both put out by MD Publications, a New York firm, and both relying heavily on pharmaceutical advertising. In January of 1959, Lear went down to Washington to see Welch, and told him point-blank that several doctors claimed he "derived significant income" from his private ventures. As Lear later recounted in the *Saturday Review:*

> "Where my income comes from is my own business," [Welch] said sharply. This, I thought, was a rather extreme view for a man in public office to take. Apparently he had some second thoughts about it himself, for after a pause he added: "I have no financial interest in MD Publications. My only connection is as editor, for which I receive an honorarium. I enjoy editing those journals and I don't intend to give them up." He didn't volunteer the amount of the honorarium or indicate what share of his income it represented. Nor did he mention Medical Encyclopedia, which publishes the proceedings of an annual antibiotics symposium edited by Dr. Welch. I didn't press him for the figures. Conflict of interest, if it exists, is a matter of principle.

As a result of this article, members of Congress addressed a flurry of inquiries to Arthur S. Flemming, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, the F.D.A.'s parent agency. Flemming's office made an investigation, which revealed that Welch had obtained permission from his superiors in 1950 to take on this outside work, and that he

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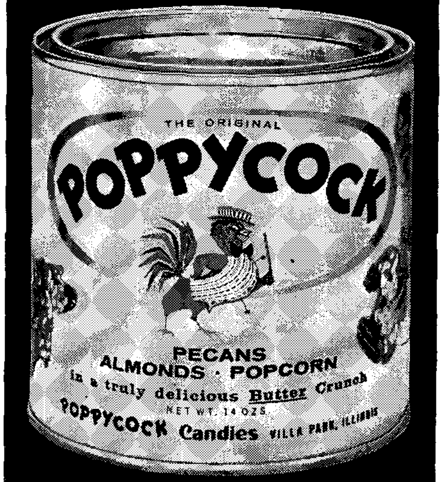
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had told them, "I may receive yearly honorariums." Within a couple of years, his extra-official activities had become the subject of widespread gossip both in the industry and in medical circles, but no one questioned him officially about the amount of his honorariums until after Lear's article appeared. Then, in February, 1959, John L. Harvey, who was acting F.D.A. director at the time, asked Welch directly how much he was getting. Welch refused to say, and Harvey reported his refusal to Flemming. "This started me thinking," Flemming testified in June of 1960, when the subcommittee went into the subject of the drug industry's influence on the government. Apparently, it kept him thinking, for it wasn't until eight months after Harvey's report in October that Flemming directed Dr. Welch to resign from the two journals, and also put out a new memorandum regarding conflict of interest for the enlightenment of the F.D.A. staff. He regarded the moves as merely a precaution, though, and told reporters, "I never heard anyone intimate to me that there was ever any actual conflict of interest."

Among those who came most vigorously to Welch's defense was Loynd. In a personal letter to Flemming, he deplored Lear's "vicious attack on Henry Welch . . . which in my opinion is entirely without foundation," and added, "I do hope that the 'smear' campaign launched by Mr. Lear will not have any effect on the future activities of Henry, since . . . he is making a great contribution to industry as well as Government, all of which is greatly appreciated by those who know him." In the course of Loynd's appearance before the subcommittee, it was brought out that Parke, Davis, acting through its advertising agency, L. W. Frohlich & Co., had sponsored a British edition of *Antibiotic Medicine & Clinical Therapy*, at a cost of $100,000. In a letter marked "Personal and Confidential," Dr. Félix Martí-Ibáñez of New York, owner of MD Publications and co-owner, with Welch, of the Medical Encyclopedia, wrote to Frohlich, "First of all, please allow me to thank you for your kind and most thoughtful help in establishing a liaison between MD Publications, Inc., and your client, Parke, Davis & Co." The new journal, Martí-Ibáñez went on, "will be of the greatest importance to your client," and he gave several reasons for his statement, among them:

> The editors of the journal hope that good scientific articles with clinical studies on the antibiotics and other Parke, Davis drugs, of sufficient clinical interest and ob-

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The journal will be mailed . . . to 20,000 physicians in England selected from the mailing list submitted by Parke, Davis & Co. as a way to guarantee that the scientific material as well as the advertising of interest to this company will reach preferred physicians on their mailing list.

To get another appraisal of Welch's activities, Kefauver called on Dr. Gideon Nachumi, a resident physician at Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn, who had temporarily interrupted his medical studies in 1956 to work for Pfizer as a medical advertising copywriter. He was there for twelve months, he testified, during which Pfizer was preparing to embark on a promotion campaign for a new drug called Sigmamycin, a combination of two Pfizer antibiotics that the company claimed had a synergistic effect; that is, the combination was more effective than the components given separately. According to Dr. Nachumi, someone higher up had coined the phrase "a third era in antibiotic therapy" as a basis for the new campaign. "The 'third era' theme . . . has a dramatic quality to it," he explained to the subcommittee. "I think one can see its pictorial value. It kind of implies that the development of Sigmamycin is of comparable importance to the discovery of the broad-spectrum antibiotics [the second era] and perhaps even of penicillin [the first]." In any event, one of Nachumi's tasks was to edit various papers that were to be delivered at the 1956 International Antibiotics Symposium—an annual event that had been organized four years earlier by Dr. Welch and was co-sponsored by the F.D.A. and the Medical Encyclopedia. To Nachumi's surprise, one of the papers that passed across his desk was a welcoming address written by Dr. Welch himself. He had submitted it for Pfizer's approval, which was granted after Nachumi and his co-workers had dressed it up a bit and added one sentence: "It is quite possible that we are now in a third era of antibiotic therapy: the first being the era of narrow-spectrum antibiotics, penicillin and streptomycin; the second, the era of broad-spectrum therapy; the third being an era of combined therapy where combinations of chemotherapeutic agents, particularly synergistic ones, will be customarily used." Since Sigmamycin was the only antibiotic combination with supposedly synergistic effects that was being widely promoted at the time, Dr. Nachumi stated, Pfizer considered Dr. Welch's boost to be of great impor-

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tance. Warren Kiefer, a public-relations man with Pfizer at the time of the symposium, quite agreed. “It isn't very often that this sort of thing happens,” he testified, “and for us to have to work with in our campaign what amounted to endorsement by the head of the Antibiotics Division was exceedingly valuable.” Another former Pfizer employee, Joseph R. Hixson—he was manager of its domestic pharmaceutical public relations at that period—testified that he had considered the use of the sentence in a press release to be sent out during the symposium unethical and had objected strongly to its inclusion. In fact, he went on, upon learning that it was to be released despite his protest, he called the F.D.A. to see if it had been cleared there, only to find that the F.D.A. seemed quite content with the arrangement. Hixson then told one of his superiors how he felt and what he had done, whereupon he was sharply reprimanded. In the end, the speech was delivered as edited, and was printed in *Antibiotics Annual*, a compendium of the papers delivered at the symposium, which was put out by Medical Encyclopedia. Pfizer bought 260,400 reprints.

On May 5, 1960, Kefauver notified Drs. Welch and Martí-Ibáñez that the hearing relating to them would begin on May 17th. Both of them begged off on medical grounds, the former pleading a heart condition, and the latter glaucoma. Welch's lawyer reported that his client was extremely eager to defend himself, and had said that if his integrity was questioned in any way, “I will want to appear before the committee if you have to carry me in on a stretcher.” He never showed up, however—not even when a witness from the General Accounting Office who had gone over subpoenaed records of his financial affairs testified that his honorariums between 1953 and March of 1960 amounted to $287,142.40. Seven days before this was revealed in the hearings, Dr. Welch filed an application for retirement. In accordance with Civil Service regulations, it was granted.

THE most comprehensive presentation of the drug industry's case was made by Dr. Austin Smith, president of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, who testified for a good part of three days in late February of 1960. A naturalized citizen of Canadian birth, he was licensed to practice medicine in Ontario but never had, and was not licensed to practice in this country. Prior to becoming head of the P.M.A., however, he had held a number of posts in the A.M.A., most notably

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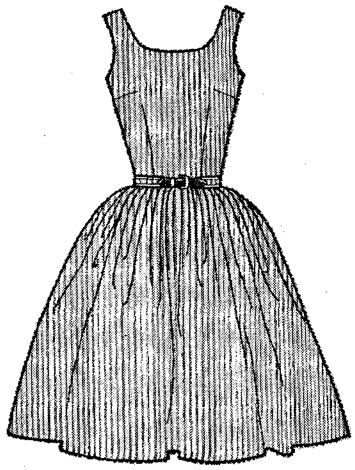

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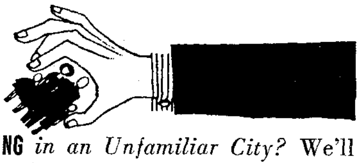

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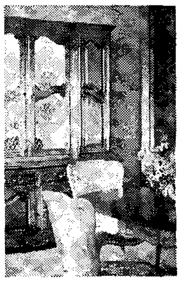

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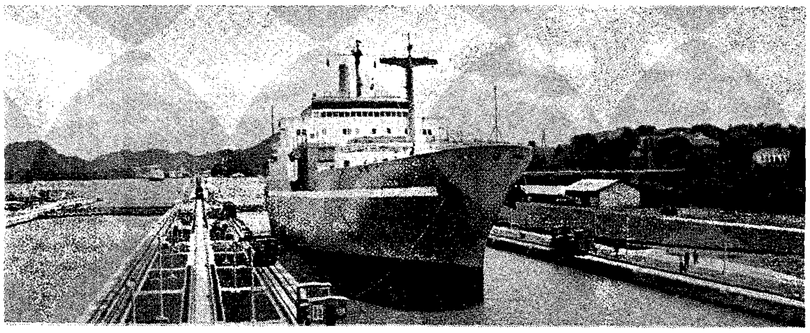

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the editorship of its *Journal*. As Dr. Smith prepared to deliver his opening statement, he looked up and down the long table before him. Then he said, "I wonder if any member of the subcommittee knows how much it costs to die." He went on to say that it cost about nine hundred dollars, not including doctors' and lawyers' fees. Then he touched on a personal illness. "The antibiotic that I took I prescribed for myself—four capsules daily for eight days—at a list price of $15.30," he continued. "I thought this was quite an investment for me, and I suppose that this is one time when I could feel that the price of drugs is low." He paused with a surprised look, then added hastily, "In fact, for years I have been speaking of the low cost of drugs." Not only was the cost low, he went on, but people like him, whose lives had been saved, annually contributed an additional billion dollars in taxes to the Treasury.

Dr. Smith later asserted that the drug industry's research costs ran to 9.5 per cent of sales, not 6.3 per cent, as the twenty-two largest manufacturers' own data had shown (Kefauver found this calculation rather mysterious, for although there was no serious disagreement on the numerator [research expenditures], Smith had used a denominator [drug sales] for the entire industry that was twenty-five per cent less than the figures supplied by the twenty-two companies alone). Dr. Smith also said that the industry's profits were far lower than Kefauver maintained (a contention that turned out to have been based not on the F.T.C. data used by the subcommittee but on a private study that covered only three drug firms).

At one time or another, Dr. Smith made various other assertions, to wit:

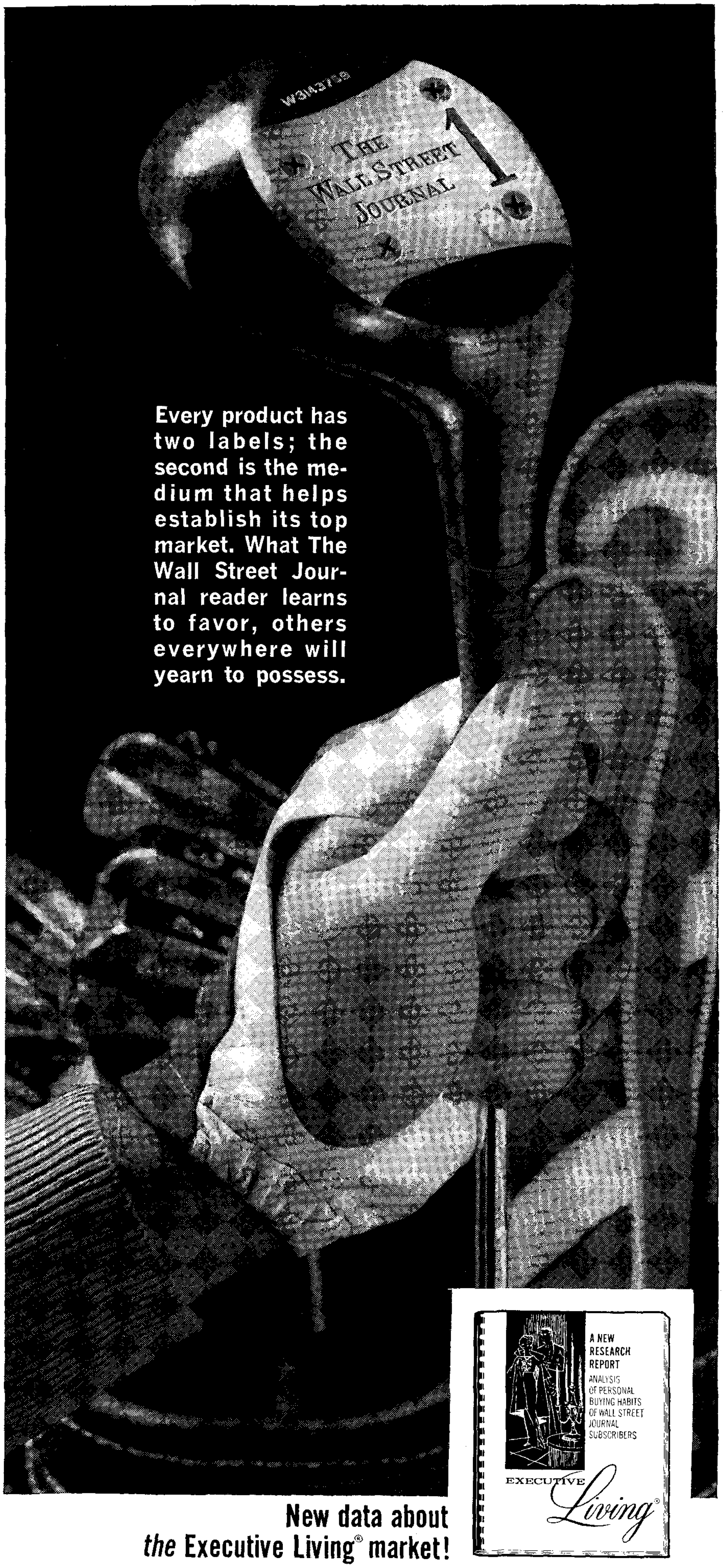
"Since 1947 this industry has spent about one billion dollars in research alone."

(A large but meaningless figure, Kefauver pointed out, unless compared to sales and profits.)

"U.S. Department of Labor statistics show the wholesale price of drugs increased only 3 per cent between 1948 and 1958, while the wholesale price index for all industrial products has in the same period risen 22 per cent."

(Kefauver: For one thing, the former percentage was based on only three drugs, none of which typified the situation at hand, and, for another, if a drug manufacturer could stay in business under such conditions, his prices must have been so high to begin with that he didn't have to raise them.)

"There isn't any disease left, to my



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knowledge, that the pharmaceutical industry is not in some way attempting to attack today."

(Kefauver: Despite the urgency of the struggle to find cures for cancer, research in this field by the industry had been seriously delayed by disputes with the government over patent rights.)

Tackling the by now ragged subject of research, Dr. Smith listed a number of "breakthroughs that are attributable in some significant way to the laboratories of this industry," including "the discovery and development of sulfa drugs," the "discovery and development of the antipsychotic drugs [potent tranquillizers] for treating mental illness," and "the development of the antidiabetics." Dixon challenged each of these claims, pointing out that the first sulfa drug was synthesized in Austria and developed for therapeutic use in Germany, that the antipsychotics were discovered and developed almost entirely in France, England, and Switzerland, and that the principal antidiabetic was discovered and developed in Germany. Dr. Smith stood his ground. Pressed especially hard on the oral antidiabetics, he declared stoutly, "This group of compounds was made available for the physician in the United States through the efforts of the American industry. That is development and making available." He subsequently registered an objection to giving foreigners credit for most of the important drug discoveries. "As a U.S. citizen, I consider this unbecoming, to say the least, of anyone whose security and comfort—yes, even luxuries—stem from the United States of America," he said.

Finally, Dr. Smith strongly defended the use of trade names. Dixon read part of an article that the witness had written for the A.M.A. *Journal* in 1944, in which he had mentioned the "enormous" profits to be made from trade names and had condemned "the absurd practice of prescribing" them when cheaper generic equivalents were available.

Kefauver broke in to say, "At that time, you were working for the American Medical Association, and the American Medical Association has been very interested in less expensive drugs so that the doctor can have an interest in the economic welfare of his patient. So, at that time, you recommended generic names. And now you are working for the manufacturers, and you recommend trade names. Does that have anything to do with it?"

"I think, Mr. Chairman, we might

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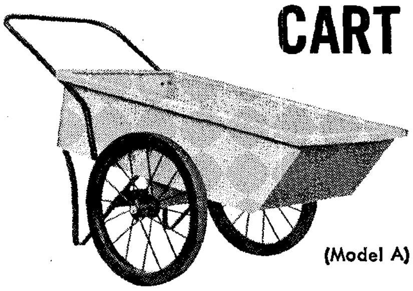
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make one thing clear right now," Dr. Smith said sharply. "For years, since I have been in professional practice, one type or another, my time and my knowledge have been purchasable, but I never have."

IN the summer of 1960, just before the last round of investigative hearings was scheduled to begin, Kefauver put aside his duties in the capital to prepare for the Tennessee primary, on August 4th. He appeared to be in serious trouble, for a public-opinion poll had indicated that he was trailing his opponent, Judge Andrew Taylor, by a wide margin. It was thought that Kefauver had been hurt partly by his firm civil-rights stand and partly by his investigation of the drug industry. Pharmaceutical interests had reportedly spent a good bit on Taylor's campaign; it was also widely reported that they had got up some literature, which described Kefauver as a Socialist hellbent on ruining the health of the American people, and it was said that doctors and druggists around the state had sent out some eighty thousand pieces of it along with their bills. After a strenuous campaign, Kefauver, to the astonishment of the pollsters, most of the Tennessee press, the drug industry, and himself, rolled up a two-to-one victory. He returned to the capital greatly encouraged and, after completing the last round of hearings, took the next step in the direction of getting a drug bill passed; namely, writing one. Three of his primary aims were to lower drug prices; to increase competition to the point where the small manufacturer would get a fair share of the market; and to assure the *emptor* that he needn't *caveat* every time he had a prescription to be filled. "The problem was *how*," Blair said later. "Several million words of claims and counterclaims from the hearings were still dinning in our ears, and we just had too many ideas. Finally, we simply had to sit down in one meeting after another—among ourselves at first, and then, when we had something concrete to propose, with Estes—and try to hammer out from this vast body of material an instrument of control that would be in the public interest." In charge of the actual writing of the bill was Horace L. Flurry, the subcommittee's senior counsel and formerly a trial attorney in the Department of Justice.

In the fall of 1960, Blair made a trip to Europe to give an address before a German economic association, and, on the way back, to find out how some other countries dealt with drug con-

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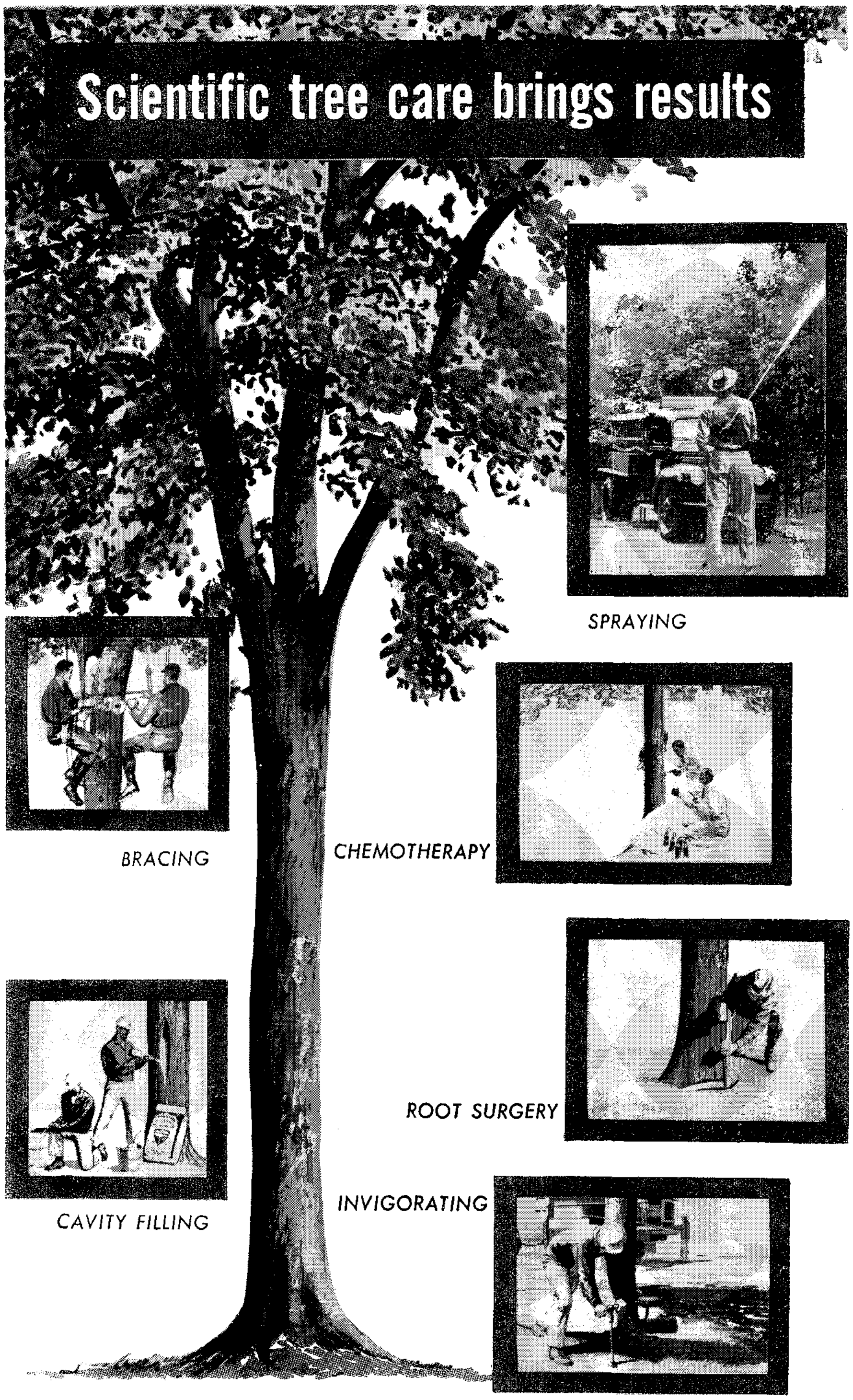

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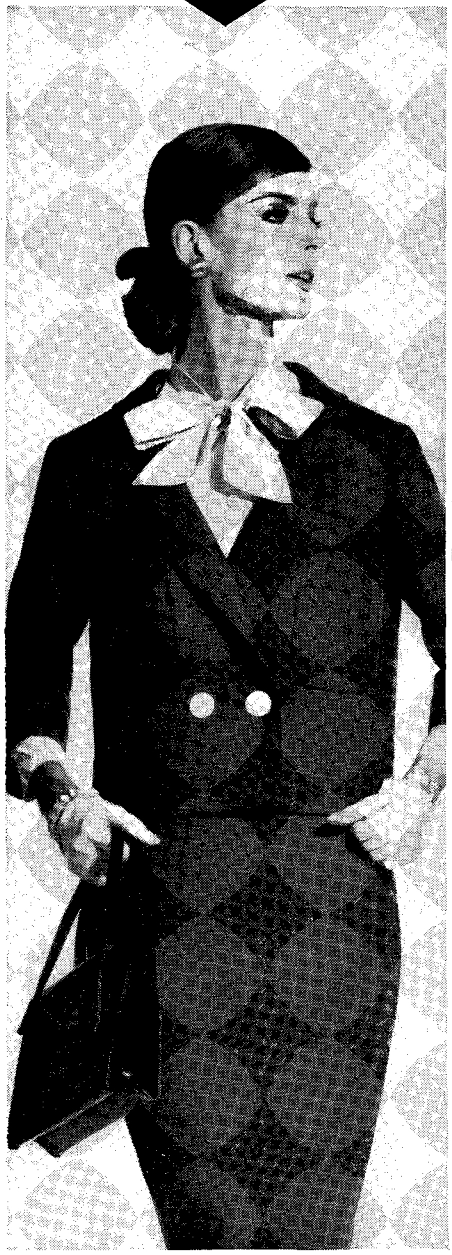

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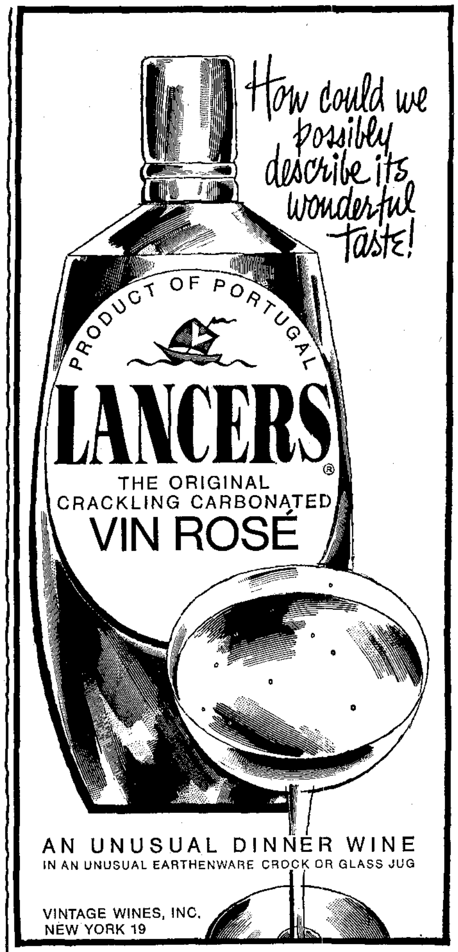
trols. Like just about everyone else, he had always looked upon patents as a sacred part of our economic system—or, indeed, of any capitalistic system—but he soon found out that they were by no means sacrosanct abroad. He observed in a memorandum to Dixon on his return:

> At first glance, the idea of limiting the scope of the patent grant might appear to be so extreme as to be not worth serious consideration. Nonetheless, a strong case can be made that in most countries drugs have been recognized as constituting something of a special case, requiring a type of treatment under the patent laws different from that accorded to other products. Indeed, the granting of patents on drug products has been more the exception than the rule. Out of 77 countries for which information is available, only 28 allow product patents on drugs. Behind this attitude has been the moral proposition that no individual or enterprise should profit from human illness and suffering.

He learned, further, that among the major Western powers the United States government alone made no attempt to exert control over drugs, either by limiting patents or by regulating prices. The governments of Switzerland, Italy, and Germany did not permit patents on drug products, and the governments of England and France, which did, had price controls and were empowered by law, if drug prices were judged excessive, to force a manufacturer to grant production rights to others on a royalty basis—a system known as compulsory licensing. In his memorandum, Blair noted that the drug industry in this country was most open to criticism for not lowering prices despite decreases in production costs, and continued, "The simplest method of enabling the consuming public to share in the benefits of technological progress would be to limit the duration of the period of patent protection from the present seventeen to, say, five years." In addition, he suggested that the Sherman Antitrust Act be amended to make it unlawful for drug companies to get together privately to settle disputes over a contested patent. And, finally, he proposed that no modified or combined drugs be considered patentable unless they were proved to be significant improvements over drugs already in use. All these recommendations were incorporated in the patents section of the bill drafted by the staff, but at a final meeting on that section of the bill, Kefauver decided that he could not go along with the patent cutoff. Although he agreed with Blair that a five-year monopoly would give drug manufacturers ample profits, he felt that a direct threat to the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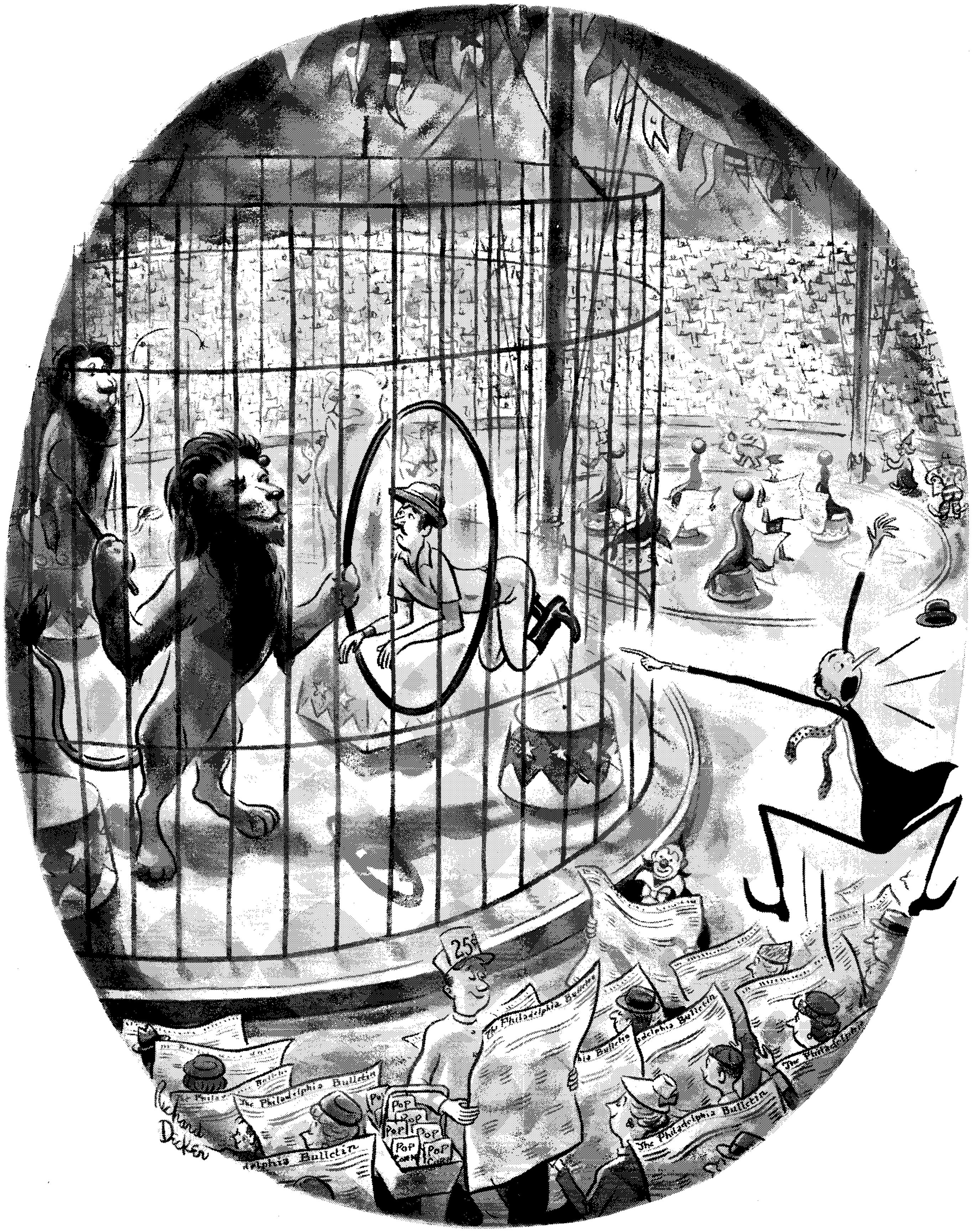
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Male ☐ $85.00 ea. Female ☐ $75.00 ea.

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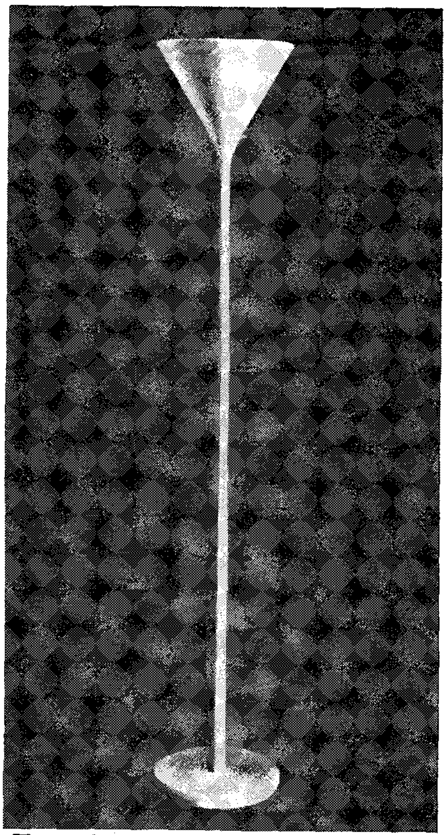
patent system would bring such howls of outrage from the business community at large as to destroy any chance of getting a drug bill passed. After some discussion of alternatives, he came up with a variation on the compulsory-licensing setup used abroad, providing that after three years of exclusive rights the holder of a drug patent would be obliged to license any qualified applicant under a royalty payment of up to eight per cent of sales, which was nearly twice as much as the larger firms ordinarily charged each other when they signed cross-licensing contracts.

Once the patent section of the bill was out of the way, Kefauver and his staff held another series of meetings to consider federal controls over the production, distribution, and promotion of prescription drugs. They devised a scheme whereby the F.D.A. would license all drug manufacturers, who, in order to retain their licenses, would have to meet strict quality-control standards and open their plants periodically to thorough government inspection. This, Kefauver felt, would encourage doctors to prescribe by generic name, would enable patients to save money, and would give small companies a competitive boost. Next, he decided that the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare should be given the power to review and revise all current generic names, on the basis of usefulness and simplicity, and to establish all new ones, and that, to help the prescribing physician learn what the generic names were, all labels, advertisements, and promotional materials containing the trade name of a drug should also display the generic name in the same size type and with equal prominence. He further proposed that advertisements contain explicit warnings about a drug's side effects and a statement of its efficacy; that the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare be instructed to publish an annual list of potentially harmful drugs; and that the package insert be sent not to the pharmacist but to the doctor. Finally, he included a provision calling on the manufacturer to prove that every drug he sold was not only safe but effective.

On April 12, 1961, Senator Kefauver rose in the Senate and submitted the drug bill, which was officially designated S. 1552, for his colleagues' consideration. Among those who considered it were Senators Dirksen, Wiley, and Hruska, for one or another of them attended each of the hearings on the bill—the legislative hearings—which started on July 5th, and ran off and on



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until the following February. Kefauver had hoped to dispose of that set of hearings expeditiously, but because his Republican opponents accused him of having been unfair in just about every conceivable way during the earlier hearings, he felt that he must give the drug industry every opportunity to present its case. In the end, the legislative hearings proved to be nearly half as lengthy as the investigative ones, leaving Dirksen and Hruska with only one more accusation—that they had been dragged out unnecessarily. To a considerable extent, the legislative hearings covered ground that had been gone over earlier. Among the witnesses were representatives of the A.M.A., the P.M.A., the A.F.L.-C.I.O., the United Auto Workers, the National Consumers League, the Justice Department, the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare and the F.D.A., the Patent Office, various health-insurance groups, several organizations of retired people, and quite a number of private physicians. On this occasion, the P.M.A. was represented by Eugene N. Beesley, the president of Lilly and P.M.A.'s board chairman; he represented its liberal wing and, to Kefauver's delight, came out for a good part of the bill. However, he drew a sharp and unwavering line where the big money was—in the compulsory-licensing provision. As for the patent section of the bill, it was the subject of an endless dispute that wore out just about everybody, including the industry, which bitterly attacked it, and Kefauver, who patiently defended it.

It was widely reported at the time that the A.M.A. had made an agreement with the P.M.A. to fight the drug bill if the P.M.A. would help defeat the medical-care bill, but, according to an article that appeared in the July 14, 1961, issue of *Science*, the A.M.A. may have had reasons of its own for opposing S. 1552. "It would, if it serves its purposes, sharply reduce the amount of [drug] promotion," the article pointed out, "and this would reduce the A.M.A.'s own resources, since the A.M.A., in fighting the increasingly expensive battle against a government-financed health service, has come to rely heavily on the money its journals earn from drug advertising." In any event, the A.M.A. representatives who appeared before the subcommittee could find nothing whatever in S. 1552 that they approved of. They even opposed the efficacy provision, which just about everyone else, including the P.M.A., the F.D.A., the National Research Council, and even members of the

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His gimmick is the conspicuous lack of one. He's real. Which goes a long way in explaining why the world fell in love with him.

Steve's combination of honest, unself-conscious personal warmth, prodigious vocal skill and uncanny professional versatility finds a splendid showcase in his Columbia recordings. In an album called "Winners," he sings a collection of favorite ballads. "Swinging West" displays his way with a parcel of great ten-gallon tunes. In "Academy Award Losers?" Steve's winning treatment of Oscar runners-up might earn them a recount. And another facet of the Lawrence magic is displayed in the Original Broadway Cast album of "What Makes Sammy Run?" in which Steve assumes the title role.

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A.M.A.'s own Council on Drugs had supported. On this point, Dr. Hugh H. Hussey, the A.M.A.'s chairman and principal spokesman at the hearings, argued that only the individual physician could determine the efficacy of a given drug in the treatment of a given patient. A doctor from the Council on Drugs commented, "This argument is a most specious one. The average practicing physician—and I have helped to train hundreds of them—just does not have the time, the facilities, the skill, nor the training to be an expert in the determination of drug efficacy." Moreover, he testified, most doctors believed that the government had already checked drugs for their efficacy. "They may not know the name of the agency," he said, "but they take for granted that there has been some sort of expert and official review preceding the release of the drug for distribution and sale." Another doctor asserted that the A.M.A. had "euchred itself into this astonishing posture," which, in effect, made "every physician his own Pasteur" and the American people "a willing army of guinea pigs." It was impossible to determine how many drugs were on sale, he added, and referred to "a statement published in *Time* magazine that there were more than 140,000 medicaments available," which he was unable to evaluate "because, on the one hand, [this figure] was published by Dr. Austin Smith in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association when he was its editor, while, on the other hand, it was challenged by Dr. Austin Smith as president of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association and called a libel on the industry."

To throw some light on the A.M.A.'s opposition, Kefauver turned things over to Flurry. Flurry told the subcommittee that in 1957 Dr. George F. Lull, an official of the A.M.A., had spoken at a P.M.A. convention about a breach that had existed in former years between the A.M.A.—especially its Council on Drugs—and the industry. Then Flurry read a portion of Dr. Lull's address:

> We appeared to be a long way from having a common goal or objective of mutual concern in those days. Less than twenty years ago, a considerable portion of the council's time was still devoted to the preparation of reports which were highly critical of many of the drugs then available. . . . [But now] the consideration of advertising has been taken out of the jurisdiction of the council. Advertising in A.M.A. publications is in the hands of an advertising committee. No consideration of advertising elsewhere is being undertaken. The former official

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gypsy music with cimbalom
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rules of the council have been superseded entirely.

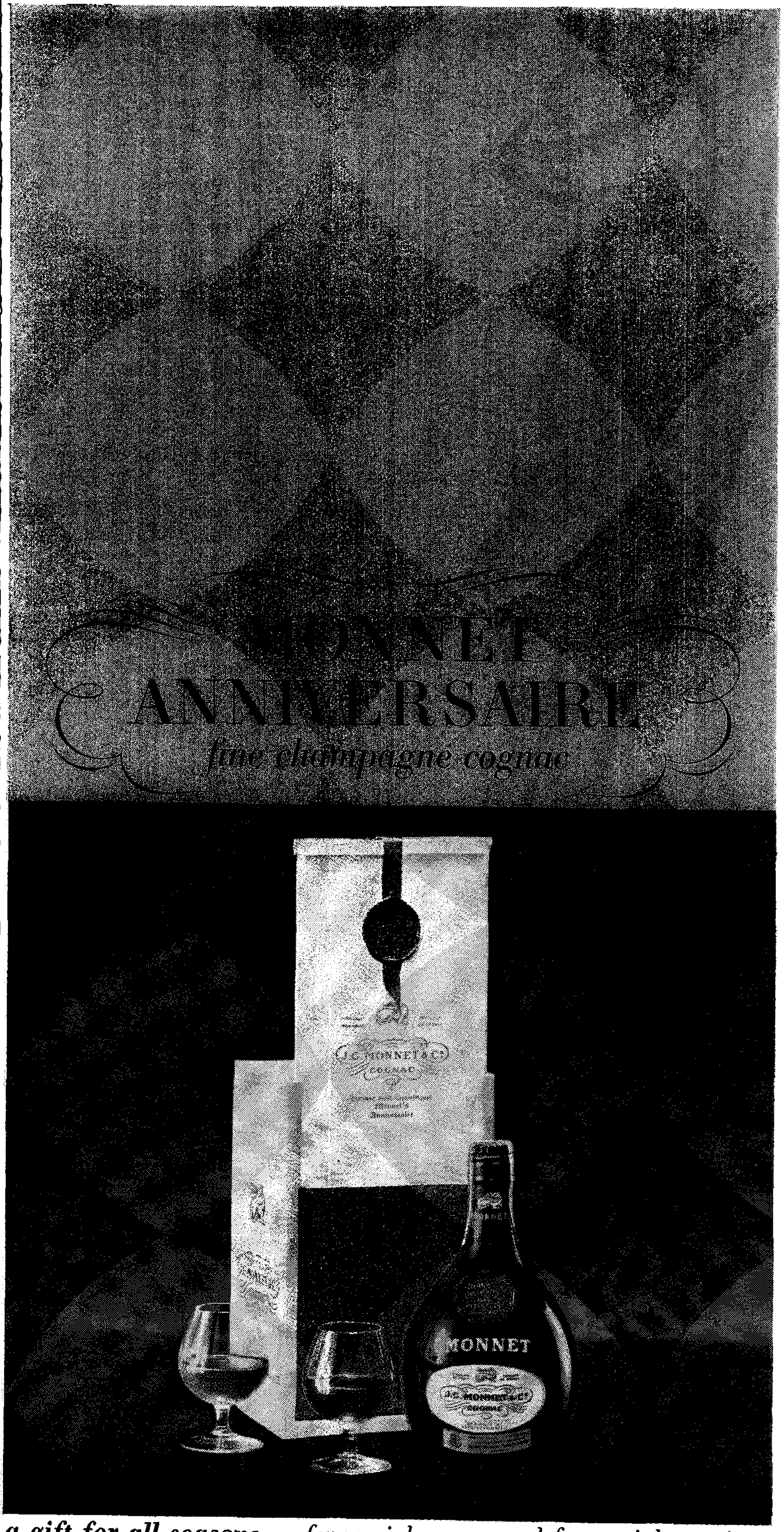
At this point, Kefauver took over and pointed out that in the early fifties the A.M.A. had begun giving up a number of activities that it had been engaged in for some years. Among them were support of a microbiological laboratory to test new drugs, a seal-of-acceptance program (drug advertising in A.M.A. periodicals was limited to products that had been granted the seal), the inspection of drug plants, a measure of control over the choice of generic names, and a campaign for prescribing by generic names. In 1953, Kefauver pointed out, the A.M.A. had had a survey made by a private outfit to determine why its advertising revenue had gone up only three per cent in the past seven years, while that of some other journals had increased by nearly half. According to the survey, seventy-one per cent of the doctors interviewed felt that the seal of acceptance, for instance, was of great value (for over half of them it was more important than a company's good name), but members of the industry had no use for it. Over the next seven years, the A.M.A. had gradually relinquished the policing powers that Kefauver had listed, and in that period its revenue from dues and periodical subscriptions had gone from about five million dollars to almost six, while its advertising income had risen from three and a half million dollars to eight—more than half of the Association's annual earnings from all sources—and the number of advertising pages in the *Journal* had jumped from 470 to 1,402.

"Is it in keeping with human nature that you would be completely objective when the biggest part of your revenue comes from that source?" Kefauver asked Dr. Hussey.

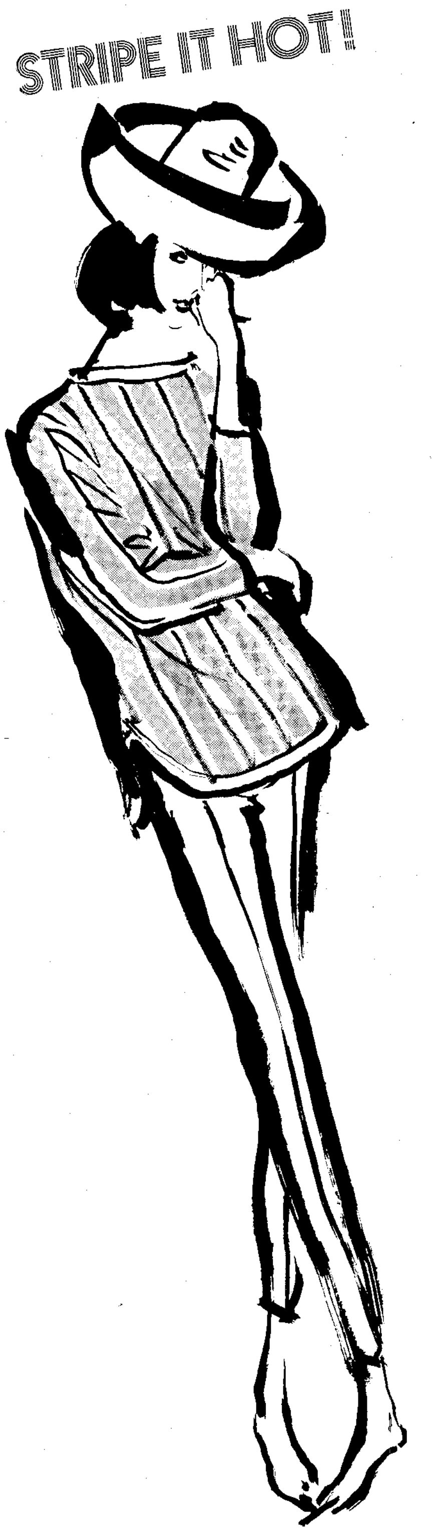
Dr. Hussey nodded emphatically. "Yes, sir," he said. "It is entirely proper that we should be objective, and we are objective."

Next, Senator Kefauver called on Dr. Irene Till, an industrial economist on his staff—it was she who had originally suggested an investigation of the drug industry—and she read a notice that had appeared in the *Journal* in 1960: "Every statement that appears in A.M.A. publication ads must be backed by substantiated facts . . . or we won't run it! This is why you can rely on what you read about products that are advertised in the pages of A.M.A. scientific journals." Then Dr. Till produced two advertisements that had appeared in the *Journal* a week apart. The first, for

MONNET 3 STAR 84 PROOF • ANNIVERSAIRE 82 PROOF • SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U.S.A. MUNSON G. SHAW COMPANY, NEW YORK.



a gift for all seasons . . . *for special persons and for special occasions. Monnet Anniversaire is perhaps the finest cognac made, with a rare softness and bouquet. To taste it is to appreciate the infinite ability of man. It is presented in a fabulous gift case of natural wood lined with red velvet.*


STRIPE IT HOT!

White Stag does. They took 100% knitted cotton shantung terry. Cut it sporty, with tails. Striped it HOT with New Tempo colors: Jet Orange/Solar Sand and Strato Blue/Galaxy Green combination stripes. Sized it S-M-L. And priced it $7.00. Wild! Shirttail Terry Top. With White Stag's Stretch Sailcloth Southampton pants in Strato Blue, Solar Sand, Aurora Rose, Galaxy Green. At Lord & Taylor and other fine stores. you're right, it's

White Stag

Wyeth Laboratories' Equanil, stated, in part:

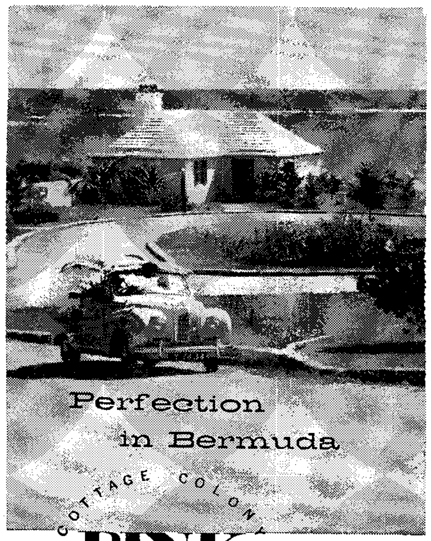
> Careful supervision of dose and amount prescribed is advised, especially for patients with a known propensity for taking excessive quantities of drugs. Excessive and prolonged use in susceptible persons (alcoholics, former addicts, and other severe psychoneurotics) has been reported to result in dependence on the drug.

The second, for Carter's Miltown, claimed:

> Simple dosage schedule produces rapid, reliable tranquilization without unpredictable excitation
> No cumulative effects, thus no need for difficult dosage readjustments
> Does not produce depression, Parkinson-like symptoms, jaundice, or agranulocytosis
> Does not impair mental efficiency or normal behavior

Miltown and Equanil, Dr. Till pointed out, were two names for the same drug.

OF the many charges made against the drug industry, one that disturbed Kefauver profoundly was that some pharmaceutical houses seemed to be promoting prescription drugs directly to the layman—sometimes over radio and television but more often in newspapers and magazines. One reason for not advertising such drugs to the patient is that he is not qualified to name his poison—which, of course, all prescription drugs are, in some degree—and another is that doctors resent any interference between them and their patients. The Physicians' Council, a small group of specialists dedicated to improving "the standard of health information disseminated both to the medical profession and the public," has stated in its Code for Advertising that "products which require the special knowledge of a physician for proper administration should not be promoted directly to the public." An extension of this principle is the classic illegibility of doctors' handwriting on prescription blanks, which affords one means of seeing to it that a person doesn't know what medicine he is taking. Dr. Haskell J. Weinstein, a former medical officer in the clinical-research division of Pfizer, had been the first to accuse the industry of violating this tenet. After remarking, during the investigative hearings, that "there is a rather intense effort to reach [the physician] through the patient," he continued, "It is an unfunny joke in the medical profession that the very latest information on new advances in medicine most often appears in the eminent medical journals such as *Reader's Digest*, *Time*, and the *Wall Street Journal*. Some of this is legitimate, good reporting. However,



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Live in an exquisite cottage on renowned South Shore. All bedrooms air conditioned. Pool, private beach, tennis courts. Superb cuisine, air conditioned Clubhouse, dining rooms. Intimate cocktail bar, spacious lounges. Your choice of 2 adjacent championship golf courses.
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Meet this spirited new challenger in the Tequini
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much of what appears has in essence been placed by the public-relations staffs of the pharmaceutical firms. . . . [They do] not say that the reader should rush to his physician and demand the drug [mentioned], but the implication is usually clear."

Kefauver had thereupon instructed Blair and Mrs. Goodwin to look into the charge, and in time they had presented him with a collection of case examples. Then, early in February of 1962, as the legislative hearings approached their conclusion, Kefauver turned his attention to the activities of the oldest and most specialized public-relations agency in the business—the Medical & Pharmaceutical Information Bureau, a New York outfit headed by John Weilburg, who had formerly been an organizer and negotiator for the Newspaper Guild. In the five years before 1962, M.P.I.B. had represented twenty-three organizations, most of which were drug companies, among them Schering, Merck, Wallace, Bristol, U.S. Vitamin & Pharmaceutical Corp., Chemway Corp., Crookes-Barnes Laboratories, Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Corp., Nordson Pharmaceutical Laboratories, Baxter Laboratories, and Warner-Chilcott Laboratories. M.P.I.B., Weilburg testified, served primarily as liaison between these companies and radio, television, and newspaper writers and editors. "In a modest way, the Medical & Pharmaceutical Information Bureau speeds up the process of satisfying the public need for valid information on health and medical subjects," he said, and added, "For ourselves, we take pride in the part we have played in helping to report significant advances in medical science to the public."

On this occasion, Kefauver had as his counsel Bernard Fensterwald, Jr., and Mrs. Goodwin. Fensterwald asked Weilburg whether part of M.P.I.B.'s job was not to promote the sale of specific products, and Weilburg replied, "No one has yet shown me that public relations has sold a single prescription drug." At that, Mrs. Goodwin cited one of a number of documents that had been subpoenaed and put into the record, though not all of them came up in the hearings. This one was a letter that M.P.I.B. had sent to Bristol in 1957, outlining the agency's program. Under the heading "General Objectives," the letter included the phrase "to promote the sale of specific products." As Weilburg saw it, this meant nothing more than that promotion of a company was bound to spill over onto its products. In fact, he pointed out, the letter to Bristol

All new from Sony

An invaluable aid to the learning process, this 4-track stereophonic tape recorder now makes it possible to have professional assistance at the touch of a knob. Such desirable features as the student/teacher comparison switch permit the language student to match his pronunciation with the instructor's voice; sound-on-sound allows the music student to sit in or sing to pre-recorded professional accompaniment. Other deluxe features such as the pause control and digital tape counter, the self-contained power amplifier and speaker, provides unlimited versatility at school or in the home. Complete with portable carrying case and the new F-96 dynamic microphone. ***Less than $219.50***

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Wash and wear pair

—our pretty cotton terry robe with matching towel, white, blue, yellow, pink with embroidered ribbon. Loungees design, petite, small, medium or large. 13.00 on the Fourth Floor and all Lord & Taylor stores

had gone on to say as much. It had, but it had also said, "Moreover, narrower and more direct product promotion should also be employed through constant mention of Bristol products in this agency's regular services to news commentators, makeup editors, etc." Of the firm's various techniques, the letter continued, the one that M.P.I.B. felt "would have the broadest and most direct sales promotion results" was a feature called "Spotlight on Health," a newspaper column prepared in mat form ready for printing, which was sent to the editors of two thousand small daily and weekly newspapers across the country.

Kefauver asked, "Isn't this direct sales promotion, Mr. Weilburg?"

Weilburg said he thought not. Rather, he declared, since small papers couldn't afford wire services or syndicated columns, "this is one way of getting medical news to them."

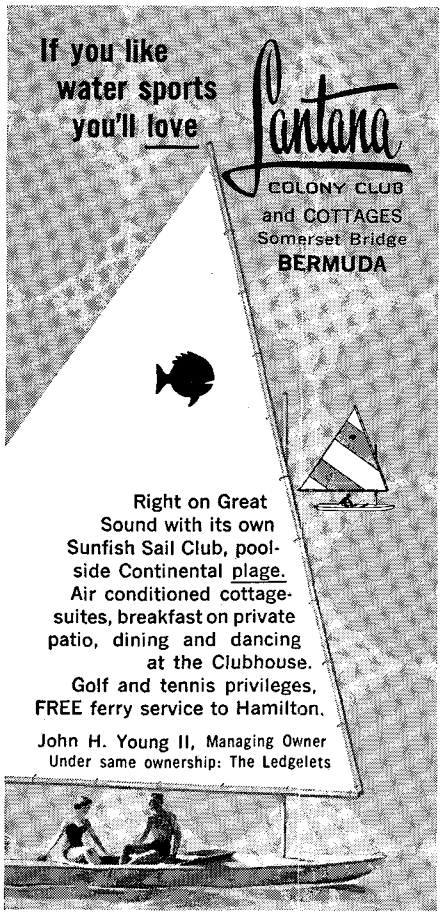
Indeed it was, Kefauver agreed, and pointed out that the medical news involved usually included the trade name of a particular product (he cited Soma, Lenic, and Peritrate, among others) but never the name of the manufacturers (Wallace, Crookes-Barnes, and Warner-Chilcott, respectively), whose general contribution to man's well-being was what M.P.I.B. was supposed to be lauding.

At this point, Fensterwald inquired whether the mats should not have had the word "advertisement" across the top.

Weilburg said he didn't think so, because "you have to pay for advertising space."

Fensterwald smiled. "You seem to have licked that problem," he said. "You seem to get free advertising in two thousand papers."

If the P.M.A. chose not to go as far as the Physicians' Council in limiting drug advertising to the layman, its code of ethics did stipulate that the promotion of new drugs or of new uses of old drugs "prior to adequate clinical acceptance and presentation to the medical profession is not in the best interests of the medical profession or the layman." According to Weilburg's testimony, M.P.I.B. fully subscribed to this. However, several of the subpoenaed documents led Kefauver to wonder how strictly M.P.I.B. had observed it. One of them, a letter that Weilburg himself had written in December, 1960, to Baxter Laboratories, the maker of an anticholesterol preparation trade-named Choloxin, noted that the drug had recently been approved by the Canadian government, and looked forward to the



If you like water sports you'll love
Pantana
COLONY CLUB and COTTAGES
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Right on Great Sound with its own Sunfish Sail Club, poolside Continental plage. Air conditioned cottage-suites, breakfast on private patio, dining and dancing at the Clubhouse. Golf and tennis privileges. FREE ferry service to Hamilton.

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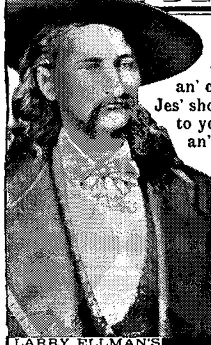

SURPRISE!

Stranger in town? Come fer dinner an' claim the ree-ward! Jes' show this here ad to yore waiter an' see whut happens.

PRAIRIE-SIZE STEAKS
CATTLEMAN'S CUT of PRIME RIBS

SING ALONG WITH BILL FARRELL IN THE SALOON
Open Daily & Sunday 'til 2 A.M.
Valet Parking • All Credit Cards
Reservations — YUKON 6-4988

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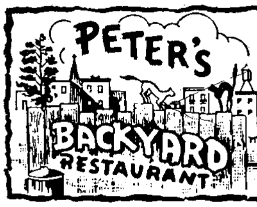
LARRY ELLMAN'S
THE CATTLEMAN
THE ADULT WESTERN RESTAURANT AT 47TH ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

Battle of the Sexes?

No conflict here. Our styles for men instantly reconcile the male and female point of view because the right tie or suit is so vital to the finished look.

Lymey's gentlemen's apparel
116 East 57th Street, New York • PLaza 2-5850



PETER'S BACKYARD RESTAURANT

STEAKS • CHOPS
SEAFOOD
Charcoal Broiled before your eyes.
Open Every Day
DINNER-SUPPER
Daily 4 pm-Midnite
Sun & Hol from 2 pm
64 W. 10th St., N.Y.C.
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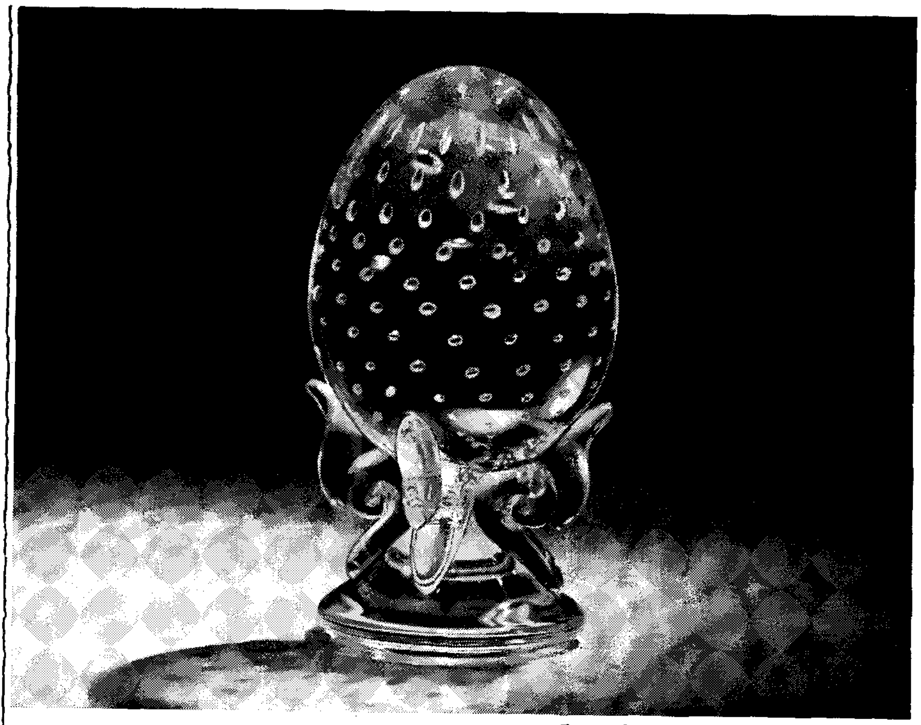
approval of the company's N.D.A., or new drug application, by the F.D.A. Among other things, Weilburg pointed out in this letter that if Canada's acceptance were publicized here, "it may help to speed an N.D.A. clearance," and that "a U.S. story, followed by others based on new clinical work, would help sell Choloxin even before the drug becomes available here." In another document, a letter to Merck about Decadron, its new cortical steroid, M.P.I.B. suggested various ways of promoting the drug before it was cleared by the government, and concluded, "As the above would imply, we feel that the initial effort should be strictly in the news media, saving the consumer magazines for the fall or winter, when Decadron is expected to be past the N.D.A. stage and on the market."

The documents in the record included a series of progress reports from M.P.I.B. to the president of Nordson. One said, in part: "Women's News Service is distributing a feature-news story on Levonor [a dieting drug] to some 65 newspapers in the United States and Canada," and "NEA Service, Inc., the largest feature syndicate, has accepted a short story on TV snacking and Levonor." Another said that editors of several women's magazines had shied away from any direct endorsement of a drug by name, but added, "We can expect descriptions which will identify the drug to their readers' doctors." A number of writers, the subcommittee learned, had proved to be less reluctant than those editors. Just before Christmas of 1958, M.P.I.B. had prepared a special release on holiday dieting (and Levonor), which it sent to Patricia McCormack, of U.P.I. Later that month, a story under her byline went out to over nine hundred and fifty papers in this country and Canada. A large part of it was taken almost verbatim from the M.P.I.B. release, but here and there Mrs. McCormack put in her own touches:

M.P.I.B.	U.P.I.
To keep calorie control, check with a physician on the use of appetite suppressants. Levonor, a new one, does not stimulate the nervous system and, according to medical reports, can be taken at night to curb pre-dinner hunger without disturbing sleep later on.	To reinforce calorie control, check with a doctor about the use of appetite suppressants. A new one (Levonor) does not stimulate the central nervous system. Medical reports indicate it can be taken at night and does not disturb sleeping later on.

On October 22, 1958, M.P.I.B. sent another progress report to the president of Nordson, in which it referred to "a diet/drug story for *Pageant Maga-*



Crystal egg · Height 4½" · $65.00

For Spring and Easter—
in Steuben crystal

STEUBEN GLASS
FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

Her old beau gave Royal Worcester

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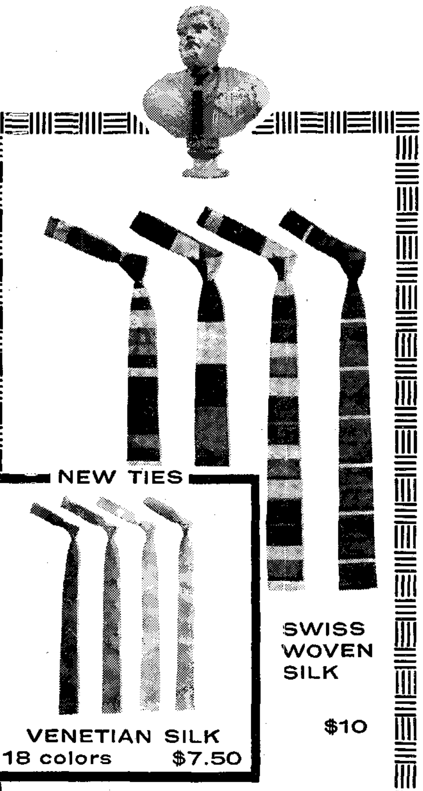
zine, now being prepared by free-lance writer Donald Cooley, mentioning the use of Levonor," and two months later it reported, further, "Donald Cooley's story on reducing aids has been accepted by *Pageant*." When Cooley's article appeared in *Pageant*, in May, 1959, it turned out to be an attack on over-the-counter diet drugs. In a box set off from the text, Cooley reminded the reader that "doctors' drugs" (a homely and comforting euphemism for prescription drugs) "are different." One big difference, he explained, was that they "are never advertised to the public." He then went on to name five of them, including Levonor.

"Our releases are written as news stories, and in the style to which our daily press has accustomed us," Weilburg observed in his opening statement. At least one newspaper editor apparently thought that he couldn't possibly improve on a lengthy M.P.I.B. release on Levonor, for it appeared in the *World-Telegram* as a news story, with no changes except a new title and no additions except the names of three doctors (taken from another M.P.I.B. release). In his testimony, Weilburg was careful to distinguish between his firm's press releases and its backgrounders; the latter, which were considerably longer, were intended as sources of stories, he said. However, not everyone could tell the difference. Both the *World-Telegram* and the New Haven *Sunday Register* printed verbatim an M.P.I.B. backgrounder on vacation medicines, mentioning five of Bristol's drugs.

"Mr. Weilburg," Senator Kefauver said, "this same thing goes on with a number of drugs. You write something about an illness that a lot of people have—for example, one [of the drugs mentioned in a 'Spotlight on Health'] is Peritrate, which will help angina. You have a small 'p.' You don't put it in capitals as a trade name. But when the patient goes to the drugstore to get these [drugs you refer to], he will be told, of course, that these are prescription drugs and he cannot get them. And then the patient will go to the physician and say, 'Well, I have been reading about Peritrate, what a great drug it is,' and attempt to substitute his opinion or convince his doctor, pressure his doctor, to prescribe this because he has been reading something that you wrote, which says it is good for him."

This occurred on the last day but one of the hearings—a day also marked by the vehement behavior of Senator Hruska, who pounded on the table, shouted repeatedly, and dressed down



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Mrs. Goodwin continuously for her statements. He scoffed at the notion that any physician would give in to a patient's pleas or threats. Weilburg quite agreed. "I cannot imagine any doctor acting that way," he said. At least one of his clients did not share this opinion, it would seem, for a subpoenaed letter to M.P.I.B. from Warner-Chilcott that was put in the record stated, "The question of time seems to me a fairly delicate one. There are two cross patterns to consider. The first, having the material published so patients will go to physicians, and, second, having the physician familiar enough with [the drug] to prescribe it."

A witness who had testified on this point during the investigative hearings was Dr. Perrin H. Long, chairman of the Department of Medicine of the Downstate Medical Center of the State University of New York, who had come to the hearings along with the president of American Cyanamid. Although Dr. Long defended the industry across the board and attacked "those research people, or doctors, who look down their noses at profits" as "fuzzy-minded . . . emotionally disturbed, and jealous," he also assured the subcommittee that some drugs—particularly the sulfas and antibiotics—were widely misused. "By whom?" he asked rhetorically, and answered, "The doctors who prescribed them and by patients who threaten to fire the doctor who doesn't give them their pet antibiotic when they have a common cold, a viral sore throat, a viral pneumonia, or some other type of infection for which treatment with antibiotics is useless." Shortly before the last day ended, Kefauver recalled Dr. Long's statement, and asked an assistant to find it in the voluminous transcript. He then read some more of it to Weilburg and Hruska:

> This happens, gentlemen, far more than you realize. Not long ago, a doctor whom I know was called late one afternoon to see the patient of another doctor who was out of town. She had an acute common cold and also chronic asthma. She imperiously demanded that she be given penicillin, which my friend refused to give her because it is not a good idea to give asthmatics penicillin. The patient got very angry, dismissed the doctor, saying "I will get a doctor who will do what I say." She did. He gave her an injection of penicillin, and in less than five minutes she died from anaphylactoid reaction produced by the penicillin.

Weilburg remarked merely that he had once tried to persuade his own doctor to give him a certain medicine and had been summarily told to attend to his own business.

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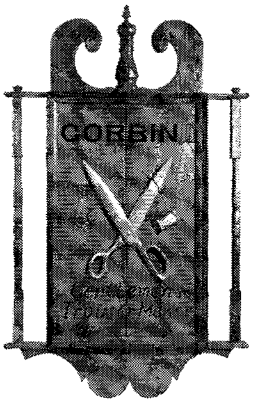

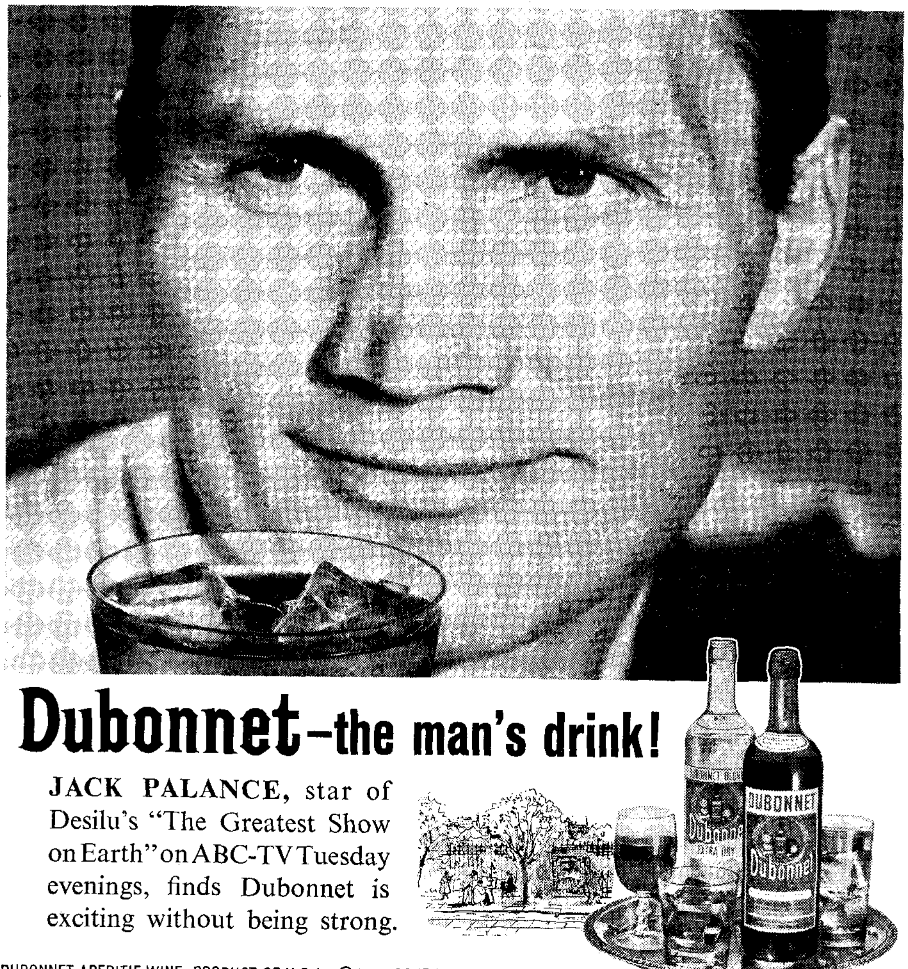

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business with drug companies," Kefauver said.

In his closing statement, made a couple of minutes later, Kefauver said, "I must say the extent of lay promotion of drugs came as an astonishment to me," and went on to express the hope that some form of his bill would soon be enacted to deal with that and other problems uncovered by the subcommittee. Then, after observing that the hearings had been "a long, hard row," he said he believed that they would produce benefits that would ultimately "accrue to the American people." On that weary note, he adjourned the session at fifteen minutes after eleven on the morning of February 7, 1962, exactly twenty-six months and 12,885 pages of testimony after the opening day, and the hearings officially came to an end.

—Richard Harris

(*This is the second of a series of three articles on the background and history of Senate Bill 1552.*)

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The oft-postponed "Anniversary Concerto: 75" by Robert Evett is having its world premiere on our programs in Constitution Hall this week. The Concerto was commissioned by Bernard L. Copeland, president of Basic-Witz Furniture Industries of Waynesboro, Virginia, as part of the 75th anniversary celebration of the founding of his company. Mr. Copeland decided upon engaging Robert Evett for this assignment upon reading of the successful performance by Howard Mitchell and the National Symphony of Evett's First Symphony last season. The commission is unique as far as we know in that it is the first time that an American industrial company has commissioned a serious symphonic composition for performance in a regular concert series. In honor of the composition and its 75th anniversary, Basic-Witz is introducing this winter a newly designed line of furniture to be called, appropriately enough, "Concerto." The designer of these new Basic-Witz suites is a Washington resident, Sanford Wallach. Mr. Wallach is represented on our stage at these concerts by the handsome new podium he designed for Howard Mitchell and which has been presented to the National Symphony by Basic-Witz. During this week Mr. Evett's Concerto will be recorded by the National Symphony under a grant from Basic-Witz. The record, which is to be distributed as a gift through furniture stores, will also include the new proposed official version of The Star Spangled Banner as arranged for symphony orchestra by Howard Mitchell, and the Suite from the Sleeping Beauty by Tchaikovsky. Tchaikovsky wrote his Ballet in 1889, the year that the Basic-Witz company was founded. How apt that Basic-Witz is famous for its bedroom furniture.—*National Symphony program.*

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LETTER FROM PARIS

MARCH 11

LOCAL diplomatic circles are now saying, in their professional undertone, that Franco-American relations have deteriorated to a point where little is left of them except formal recognition. There is supposedly a governmental anti-American atmosphere that is à la mode in Paris. As yet, this erosion on the government level of the transatlantic national friendship has in no perceptible fashion influenced the nationals themselves here—the vast population of Parisians and the small colony of resident Americans, who continue to get along in their relative separateness exactly the same way and exactly as well as they did before General de Gaulle recognized Peking, which is where it all started. No sooner had the Chinese delegation settled down temporarily on the second floor of the Hôtel Continental, across from the Jardin des Tuileries, than de Gaulle gave a particularly cordial welcome to M. Nicolai Podgorny, Secretary of the Soviet Presidium, as head of a Soviet delegation that enjoyed a gala visit in Paris, with Podgorny recalling that President de Gaulle had a standing invitation to a gala visit in Moscow. Then, this last weekend, millions of French TV watchers saw and heard Dr. Castro, of Cuba, where de Gaulle is to visit in a few days, give a televised, translated interview in which he was warm indeed in his admiring references to the Fifth Republic's chief. "There are several things in General de Gaulle's foreign policy with which I am in sincere sympathy," Dr. Castro said, and enumerated them. First of all was the French leader's independence of attitude in regard to the United States, then his opinions on how to settle things in Southeast Asia, and finally, of course, his decision to send a French Ambassador to Peking. For all three of these anti-American compliments to be programmed in French on the French-government-controlled TV was like a triple massage of salt in Washington's wounds.

In confused and worrisome periods like this last fortnight, with Ambassador Charles Bohlen known to be back home talking over the Franco-American rift with the State Department, Parisians have been extra diligent in their perusal

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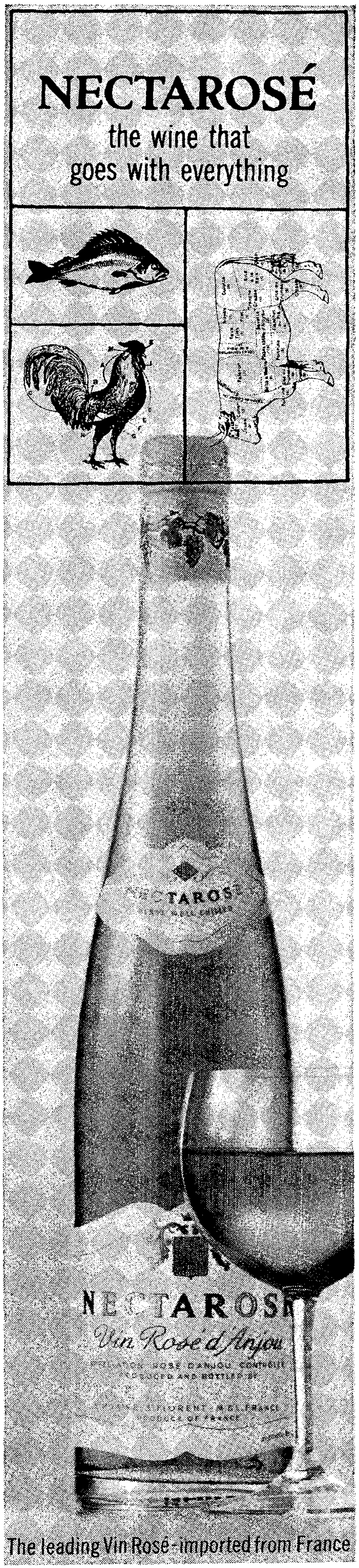

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of the papers to find out what is going on in national policy matters—any papers, even the British press when it contains special pieces on French affairs. This Tuesday evening's *Monde* hastened to print in translation a Monday-morning editorial from the London *Times* entitled "De Gaulle Leans Left." With dry humor, the *Times* said, "Suddenly President de Gaulle seems to be the only active revolutionary in Europe. He has just completed a remarkable double in recognizing Peking and acting as host to a high-powered delegation from Moscow. From many a foreign spokesman of the militant Left come tributes both to the historical role of France and to the President's reinterpretation of it. At first sight it is an odd part to be played by a man whose own domestic opponents caricature him as the reincarnation of Louis XIV."

Also on Tuesday, there was a bold, analytical anti-Gaullist editorial in *Figaro* by M. Raymond Aron, Sorbonne professor of sociology, a graduate in philosophy, and a multilingual intellectual of the type that the French admiringly call *un mandarin*, who was formerly a Gaullist himself and is today the French commentator on national and world affairs best known in Paris and also in Washington. Aron titled his editorial, as if in inquiry, "The Infantile Malady of Old Nationalism?" and began his analyzing with several other pertinent questions. "Are the French in 1964," he asked, "more nationalist or less nationalist than in 1958?"—when de Gaulle came to power. "Are they more or less favorable to a united Europe? More or less hostile to the Atlantic Pact and the United States? Personally, I would not presume to decide, though in political milieux the opportunists seem convinced that to tag themselves as anti-American is the best way to court the Prince"—as de Gaulle is semi-ironically called. "What characterizes French nationalism today is less the state of mind of the French than the diplomacy of the Republic's President," he went on. "At every turn, it keeps Washington at a distance. Faced with the Soviet's exigencies, it seems ready, despite everything, to renew the traditional old game on the planetary system of drawing near first to one body, then to another—the only principle being never to be definitely tied. [In this] neo-nationalism of *la France éternelle*, she is on the hunt for a first-ranking role on the world scene [and appears as often as possible as] a lone rider, so as to wipe out any appearance of a connection with the Atlantic Pact." Aron added, "Thus, the world sees what she does as an expression and

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a justification of the revolt against 'American imperialism.' That France is concerned about herself, everywhere and always, is too well known to need repeating. The question the bystander asks himself is: What good do some of these decisions do for France, aside from their undeniable merit in irritating both allies and adversaries at the same time? What will France gain by making the People's China a member of the United Nations and exasperating an important segment of American opinion—aside, of course, from the glory derived from showing her indifference to the susceptibilities and preferences of an ally whose major error is that it is in possession of the reality of power?" Aron's last, highly important, question was to ask, "How does Gaullist France see the international future? In terms inherited from the Common Market and the Atlantic Pact? Or, rather, in terms that suggest the exaltations of nationalist grandeur and the subtleties of a diplomacy born in the Italian cities of the Renaissance? If France herself shows today certain symptoms of the infantile sickness that is nationalism, what country tomorrow will escape contagion?"

Ideas on the future of France, but of a very different sort, were delivered last week (and much commented on) by another highly esteemed intellectual, who is professor of law and economics at the Sorbonne and director of social research at the *Sciences Po.*—M. Maurice Duverger, ordinarily a front-page political analyst for *Le Monde*. What he had to say on Franco-American affairs was printed as an interview in the stimulating leftist weekly *L'Express*, which is anti-government and, indeed, anti-everything except criticism and vigorous information. The essence of what Duverger passionately declared was "It must be said, it must be written! There is only one immediate danger for Europe, and that is the American civilization. There will be no Stalinism or Communism in France. They are scarecrows that frighten only sparrows now. Today, all that belongs to the past. On the other hand, the pressure of American society, the domination of the American economy—all that is very dangerous. Why do you make such a face?"

To this, the reporter replied, "Because anti-Americanism gets on my nerves. Everybody in France has become anti-American. De Gaulle, Etiemble and his 'Parlez-vous Franglais?,' all that talk about 'Oh, my dear, China!,' and 'The Americans, those barbarians!' *Zut!*"

"Granted," Duverger replied. "Nothing is stupider than stylish anti-

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Americanism. But at the base of it all there is, just the same, a real question. America is a different society from ours. It was built by pioneers who for their cultural baggage had the Bible and a sense of adventure. With these two elements, they succeeded in making a body of men for whom money is the essential criterion—the basis of their system of values. In a country like France, the employee who reads your gas meter possesses a scale of aristocratic values. He can distinguish perfectly among a *nouveau riche*, an intelligent man, and a poet. Whether he knows it or not, the cultural ensemble that is at the bottom of his attitudes is shaped by an accumulation of history different from that of the Americans. I think that this element will help us to resist the American pressure. But don't forget one thing: America is evolving. As Russia is liberalizing itself, so is the United States civilizing itself."

"It is doing it pretty rapidly," the recalcitrant reporter interjected.

"In some sectors," Duverger admitted. "But it will probably take as long for America in its entirety to reject a system of values based on money and gadgets as it will take Russia to reject a political system based on dictatorship. For us, the essential is to escape both of them. Our luck, as Europeans, is that we are behind the times—in planned consumption in relation to the United States and in planned socialization in relation to the U.S.S.R. For us, the problem is to arrive at the abundant society when the transitory American phase is over and at socialization when the transitory phase of the proletarian dictatorship is finished. The second seems sure. The first is not sure at all. Quite the contrary. That is why America is for us the more dangerous."

Painful as many of Professor Duverger's conclusions are for many Americans, he has academically touched on basic, alarming truths for many of the French, who, even in their awareness, seem unable to do anything about them except complain—while continuing their American way of life *à la française*.

PEKING must be mentioned again, in connection with the so-called Opéra de Pékin, or L'Ensemble Artistique de la République de Chine, which is now playing to enthusiastic crowds at the enormous Théâtre Alhambra. What it all adds up to is a kind of spectacular-looking Celestial vaudeville, with singing, miming, instrumental music, and, as the major pleasure, action ballets like circus acts, danced whirling in midair by

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tumbling acrobats. The troupe first performed here at the Théâtre des Nations Festival in 1955, then shabbily costumed in colored cotton and economically ornamented with gilt paint. Now the troupe, of close to a hundred performers, is garbed in flamboyant brilliant silks. From what we remember of it then, it is possible that its manner today is less starkly local and less authentically subtle in its miming, having become more worldly through the troupe's occasional tours of the Western continents. Its elegance of attire, however, makes it more than ever a seductive entertainment. The present Alhambra show opens with Tu Ching-fang, the Opera's young star, her visage carmined and rice-powdered so that it looks like a tinted small harvest moon withered by its own radiance. The other evening, she sang what must have been a bravura solo of pentatonic music, its ancient five-tone silvery twanging melody more easily heard, and even enjoyed, by some of us than the modern European dodecaphony we get in some contemporary twelve-tone Paris concerts. The main miming scene—that of an old river boatman bearing a girl over to visit her lover, which is explained in the Communist-inspired program as being her revolt against the old feudal traditions—was unforgettably given here eight years ago. One Paris critic commented that since the Peking Opera has reportedly been in existence for four thousand years, it might have had time to prepare a vaster, fresher repertory. The ocular glory and excitement of the program were the two ballets, one depicting a battle between storks and vultures in which the generals on either side caparison their helmets with their battle flags, and the other a newly elaborated version of the old familiar Battle for the Fortress of Yientanshan. Words cannot move quickly enough to describe the speed of the catapulting bodies of the male acrobats, dancing in air, rolling like hoops beneath one another's feet on the battleground, leaping in battalion lines of lemon or blue silk, with faces painted to resemble the wise features of monkeys, so that they seem to be wearing colored masks. Then, as the final defiance of the law of gravity, the fortress is taken by the winning acrobatic army, which enters it by triple somersaults over its high wall—surely the acme of gaiety in war.

THE only Paris reporter sent out to Dallas to cover the trial of Jack Ruby in its entirety is M. James de Coquet, of *Le Figaro*, that nationally influential and essentially bourgeois

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conservative morning paper, which makes a daily specialty on its second page of the crimes committed the day before, preferably in France. On important Paris newspapers, the trial-and-court reporter is a specialist who rarely writes about anything else. De Coquet's trial reporting is not only expert but highly literate, among other things showing by his quotations his very considerable familiarity with the great French theatre classics, most of which, like Shakespeare, are bloody. If the Texas legal scene he describes has astonished, shocked, and puzzled French readers, the classical references in his reports would baffle the Dallas folk. On Friday last, after a police sergeant had testified that Ruby had said he hoped, by shooting Oswald, to spare "poor Mrs. Kennedy" the ordeal of an endless Dallas trial, de Coquet used in bland irony a quotation from Corneille's "Le Cid"—Don Sanche's offer to Chimène "to employ his sword to punish the guilty"—and in grave seriousness quoted in full the celebrated rhymed couplet that applied to the circumstances: "*Oui, Madame, il vous faut de sanglantes victimes. / Votre colère est juste, et vos pleurs légitimes.*" In the same report, he stated that if it could be proved that Ruby had killed with premeditation, it would cut short "all these tales of political conspiracy, in which I personally do not believe." Such tales still have large credence among the population here, accustomed as the French are to the historic simplicity of plots as a dramatic motive of assassination.

De Coquet is also a well-known gourmet and, as a second specialty for *Figaro*, writes a weekly column called "Les Propos de Table." Last week, it was headed "La Cuisine Américaine." Apropos of what he has been eating in the bar of his Dallas hotel, he mentioned, as astonishing table marriages, veal with bananas, green beans with almonds, pork with pineapple, salmon on a bed of noodles and sausage, and rice and raisins in what seemed to him unholy union. But he spoke well of parsnips, which he had never tasted before, and regretted the absence of blueberry pie. —Genêt

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From the Vancouver Province*]

Belmont, N.C.—Evangelist Billy Graham, making his first speech at a Roman Catholic institution, says the spirit of Christian unity "is the beginning of something so fantastic it could change all of Christendom and will affect you, your children and their children." Graham spoke to 1,500 priests, novices and seminarians.

This one comes in pairs.

From Germany: enchanted land of the Volkswagen, the cuckoo clock and the twins, Alice and Ellen Kessler.

This one, obviously, is one or the other of the latter. What will she and her sister do in the Persian Room from March 25 'til April 21? Heh! Heh! Afterward, Emil Coleman's Orchestra and Mark Monte's Continentals will play leitmotifs.

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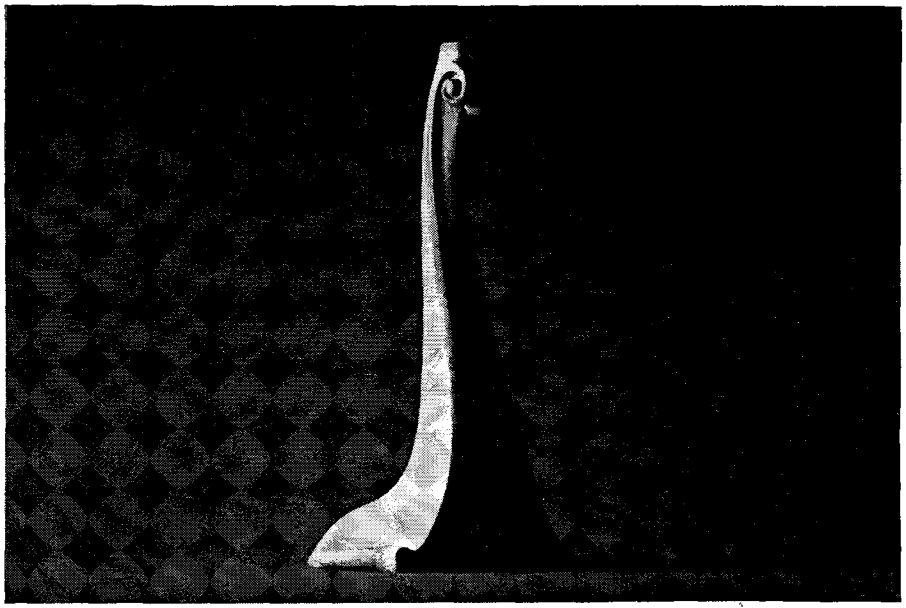

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THERE should be spring in your life and in your step the year round, for not since the first reign of Chanel, which was in the twenties (O Queen, live forever!), has a youthful, pert look sat so firmly in the saddle. The new tailored ready-to-wear things from our big-time New York manufacturers have never looked fresher. For one thing, we've got navy blue for spring again, with those spanking starchy white touches that people decided were so square when the pastels began to move in on that traditional combination. (We still have beautiful pastel suits and coats, which I will discuss later, but the navy-and-whites look livelier to me at the moment, though it may just be that March has made me harebrained.) We've got plain white, too. We've got black and white (though mainly for silk dresses in *this* essay), and gray flannel has been gambolling in new fields, becoming particularly sprightly in the neighborhood of the mighty Galanos. Oh, I've seen a lot of stuff, and most of it, I know, is in more than one shop; I'll just tell you where *I* happened to see it.

Let's make a start, at random or even less, with the navy-and-white bit. Dior-New York (great in every department this year) has made a dress and jacket of navy wool. A panel of white piqué descends the front of the overblouse and curves in a trifle at the waist; navy bone buttons fasten it across the shoulders and down the sides. There are sharp points of white piqué at each side, and *they* are fastened with a single button each. Since Chanel reigns again, open jackets are once more all over the place, and this one hangs straight to the hipbones. Bonwit Teller is among its acquirers. Bonwit has also latched onto Seymour Fox's suit of mostly-wool white ottoman. A vertical row of four brass buttons appears at each side, but purely for ornament, since the jacket hangs loose over a blouse, which is of the navy silk that makes the lapel facing. Teal Traina's open-jacket suit, with pipings of navy braid all around it, is of white silk-and-worsted, and the blouse is of navy chiffon. (At Hattie Carnegie.) Lord & Taylor is having a ball with dark-blue suits (the jackets are hip length, the preference here) with vertical stripes of white, sort of like Damon Runyon characters. One, by Dior-New York, has long lapels, because the top two of the six double-breasted buttons are not to be fastened. It's made of a handsome tailorable rayon that goes by various names (I won't confuse you) and resembles a hard-surfaced crash linen. This is highly uncrushable—a desirable trait, inasmuch as the skirt has two inverted pleats, front and back, at each side. L. & T. also owns a Marquise deal of navy wool with a fine white stripe. (And the shop has pin-striped gray flannel as well, but more executive than Runyonesque.) Norell is the bandmaster of this navy parade, with, for one, a suit of basket-weave wool that has eight brass buttons in double-breasted array and a scarf of white twill at the round, collarless neckline. (I saw this at Evelyn Byrnes.) And, in another up-to-date schoolgirl mood, Jane Derby has busted loose with a jumper of navy wool below whose very low waistline there are inverted pleats. The long-sleeved blouse is of horizontally tucked white cotton (Saks Fifth Avenue).

Among the coats, there is a drift toward fingertip-length, all-purpose things. The champion, in my book, is by Trigère, in a white wool. It has a large and circular Pierrot flare below a flat four-inch-wide band around the neck; a wider band encircles it at waist level, and a third is at the hem. It's nice over just about anything, including long, skinny black evening skirts. It appears, though in other fabrics, too, notably Alaskine, at Lord & Taylor, Bergdorf, Bonwit, et al. Another drift, in day-length coats (and there are usually dresses to go with them; shops like to sell ensembles, and I often wonder why), is toward the skimpy, almost-too-small effect. There's a large revival of redingote lines, with round collars or lapels, buttons below them, slightly flared skirts, and a jog, fairly definite, in at the waistline. A knockout in this genre is by Ben Zuckerman, and Bergdorf is one establishment that has it—white wool tweed with black flecks flashing across it. It's worn over a dress of white silk rep that skims the body. Tiffeau & Busch (Bonwit Teller) has done a coat so slender it needs those slits up the sides. It's of thick wool with an ancient tile design in charcoal and white; pre-Nasser Egypt is what comes to mind. This has a buttoned fly front. It's collarless, but the ascot of the two-piece gray jersey dress with it emerges at the top to drape around the neck. In dressier vein (and likewise at

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Bonwit) is Jean Louis's experiment in navy and white—a coat of navy wool with a mandarin collar, and a lined dress of white surah with dark-blue splotches. The princesse seams down the body of the dress are released at mid-thigh into soft box pleats. The Norfolk jacket, but slim as a pencil, is the droll background for some Zuckerman coats. One is of solid-navy or black-and-white checked near-wool. (As I said some weeks ago, I've given up translating the synthetics.) It has four patch pockets, black buttons all the way down the front (so it *could* become a coat dress), and a belt of black patent leather, not much more than half an inch wide, through small loops at the low waistline. It's at L. & T., and so is his two-piece dress, another parody of the Norfolk, of a white piqué in a herringbone pattern, with a middy-length top and a low-slung narrow belt of patent leather.

I was speaking earlier of Galanos and gray flannel, which he employs for daytime dresses and costumes. Bergdorf Goodman goes heavily for these, and notably for a two-piece overblouse dress with a deep V neckline that is squared off at the bottom. Wide box pleats proceed across the front, and a scarf (he likes big square scarves, tied over one shoulder, with many kinds of outfit) of flannel-bordered white organdie, nearly a yard square, is part of it. More gray flannel does a Galanos coat with wide, flaring lapels that stand away from the neck and a fly front that extends down to a seam low on the waist. Deep pleats descend the sides. This, too, is a Bergdorf possession. The variation on this general idea that Evelyn Byrnes prefers is his double-breasted coat, of the same variety of flannel, with box pleats going across the front well down on the body and winding up in a circular sort of godet at the sides of the flat back. Each shop has a dress along corresponding lines to be worn with it.

Ben Zuckerman is everybody's oyster, probably because he casts so many pearls before us. It wouldn't be spring any more without a Zuckerman pink suit, so he has done a new one of silk-and-wool in an irregular basketweave with minute fuzzy white crossbars all over it (Hattie Carnegie). He has also kidnapped some of the most original fabrics around. One is a wool in a fine basketweave with furry horizontal stripes, at half-inch intervals, that look for all the world like minuscule rickrack. He uses it in white or deep bright blue (I'm trying to get around saying "navy" all the time, but it can't be done this season). His Ford in this medium involves a trim buttoned jacket just short enough to

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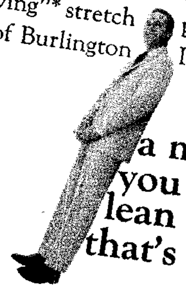

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show the leather belt on the oval-necked sleeveless dress beneath. The belt is green if the costume is white, red if it's navy. And he uses natural, navy, or black wool cavalry twill, with the ribs worked diagonally, for a snug suit with mother-of-pearl buttons down the double-breasted closing. I encountered it at Mimi Tuthill. (Dior-New York butts in here, irreverently, with *its* twill, of raw silk, which it uses for a tan suit with a blouse of tan pongee; this I saw at Bendel.) The damnedest things are being done with cotton, too, and Zuckerman is not one to be caught napping. There are silky, suèded white cottons (of which more anon) that—so to speak—cannot be caught with a nap, either. By contrast, cloqué surfaces adorn all manner of cotton brocades to be made up by him for the likes, say, of Lord & Taylor. Cotton ottoman is everywhere, with its deep ridges usually horizontal.

THERE are a few odd and interesting quirks in shape around town that so far are just whimseys but that might become what the trade calls a Trend. Monte Sano has gone all out for concave fronts on all sorts of coats and dresses, which is hardly novel in itself. But in back he plumps for deep oval yokes, sometimes down to an Empire waistline, with gathers below and occasionally around the sides of them. It gives the clothes a bulging turtle effect in profile. This goes on for every time of day and in every kind of fabric, too. Lord & Taylor has Monte Sano's cocktail coat of wavy-ribbed silk-wool-and-nylon matelassé with the yoke coming very deep, and its dress department is enthusiastic about his cap-sleeved outfit of nubbly basketweave wool in wheat color. It has)(seams down the beltless middle (the back yoke is only about six inches deep) and an oblong stole with taupe wool fringe on three sides. (I saw it at Bendel, too, but all in white.) This line also appears in an after-dark dress of thin puckered silk in the palest almond color; in back, the oval yoke comes almost to the waist, and a matching stole dips to follow the curve of the yoke. Even formal dresses are not immune; more of this thin silk, in white, with the same back, has a short cape with a ruffled edge over it (Saks Fifth).

These are all around. Further unexpected lines occur only here and there. One example is Norell's perfect cocktail dress of black pebbly wool (one of his many imitated but inimitable feats) with deep seaming curving down from under the arms and going just below the bust to indicate an Empire cut;

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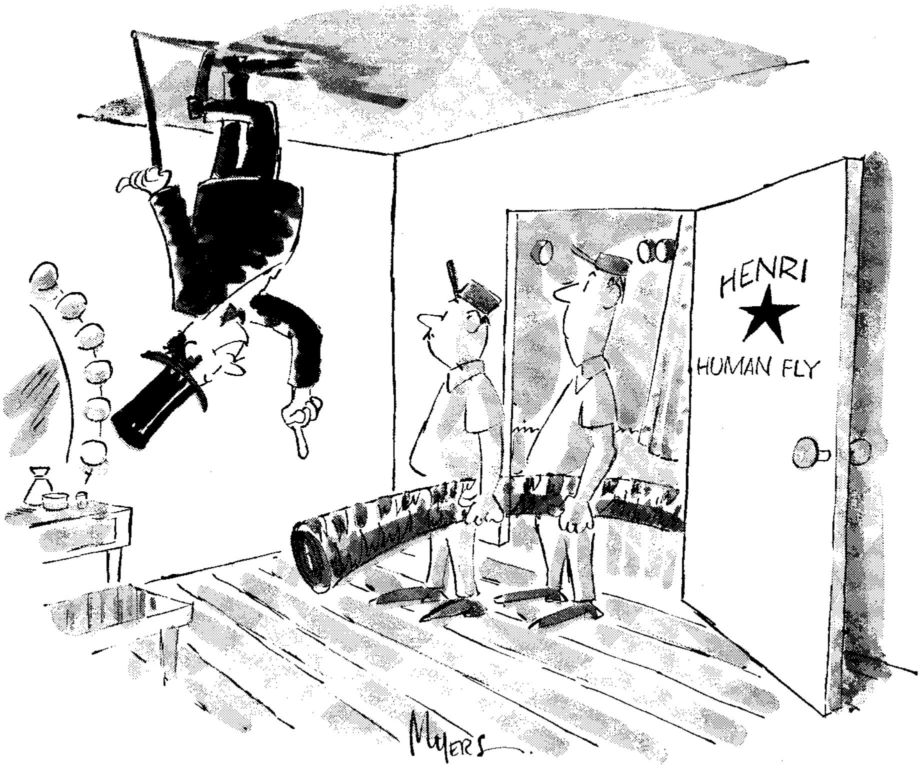

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below that, it's nice and easy, but outward folds on the hips create the illusion that there's a second, and fairly low, waistline. It has nothing but Shape, like all his best things, which drives any writer of prose to utter despair. (It's at Evelyn Byrnes.). . . Several Dior-New York suits at Saks have a high-waisted look, but with a Difference. One, in pink basketweave wool, gets a jacket that is very high-busted, plus a string tie way up on the diaphragm to emphasize this lift; pocket flaps slant *mildly downward thence to a point high* on the ribs. . . . The long-torso look receives the attention of Trigère, who employs chiffon-weight wool for a sleeveless oval-necked dance dress with up-and-down tucks on the long middle. These are released into wee gores that broaden to four inches at the hem. (I counted thirty of them in one dress, but there may be more.) They fall into soft, unpressed-pleat folds at rest, but they swing out mightily when you move. Lord & Taylor has one of these in Trigère's Punch Pink, which is neon enough to be a punch in the eye; Saks showed it to me in a more peaceful *muted jade.*

The best of news for those forgotten women who prefer to play up slender hiplines and are not diminutive enough above the waist to crave Empire rises there comes from several designers, and some lovely wide-at-the-top efforts are on hand to assuage such as these. John Moore, now in business for himself (few designs of his had yet come in while I was around the shops, alas!), has done the wildest sort of overblouse for a two-piece dress of black-and-white checked wool. This long bias top is right across the throat in front but dips and stands away in back; then it falls over the shoulders to make short sleeves, and a V seam, pointed inward from each side, gives it a strange waistline. The skirt has an apron fold in front to give *it* an A look. This is at Bergdorf, as is Geoffrey Beene's treatment of the top-heavy idea—in black silk crêpe with wavy white horizontal lines across it. (Bergdorf calls it a radar print.) The crêpe is so crinkly that it looks like fine accordion pleating. A simple round neck, real batwing sleeves, and a deep blouson are the other details. Beene goes on from this to make long-bloused dresses that are more than reminiscent of flapper days. The best of this lot that I saw is a costume in black silk crêpe with three-quarter-inch white polka dots. The neckline is straight across, and low on the hips is a wide sash in white with black dots; this material also lines the casual three-quarter, kimono-

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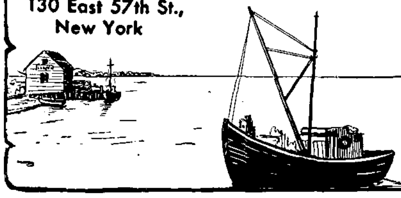

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Sandy Springs, Ga.

sleeved coat that accompanies it (Hattie Carnegie). A meeker blouson of his is at Bendel, in navy surah with small white dots. A plain navy band circumscribes the hips, and bordered handkerchief detail rises in a point to the neck.

AND so onward into the dusk, where femininity holds sway, employing laces and chiffons and lots of that black or white featherweight silk with a bubbly surface. The end products can be demure or devastating. On the demure side is John Moore's three-tiered dress (at Bendel) of thin mauve wool crêpe with long scallops (at the edges) that are edged themselves with much smaller scallops. One of these scalloped scalloped edges is at the hem of a straight overblouse; another is on a tier that ends at mid-thigh; the third is at the hem. For unabashed female seducers, Rentner has planned a dance dress of sheer black lace, and it looks boudoir even at the dinner table. Black satin ribbon ends in a bow rising to the Empire waist; the wide V of the neckline plunges all the way to the bow, and a layer of sheer lace that lines the sides of this V ruffles forward but conceals nothing of you. The overskirt is split down the front like a peignoir, and a lace ruffle goes down the split and around the hem. This is at Hattie Carnegie and Saks Fifth. At Lord & Taylor and Mimi Tuthill, you will see Dior's less precarious sheath of puckered black thin silk with a double lace ruffle coming forward around the deep V neck. A black satin bow is placed well above the waist in front. Bendel has discovered Marianne Spottiswoode, who has fashioned a delectable dance dress of reëmbroidered black lace. It's Empire at the waist, princesse below, and there are satin bows at the bottom of the short black satin shoulder straps. Geoffrey Beene (he's becoming a new crush of mine) proffers a dance dress in that black or white bubbly silk. This has an extra-deep U neck. A ruffle sixteen inches across starts at the hips; another ruffle polishes off the underskirt. It's a real pouf. Bergdorf has it. Tamer ruffles, more appropriate for tailored daytimes, have their chance, too; Winston's slender black silk-and-wool twill, for instance, quietly acquires an inch-and-a-half self ruffle around the hem, around the deepish neck, and down the front. This has dignity with fillip, and it's on the Hattie Carnegie premises.

Prints, of necessity, have become more imaginative and daring year by year, and the combinations of, say, pink and orange are now calmly and rightfully accepted. (It wasn't so long ago that they were considered clashing ex-

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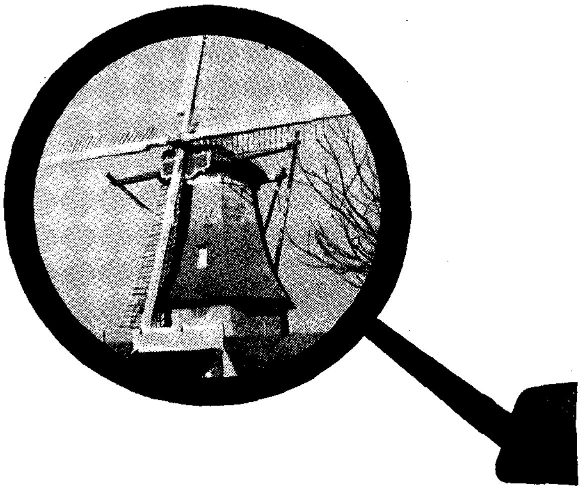

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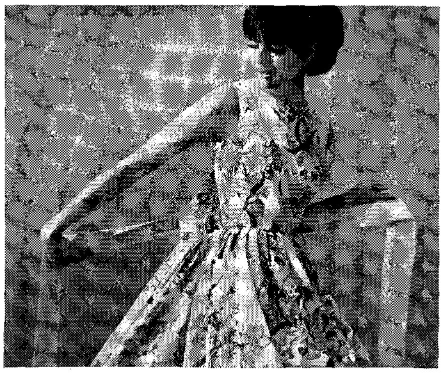

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cept in South Seas paintings.) But I have become bored with the strained desperation of the many prints that try to shock their way into attention. And the color Shocking itself is a guilty party in lots of these mélanges—Shocking and orange and purple designs on marquisette; livid sunsets in orange and Shocking over a mottled purple ground on organza. It's too much to ask these fragile fabrics to endure. (You'd be surprised were I to name the designers who use them, and the elegant shops that have bought the results.) Maybe it's just that bright, fresh colors have bowled me over *this* season, but the big, spiky royal and red daisies on a white silk ground are so corny that they really looked brand-new when I saw them on Jane Derby's long evening gown with easy, curved lines down the middle. (Done especially, and solely, for Bendel.) But I love equally more subtle new prints of Oriental persuasion. De Pinna has two coat-and-dance-dress costumes of such stuff that are To Expire. One is Rentner's, of a deep-pinky-red organza with green and pale-mauve flowers and trailing gray branches. It's an oval-necked dress with a gathered skirt, plus a slim, straight, buttoned coat with lapels. Mr. Z.'s performance in the same league has a mutted mottled orange ground with pink and pale-green doodads on it; the silk dress is princesse and the coat, of cotton in the same print, is pure redingote. To keep on with the Oriental-type prints, I should mention Adele Simpson's sleeveless sheath of that black linen-like rayon (Mimi Tuthill). This has widely scattered Japanese garlands in apricot, mauve, dark red, pale yellow, and pink. A triumph by Galanos, in formal length, has a panel of heavy black crêpe down the front from the shoulder tips to the hem, narrowing at the waistline to a twelve-inch span. This is spattered with a colorful design that is repeated at intervals. The sides and back are of oyster-white crêpe, with a closely set row of round buttons of the crêpe that fasten into loops all the way to the hem in back. Obviously, it's not for bachelor girls without roommates. Evelyn Byrnes is its proprietor. These buttons crop up elsewhere, imparting a custom look, all right, but when they're placed in back they require the services of a personal maid.

We all know by now that these days we must have high, small breasts like Tanagra figurines (shorten those bra straps!), but for formal evenings Burke-Amey insists that they be smaller and higher than ever. The Burke-Amey Empress Josephine enchantresses (they can be ordered in dance length, too,

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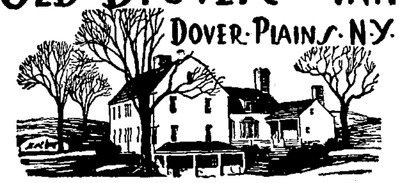

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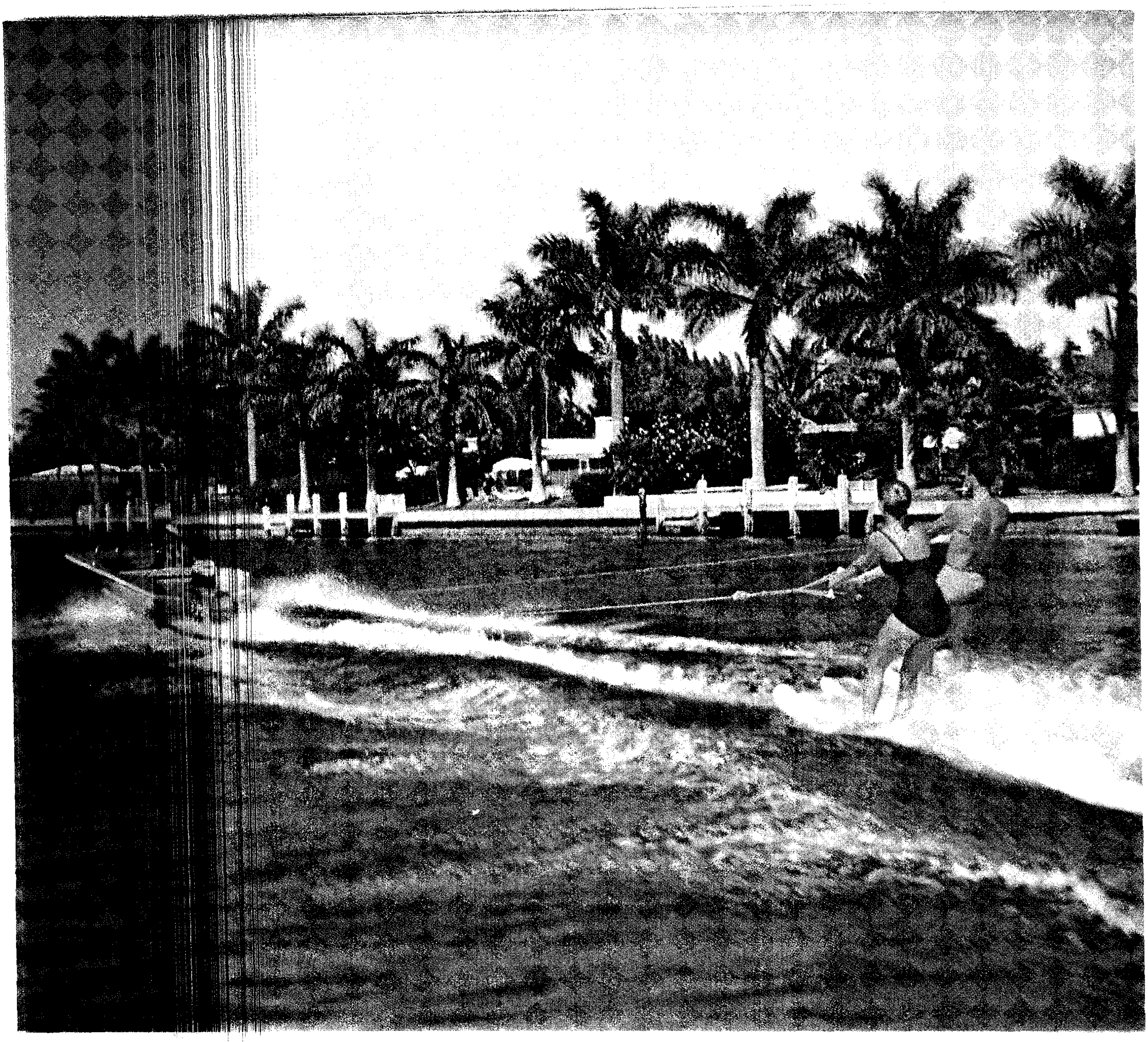

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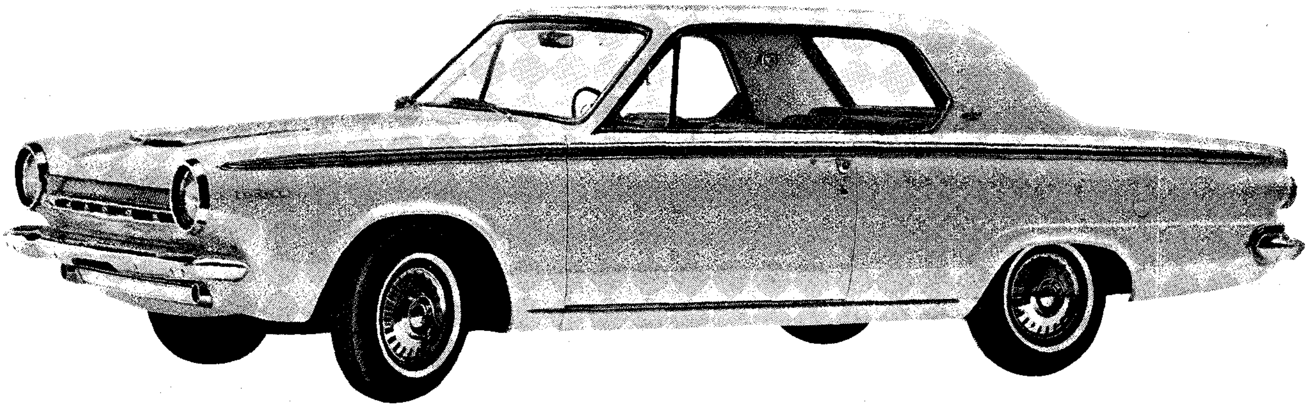

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which I feel would be a shame) have the deepest possible oval neckline, and their shirred-garter "waistline" seems to occur no more than three inches below that. These, too, have those small round buttons with loop fastenings, all the way from the décolletage to the hem. I saw examples in white and pastel silk crêpes at Bendel, but they also come in crêpe printed in bright turquoise, yellow, Kelly, and white, in either vertical wavy stripes or swirls, at Bendel and other shops. I like the white best, though. There is, however, little news in the continuing vogue for formal evening dresses (or hostess gowns) that have shirtwaist or sweater tops with full, gathered contrasting skirts. Among the new versions that pop into mind is Talmack's (Bergdorf), with a skirt of gold poult, a white chiffon top, and a black satin belt; black satin pipes the long cardigan coat of sheer black organza that goes over it—a prankish concept indeed. Beautiful chiffons, usually high-waisted and with great, swirling skirts, are also beloved favorites, and always—when in doubt—ask for the ones of Sarmi and Jean Louis. Last autumn, Sarmi made a little strapless top of mink; this season, delicate white feathers speckled with tiny rhinestones and pearls rise on the bodice, and the skirt is miles of white-over-pink chiffon. This is at Saks. Jean Louis has a new twist in the U-necked, sleeveless wool jersey top and the tailored open jacket (all in apple-green green) he places above the matching chiffon skirt; it has taken up temporary residence at Evelyn Byrnes. An oddity from Teal Traina (this is at Bergdorf) has an Edwardian-dandy air. It's of silk, and the white shirtwaist top has ruffles around the high neck, at the base of the elbow sleeves, and (in double array) all the way down the front. The skirt is yellow, and a green velvet sash is the finisher. But what looks best to me as I await the first daffodil is slender evening dresses with really tailored lines. I have referred earlier to Zuckerman's chalky-white suèded cotton, which suggests vanilla mousse. This makes a wondrous round-necked sleeveless princesse dress with a hip-bone-length jacket on which three small jet buttons descend each side below its high, incisive lapels. This is at Saks and Lord & Taylor. Also at Saks is Paul Whitney's sheath of white wool, swinging outward a bit toward the hem, that is All Line; a modest V neck, a belt of eggplant suède, and a zipper concealed by a small fold down the front are all the magic there is to it until you put it on. (Better pack the Woolite when you travel with any of all the white wools that are around, and while you're packing, you might include that old electric iron for the piqués I have talked about.) Reig has done another beauty, of white wool jersey, with a deep V neck, small bone buttons to the knees, and an easy princesse type of line. It's at Evelyn Byrnes, along with Norell's smashing long evening cape of white silk serge. It's very narrow, and buttons descend the full length of it.

AND I haven't even started yet. So don't let your subscription lapse.

—LOIS LONG

• •

A NOTE TO LA FONTAINE

I have come into the time of the ant.
The grasshoppers are bitterly paying;
Their fiddles are broken, they are lame and laid up,
The ants are sneering, "Now dance!"
And the grasshoppers, in an ague of shivering,
Faint for a morsel, seem to be trying.
It is not good to see. How may I have this tribe starve?
It is a slap in the face of all I believe
To concede that the sour ones, safe in their barracks,
Where they so promiscuously scurry,
Should have every right to be dry and ironic.
Survival is *not* the test, and is a long life the best?
Fie on the envious dullards
So proud of their sweltering summer labor
That they may live without honor through winter.
The grasshoppers have more grace
Than to make out for themselves any case.
With that knowledge they'll die,
Spitting into the bleak eye
Of those who never had such song
To make life seem beautiful and warm.

—JEAN GARRIGUE

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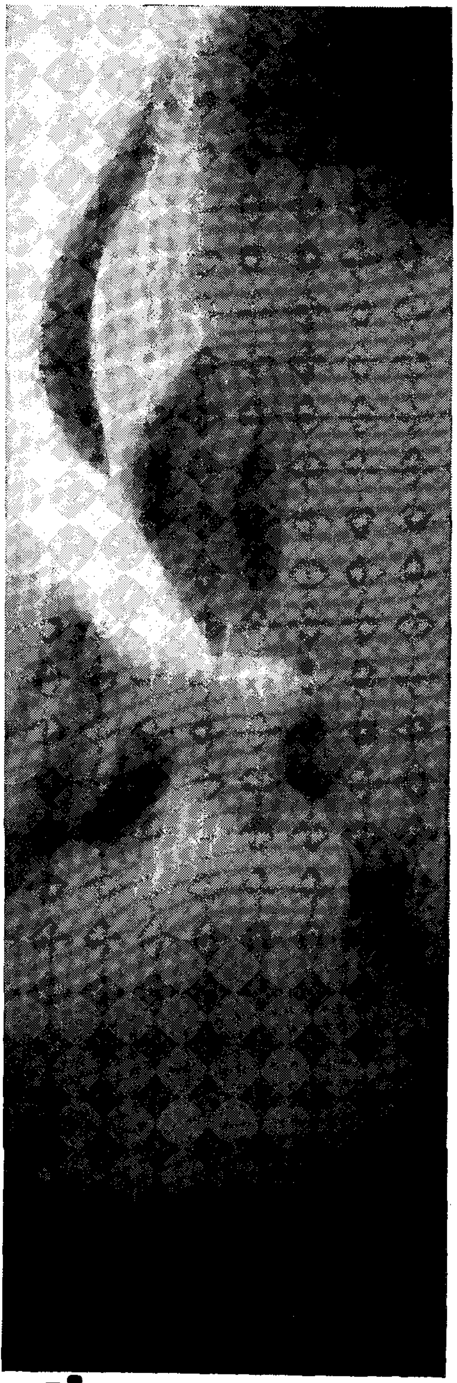

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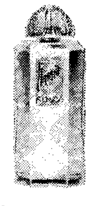

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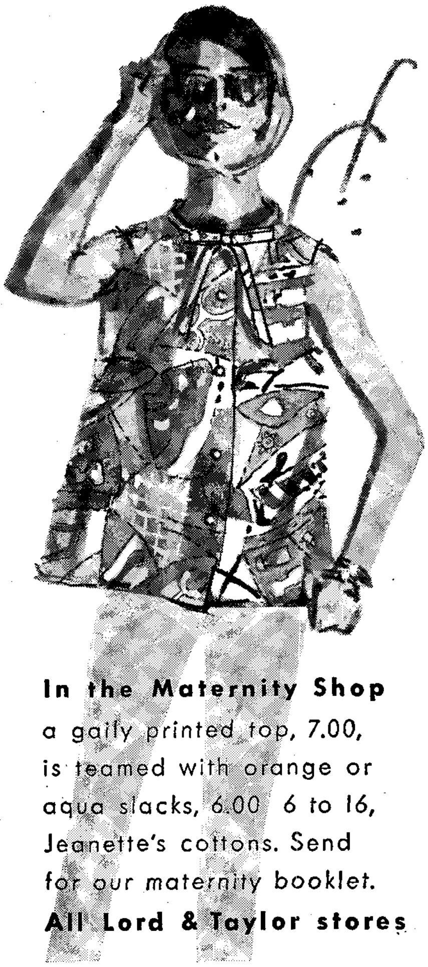
"THE SERVANT" is a crisp and self-confident study of the corruption of a blond young Establishment weakling by a thoroughly unpleasant gentleman's gentleman. Poor Tony—the name is as much to be expected as his blanched, upper-class skin and petulant mouth—has purchased a charming little house in Chelsea; much needs to be done to it, but first things first, and for Tony this means hiring someone to look after him. Born to wealth and trained to idleness, he is wholly unable to look after himself; though he can drive a car and, in a pinch, pour wine, he can't boil water, much less make a meal or put sheets on a bed, and, being too old for a nanny and not quite ready for a wife, he must choose a suitable keeper for his precious old family things and still more precious family failings. The keeper he hits on is a keeper indeed—a swarthy, tough-voiced type named Barrett, who no sooner moves into the house than he indicates his intention of taking charge of its decoration and also, it becomes plain, of every aspect of the young master's life. Mr. Tony has a girl who now and then prompts commendably heterosexual feelings in him, and Barrett and the girl are plunged at once into mortal combat over the ownership of Tony. Iago of the pantry that he is, Barrett introduces into the household a sexy girl friend of his own, who poses as his sister and quickly seduces Tony; from that point on, it is so many sorry steps leading down, down, down, until the servant and master have switched places and we catch a last glimpse of the young aristocrat as, cringing and unclean, he comes to heel at the barked command of the coarse brute who rules him.

Taken from a story by Robin Maugham, the screenplay of this neat—and literal—reversal of fortune is by Harold Pinter, and a smashing job he has done of it. A perfect match for Mr. Pinter's suave ironies of speech and occasional suaver ironies of silence is the direction of Joseph Losey; the subject matter has the richly dark, elegantly spooky quality with which Henry James upholstered many of his tales, and Mr. Losey has



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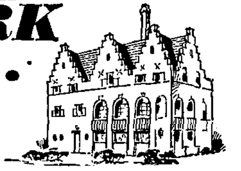

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taken pains to convey this quality pictorially throughout every moment of the film. His camera dwells lovingly and yet nearly always with a hint of implied revulsion on the snug, warm comfort of the well-ordered house, all coal fires glowing in grates and old silver winking on sideboards, yet charged with evil, and my only complaint is that, unlike Uncle Henry, Mr. Losey has shrunk from measuring at anything like their full length the moral and sexual ambiguities of this evil. Perhaps he feared that the results would be *too* creepy; it is hardly the purpose of an ambitious director to make his audiences ill. As Barrett, Dirk Bogarde is a wonderfully convincing Mephistophelean Jeeves; as Tony, James Fox is handsome and pitiful; as Tony's girl friend, Wendy Craig is properly worried and helpless; and as Barrett's girl friend, Sarah Miles is a minx who obviously knows too much for her own good and always has.

THE Italian comedy "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow" comes, like its title, in three parts, which have nothing in common except that each of them stars Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and has been directed by that sly old dog Vittorio De Sica. Indeed, the point of the package is that it contains so many calculated unlikenesses of time, place, and circumstance and thus gives its stars a chance to display their virtuosity not merely in acting but in costume and makeup as well. (Miss Loren does her hair differently in the different segments of the picture, and so does Mr. Mastroianni. The segment in which, as a sensitive literary chap, he wears a suffering-Susskind crew cut was, as you might surmise, shot last.) In the first segment of the picture, which I'm afraid is based on a true incident of the Second World War, Miss Loren plays a lusty, formidably pregnant Neapolitan purveyor of black-market cigarettes, whom the police would dearly like to throw into jail. Her harried, unemployed husband—Mastroianni in a Beatlesque *chevelure*—discovers that, under Italian law, a pregnant woman may not be sent to jail and, after the birth of her child, is safe from arrest for at least six months. Well and good! They will keep hurling infants into the blindfolded face of justice, and for the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth times this expedient works splendidly, but what with fathering the children, feeding them, and picking up after them, Mastroianni is reduced to a shell, and his wife, no long-

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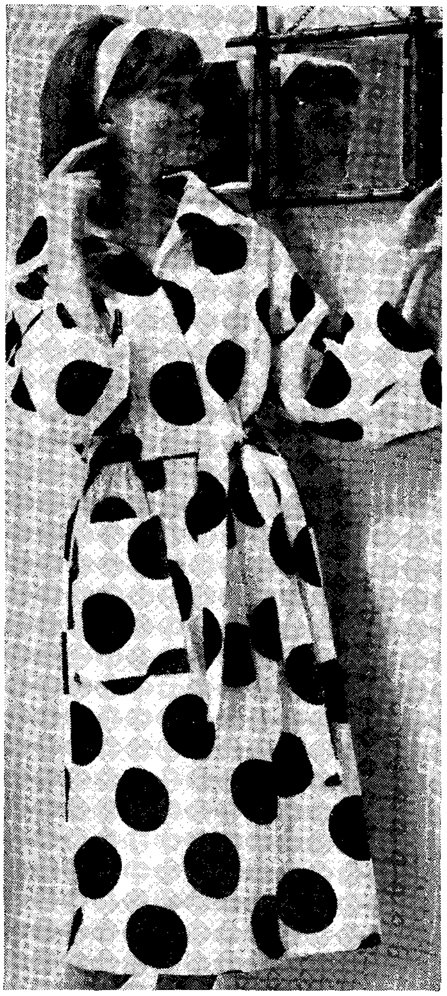

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er *enceinte*, goes furiously off to jail. A happy ending is, of course, in store, though it requires a good deal longer to arrive than I would have liked. The second episode, drawn from a story by Alberto Moravia and accurately reflecting his sour view of the human condition, concerns a young writer whom the restless wife of a Milanese millionaire has decided to take as her latest lover. Miss Loren, dressed this time by Dior, tempts the young man by letting him drive her Silver Cloud convertible. I know no better way to a writer's heart, but a mishap along the road causes the writer to betray a sentimental preference for human life over the almost human life of a Rolls, and the fine lady sends him packing. In the third segment, we have to deal with a stunning Roman call girl; her admirer, a high-strung Bolognese businessman; and a young seminarian whose fugitive glances at Miss Loren in wind-swept undress cause him to doubt his vocation. Mr. Mastroianni is extremely funny as the businessman, and Miss Loren's body, which is the chief feature of the episode, has never looked more desirable. The young seminarian is persuaded to continue his studies, but I suspect he has ahead of him many hours of what theologians call morose delectation.—BRENDAN GILL

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Oak Park* (*Ill.*) *Oak Leaves*]

A BON VOYAGE party in honor of Mrs. Henry Angsten, Mrs. Arthur L. Myrland, Mrs. Robert W. Couffer, Mrs. James S. Bartle, Mrs. John Bickel, Jr., Mrs. Howard Lowry, Mrs. Gaylord Whipple and Miss Donna Pasdeloup was arranged by Mrs. Harold F. Woodyatt of Oak Park last week.

Decorations featured at the luncheon were a series of shadow boxes with scenes of the Three Kings in the Holy Land, the Berlin Wall, the Florida Everglades, and the song title "I Left My Heart in San Francisco."

•

A novel approach was taken by Malcolm McCabe, executive secretary of the Massachusetts Retail Grocers Association, who termed all five bills un-American.

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Mr. McCabe concluded his remarks by commenting, "A lot of people won't die from smoking."—*Quincy* (*Mass.*) *Patriot Ledger.*

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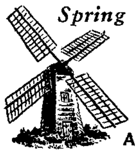

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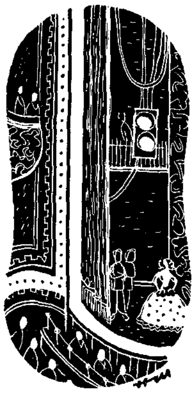
MUSICAL EVENTS

Casserole



UNTIL last week, my most recent encounter with Halévy's opera "La Juive" had been at the Metropolitan Opera House in the middle thirties, when, if I am not mistaken, the cast included Elisabeth Rethberg, Giovanni Martinelli, and Ezio Pinza. For a reason that had eluded me in the interim, my most vivid recollection of this performance was not of the talent displayed by these admirable artists or of the opera itself but of a gigantic stewpot at the back of the stage, into which Miss Rethberg and Mr. Martinelli were obliged to jump at the close of the last act while the latter sang to the horrified Mr. Pinza, "This woman whom you are boiling alive is not my daughter but *yours*," or words to that effect. This episode, an invention of the famous playwright Augustin Eugène Scribe, was, I suppose, gripping in its way, and it certainly passed for drama in the first half of the nineteenth century. But not until last Thursday evening, when the Friends of French Opera, under Robert Lawrence, revived "La Juive" in a shortened and much edited concert version, did I realize just why that stewpot stood out so strongly in my memory of the occasion. The fact is that it is the most distinctive feature of an opera with few other distinctive features. Not that "La Juive" doesn't have its points. It is a highly correct grand opera in the academic French tradition of 1835, and it contains a lot of the fine workmanship that was typical of graduates of the Paris Conservatoire during the entire nineteenth century. It is also a strenuous opera for singers, hurling challenges that only the most spectacular artists can meet. But when one compares it with the Italian operas of its period—those of Bellini, Donizetti, and Rossini—it seems curiously stilted, archaic, and uninspired. As a museum piece, it has its interest, and I was glad to be able to hear it again the other night, but I doubt whether it can ever be expected to resume its old place as one of the staples of the operatic repertoire.

The performance, which was given

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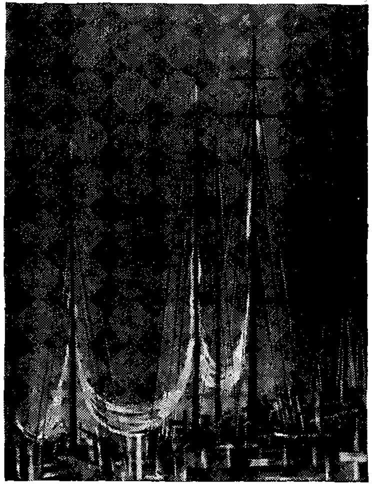

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at Carnegie Hall, was not a bad one. Mr. Lawrence succeeded in getting a good deal more vigor into his conducting than he has on past occasions; the Schola Cantorum sang the numerous choruses acceptably; Richard Tucker infused his customary fervor and practiced artistry into his reading of the role of Eléazar; and Norman Treigle, as Cardinal de Brogni (the man whose long-lost daughter by a long-dead wife gets boiled alive in the last act), gave an impressive demonstration of the kind of noble and sonorous bass singing that the part demands. Elsewhere, things were a little less than perfect. The title role was in the hands of a singer, new to me, named Suzanne Sarroca. An artist endowed with good French diction, she proved to have a large, hearty dramatic-soprano voice, but above a certain range it tended to fray into unfocussed tone, and her high notes were not exactly beautiful to listen to. As Prince Léopold, the lover of the leading lady, Jean Deis, a French-style lyric tenor of some distinction, had an almost incredibly difficult stratospheric role to cope with, and, not surprisingly, some of his top notes issued more or less as shouts. Micheline Tessier was up to the notes of her part—that of Princess Eudoxie, the leading lady's rival—but her voice was lacking in what vocal teachers refer to as "support," and gave an impression of immaturity. The minor role of Ruggiero was excellently done by Spiro Malas.

I think we should be grateful to the Friends of French Opera for their revivals of such out-of-the-way items, even though the organization seems to be proving that there really isn't very much good French opera. Still, what the Friends produce does have its historical interest. I note that next season they plan to put on an opera by Giacomo Meyerbeer, who has long been regarded by practically everybody as the worst of all nineteenth-century opera composers of any pretensions. It happens that I have *never* heard a Meyerbeer opera, and I look forward to this opportunity to make up my own mind.

ABOUT the only distinctive feature of the Metropolitan Opera's "Cavalleria Rusticana" on Wednesday night was the voice of Eileen Farrell, who sang Santuzza in a heart-rending, if occasionally somewhat explosive, manner. The "Pagliacci" that inevitably followed had more things to admire, among them a fine prologue sung by Nicolae Herlea, who is a Rumanian baritone with quite an elegant style; the familiar Nedda of Lucine Amara,

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which is one of the best Neddas now around; an excellent Silvio, sung by Calvin Marsh; and, coming as a surprise in the second-act *commedia-dell'-arte* scene, a very expressive Beppe, sung by Franco Ghitti, a lyric tenor who was making his début. The Canio of Franco Corelli, however, was just about what might have been expected. He strode around the stage like Tarzan, sang loudly but without any trace of emotional inflection, and broke down at the end of his "Vesti la Giubba" in an orgy of bathos that had nothing to do with singing and seemed tacked on as a sort of added attraction. It is, I think, a pity that the possessor of one of the most powerful and potentially beautiful dramatic-tenor voices of our day should fail to realize its potentialities merely through a manifest innocence of how to use it. A year's vacation and a lot of singing lessons would do wonders for Mr. Corelli.

THE previous evening—Tuesday—took me to the Philadelphia Orchestra's concert at Lincoln Center, where Eugene Ormandy offered his audience a Symphony No. 3 by the Michigan composer Ross Lee Finney. Its orchestration was highly individual, and I could not help thinking that Mr. Finney might produce something really worth listening to if he could kick over the traces of the serial system of composition. The symphony was followed by a splendid performance of the Schumann Piano Concerto, with Rudolf Serkin as soloist.

When it was over, I left to go to the Metropolitan to see how Leonie Rysanek and Jess Thomas would do in the principal roles of "Lohengrin," which they were singing here for the first time. Both did quite well. Miss Rysanek, though her voice has never been an altogether satisfying one throughout its range, sang with a great deal of opulent tone, and Mr. Thomas, dressed a little like a ballet dancer's idea of a fairy prince, managed some trumpeting tones that were not unimpressive. Hermann Uhde, a great actor, was a properly malignant Telramund. The other roles were in familiar hands.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

◆

The idea of a freeze of nuclear-delivery vehicles is implicit in the first stage of a disarmament plan submitted by the United States in April, 1962. By offering to negotiate it separately, the United States emphasized its hope for limited agreements during the necessarily slow negotiations for general and complete disagreement. —*The Times*.

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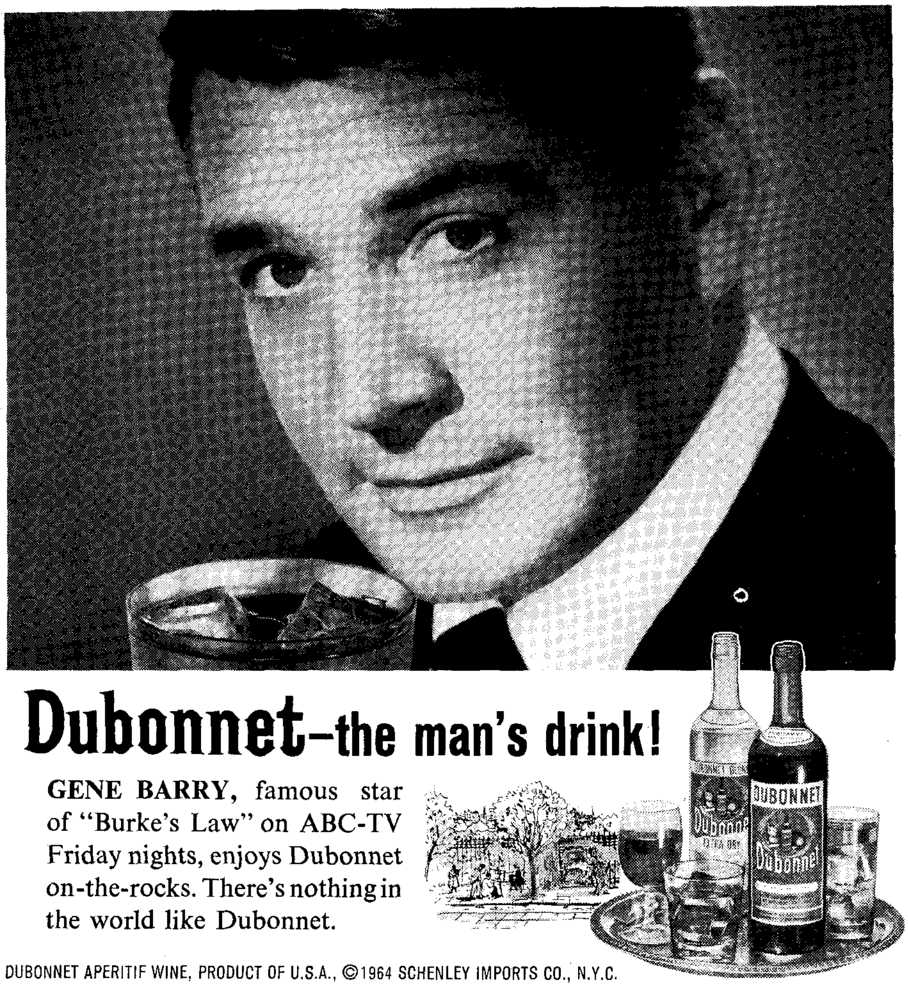
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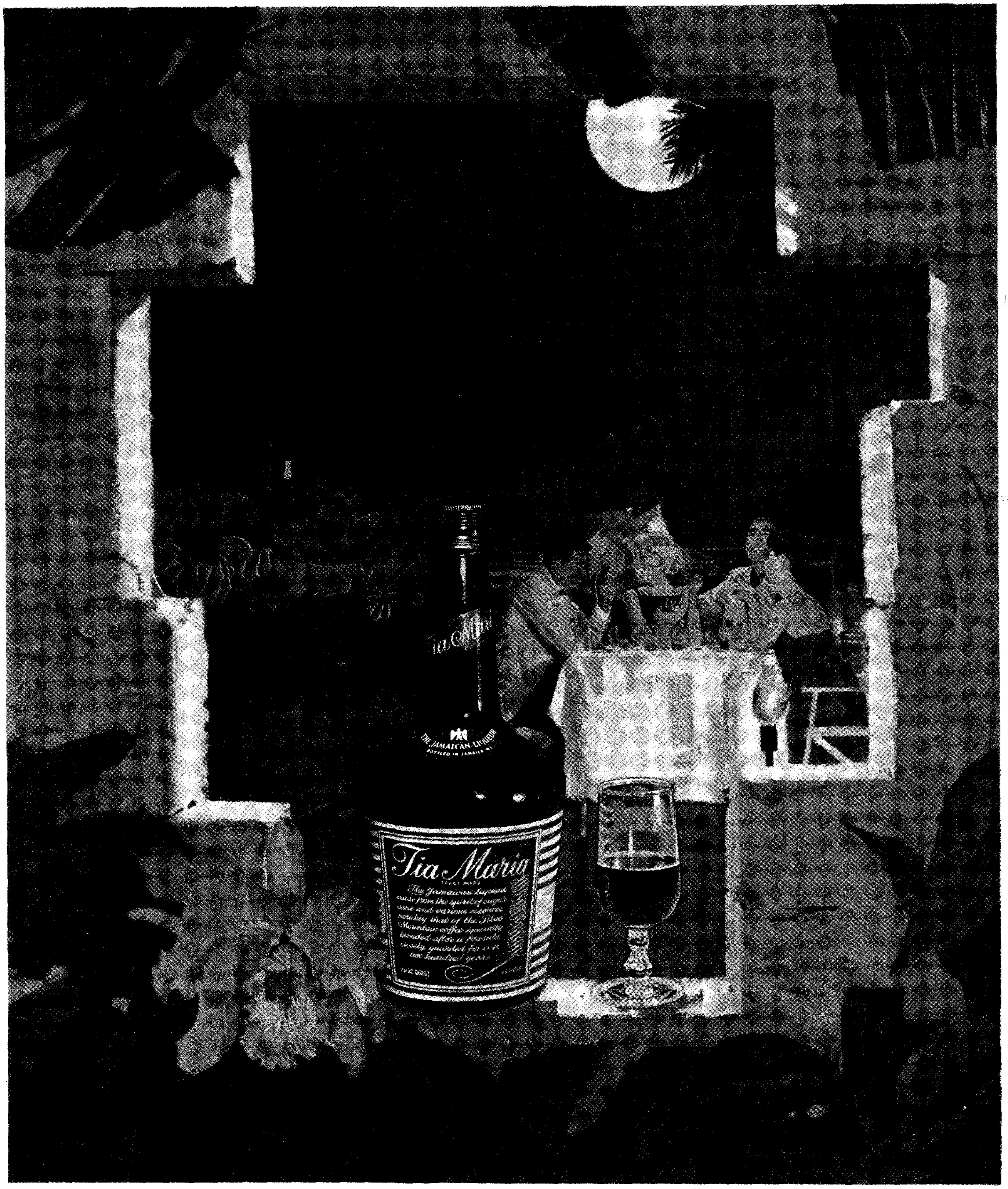
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MARCH 15

AMBASSADOR LODGE will stay on at his post through at least a few more primaries, and will thus remain bound by the Foreign Service regulations that prohibit an officer from engaging in partisan controversy. Seldom, one imagines, has a prohibition been more welcome. Saigon is a privileged sanctuary; the gag rule is emancipating. The losers in the New Hampshire primary insist that Lodge owes it to the Party and to the country to come home and "debate the issues." What they want is not controversy but company; they want Lodge to share the perils of exposure and disclosure. Senator Goldwater, talking to some college students in California two days ago, said that he thought it would be in the national interest to have Lodge address a joint session of Congress on the situation in South Vietnam. An interesting precedent would be established if this were to happen, but it isn't likely to. The Ambassador today has no more need to be advised by Senator Goldwater than Cassius Clay has to receive instruction from Sonny Liston. The Ambassador may not keep the heavyweight Republican title for long, but if and when it is taken from him, the loss will not be attributable to any flaws in his present strategy. Presidential politics is unlike boxing in that it is entirely possible for a man to become a champion in his division without ever climbing into the ring. In 1952, the Democrats denied their nomination to the late Estes Kefauver, who had fought for it all over the country and won a number of spectacular victories, and thrust it upon Adlai Stevenson, who had been deskbound in Springfield, Illinois, and occupied largely with telling people he didn't want to be a candidate. In the same year, Dwight Eisenhower, a noncombatant with a job in Paris, swept the New Hampshire Republican primary and remained abroad until a few weeks before the national Convention. He returned in June—at the urging of his manager, Henry Cabot Lodge—to "campaign" against Robert A. Taft. He didn't "debate the issues," though. Instead, he made what he so accurately described in his recent volume of memoirs as "a series of personal appearances." These may have been helpful. Taft was a strong and resourceful opponent, and at the time of Eisenhower's return he had about eighty per cent of the delegates he needed to win nomination on the first ballot. Lodge is, of course, no Eisenhower, but neither is Goldwater a Taft, and in theory, at least, there is absolutely no reason for Lodge not to stand mute in Saigon until all the debaters have exhausted themselves and their audiences, and until all the tiresome primaries are over.

"Goodness! What was that horrible noise? It wasn't a scream, a screech, a shriek, a bellow, or a roar."

There are certain disadvantages in this strategy, but most of them seem rather easy to overcome, and the compensating advantages are large. It is said to be difficult to raise money for an absentee candidate, and no doubt it is. The shoppers like to see the merchandise. On the other hand, the present Lodge strategy doesn't call for much money. The government is paying all his bills in Saigon, and he doesn't have to charter any airplanes, trains, or buses; no stadiums have to be rented, and no large staff of researchers and ghostwriters must be maintained. If there is any serious demand to know Lodge's "position" on any of the "issues," it can be satisfied in a number of ways. In a long public career, Lodge has addressed himself to just about every question of policy there is; it's all on the record in one form or another. Moreover, he has a son who seems not only a devoted follower and a shrewd organizer but an eloquent spokesman. On one matter, Lodge is free to speak as often as he wants. According to Goldwater, Rockefeller, and Nixon, the big Republican issue in 1964 will be "the fight against Communism." Lodge can't criticize President Johnson on this, but



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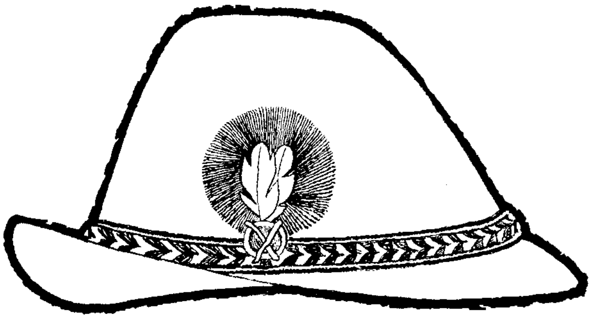
OFFICES AND AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES he isn't running against the President at the moment, and neither is anyone else. But he can join with the others in denouncing the Communists and all their works at the top of his voice any time he feels like it; in fact, this is one of the things the government is paying him to do. And his position in South Vietnam gives his supporters one enormous advantage. They can point out that while Goldwater and the others are merely *talking* about Communism in supermarket parking lots, their man is actually *doing* something about it right up in the front lines. One picture of Lodge surrounded by armed anti-Vietcong guerrillas in the Mekong Delta must be worth, even at a conservative's estimate, three of Barry Goldwater surrounded by anti-Castro banqueters in the Beverly Hilton. In the event of any really urgent need to provide clarification or amplification, Lodge might adapt to his own purposes a device employed by the late Joseph R. McCarthy on the eve of his Senate career. In 1944, when McCarthy first sought the Republican nomination for the Senate, he was both a circuit judge on the Wisconsin Supreme Court and a captain in the United States Marines. Wisconsin law held that he could not, as a judge, run for any nonjudicial office, and military regulations forbade him to speak publicly on any political issues. McCarthy ignored the state law and got around the military regulations by coming home from the South Pacific on a thirty-day pass and telling voters what views he would express if he were free to express any views. For example, he began a speech to the Milwaukee League of Women Voters by saying, "I wish I could discuss the importance of oil and the importance of maintaining a strong Army and Navy. But I may not do so. If I were able to speak, here's what I'd say. . . ." He went on from there.

Lodge's showing in New Hampshire was a surprise even to those opinion-samplers who had canvassed the state and had expected him to do quite well. They do not think his victory can be explained as that of a "favorite son" or a "regional candidate." On the contrary, they see it as an outsider's triumph. Of the four leading candidates, Lodge was the only one who had no prominent New Hampshire politicians supporting him. All the established local politicians were on the ballot as delegates committed to one or another of the losers, and not one of them will be seated at the Convention in July. New Hampshire has put Lodge in the front rank, and he will stay there at least



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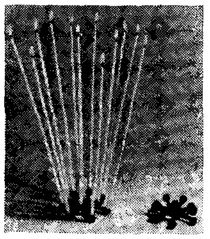

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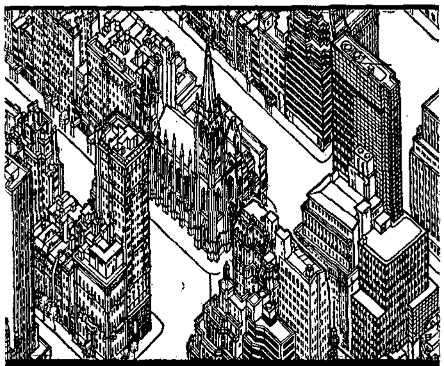

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until the Convention, for he has something of value to trade. He may have a good deal more to trade if General Eisenhower decides to endorse him. (It is believed that Eisenhower's prestige helped him mightily last week. While the Goldwater and Rockefeller forces were buying television time by the half hour, the Lodge people bought it by the half minute to show an old film clip of the General beaming at Lodge and saying, "This is the man we want . . ." There must have been more to the sentence than that, but no one remembered the occasion, and there was no clue to what Eisenhower wanted Lodge *for.* Anyway, it was reported to be highly effective.) Thus far, Eisenhower has said nothing about the new situation created by the New Hampshire Republican voters. He is known, though, to look upon Lodge with admiration and gratitude; it is doubtful whether this could be said to be his view of any other candidate. If Eisenhower should at any point openly endorse Lodge, the Ambassador would be a hard man for the Convention to turn down.

DESPITE Lodge's showing last week, and despite all the advantages his present position appears to give him, however, most people here feel that his chances of actually getting the nomination in July are slim. For one thing, New Hampshire is one of the few places in which the sort of victory that Lodge won over the local politicians is possible. Only two or three other states allow democracy to go to such dangerous lengths; in most states the rules of primaries and nominating conventions severely limit the options, and thus the influence, of rank-and-file voters. And wherever the political leaders are secure in their authority, Lodge will face hostility. He has never been well regarded in professional circles, and his troublemaking of last week will hardly improve his standing. Among those who still honor the memory of Robert Taft, Lodge is looked upon as an enemy commander. Many influential Republicans think he blew the 1960 election when he said that there ought to be a Negro in Richard Nixon's Cabinet. Conservative leaders recall with extreme distaste his role as Nikita Khrushchev's American cicerone in 1959, and they regard as an expression of almost treasonable sentiment his statement, made in the course of that memorable journey, that the United States could no longer be accurately described as a capitalist society. Most politicians who know him con-

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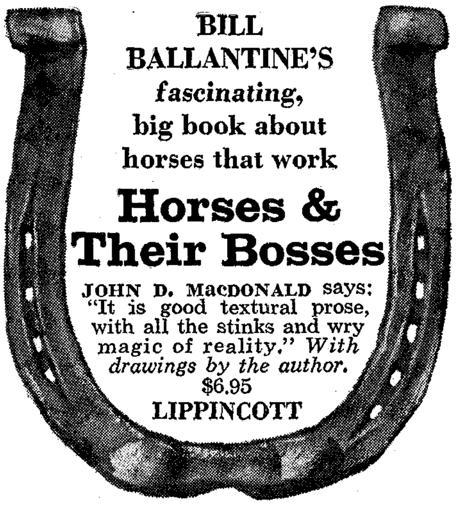

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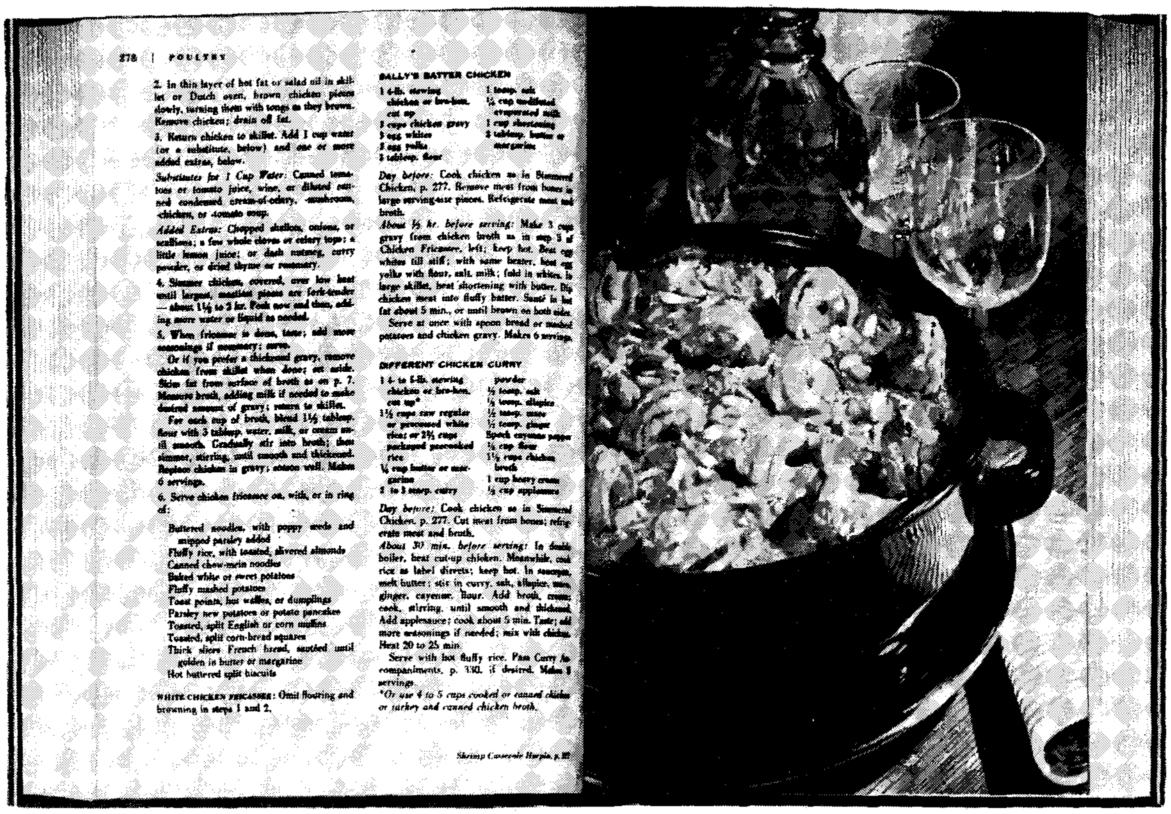

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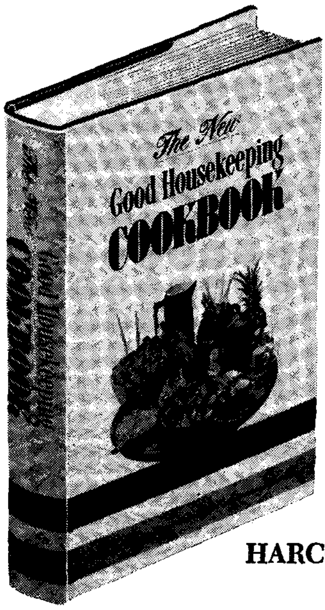

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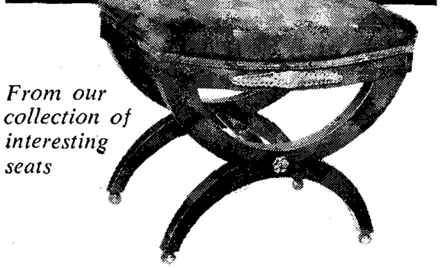

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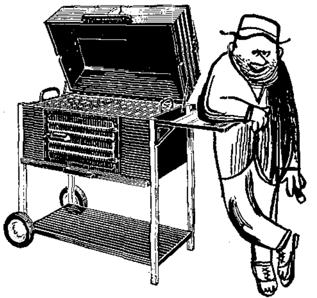
sider him starchy, sniffish, snobbish, and Bostonian to a quite unacceptable degree. Those who profess to believe that a tough and energetic intelligence is a political asset maintain that he is an intellectually frivolous man. No one up to now has ever thought highly of him as a campaigner. The elections he has won were all sure things. He was Eisenhower's campaign manager in 1952, but Eisenhower could not have lost in 1952 even if he had put Harold Stassen in charge of his affairs. While Eisenhower carried Massachusetts by two hundred thousand votes, Lodge lost his Senate seat to John F. Kennedy by seventy thousand. His service thereafter was in the United Nations, which is strictly extraterritorial as far as politicians are concerned; there are very few votes there, and the patronage is negligible. In professional circles, the impression is widespread that Lodge is wanting in diligence. There are ugly rumors to the effect that he is addicted to long afternoon naps—a practice considered winning in Calvin Coolidge and advisable for Lyndon Johnson but one that, in these stern times when Republican votes come hard, is evidently as inexcusable for a Republican as divorce.

Outside the camps of the hot partisans, the general view is that New Hampshire has strengthened the arguments of those who have been saying all along that the Republican Party, merely to assure its own survival, will be compelled to reject, on the one hand, Goldwater and, on the other, Rockefeller and all aspirants who stand close to Rockefeller on questions of public policy—such as, for example, Lodge. The nomination of as militant a rightist as Goldwater would be fatal because of the votes it would cost in the industrial states; the nomination of Rockefeller or any other Eastern liberal would be fatal because it would cause so much disaffection within Republican organizations, where the most dedicated workers are often dedicated Goldwaterites. New Hampshire seems to have exposed as groundless the political assumption upon which right-wing Republicans have been basing their claims to recognition for the past quarter century. From Taft's quest for the nomination in 1940 to Goldwater's in 1964, the argument has been that the United States is a basically conservative country and that the reason so many people don't vote in primary or general elections is that the conservative masses see no point in troubling to express their preference for one liberal over another liberal. But if these people exist any-



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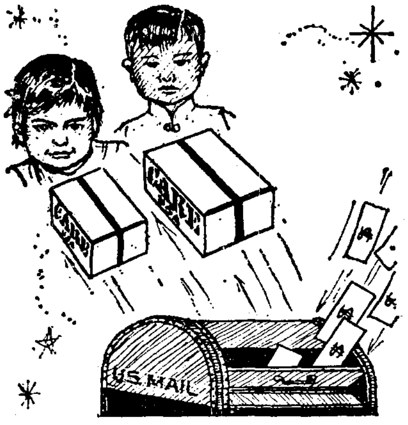

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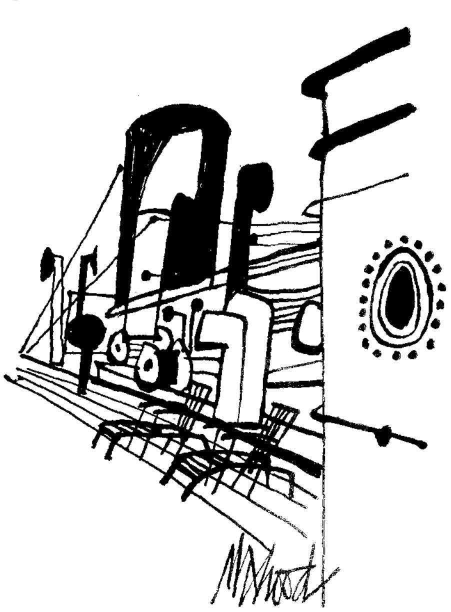
where, they don't seem to exist in New Hampshire, and it is hard to see how the Taft-Goldwater theory can be upheld after an election that set a widely publicized rightist against the field and gave the rightist less than one vote in four. It is axiomatic that no Republican can win a national election unless he can poll just about the full strength of his own party and, as Eisenhower did, attract millions of non-Republican voters as well. In New Hampshire, every vote that Goldwater didn't get was a vote against him, and the tabulations seem to cast considerable doubt on whether the Senator could count on carrying his own party—outside the South, which is a special case and not an important one at this stage—if he should be the candidate on November 3rd.

A Republican of the Lodge-Rockefeller persuasion would almost certainly lose the Party the votes of many of those who turned out for Goldwater last week, but the numbers would matter little, since there would be the hope of more than making up for the loss by attracting independent and Democratic support. Nevertheless, the feeling here is that the Party would also be risking its whole future if it nominated anyone whom the Goldwater people could not in good conscience support. For while it now seems plainly a myth that there are tens of millions of citizens waiting for a chance to support a true rightist, there is no doubt at all that there are a good many thousand Republicans who are passionate in their rightist convictions and who are terribly bitter over what they regard as the shameful treatment accorded their spokesmen throughout the years since 1940. They are people who are willing to work hard and to give of their wealth, which is in many



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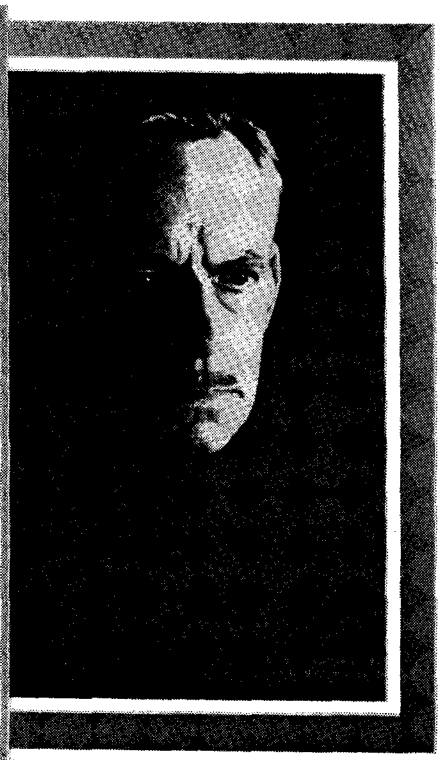

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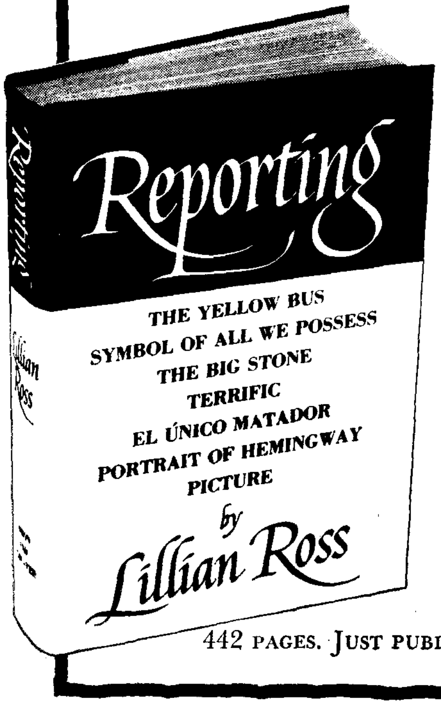

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cases considerable, for a leader who represents them as Goldwater does. In recent years, thanks largely to Goldwater's gift for firing their enthusiasm and mobilizing their energies, they have managed to win effective control of many pieces of political machinery. They are firmly in charge of the Party not only throughout most of the South but in large areas west of the Mississippi. The Republican organization in Texas is theirs and theirs alone, and it is powerful enough to have sent to Congress two men—Senator John Tower and Representative Bruce Alger—who have contrived to occupy ground well to the right of Barry Goldwater's. Even in New Hampshire, the right wing controlled, until last week, most of the machinery. The Goldwater faction has been strong in the National Committee, whose chairman, Representative William E. Miller, of New York, generally sounds as if his own sympathies were deeply engaged by rightist candidates and rightist doctrines.

It will be argued by Goldwater's rivals from the East that the consequences of giving offense to the rightists would not be terribly grave. They can point to 1952, when the national Convention rejected Taft for the fourth and last time. There was no serious trouble; the Party prospered greatly, and Eisenhower brought Goldwater in on his coattails. Where else, the Republican liberals are sure to say, can the conservatives go? But the situation in 1952 was very different from the situation in 1964. Eisenhower was the candidate of the liberals, but he was never really one of their number; he was in many ways to the right of Taft. Besides, he was a great presence in American life, and his willingness to serve the Republicans was practically an assurance of their return to power. No one in the field today could bring to the Party more than a fraction of the strength that Eisenhower brought to it. The prospect seems to be for defeat no matter who runs. And Goldwater in 1964 is not at all the kind of conservative leader that Taft was in 1952. Taft was first of all a man of his party; journalists who enjoy doing such things fastened upon him the eponym "Mr. Republican." He set great store by Party unity and discipline and responsibility. Goldwater may value them, too, but not very much. He has seldom been able to accept Party discipline himself. His voting record is that of a rebel against the leadership—in contrast to Taft, who *was* the leadership. It is the contempt Goldwater has shown for the

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leadership that has attracted the larger part of his following. He is by temperament anything but a fanatic himself, but the fanatics have been drawn to him. His principal financial backers differ in many ways from those who supported Taft. Taft drew much of his support from Middle Western industrialists and bankers who had some understanding of the imperatives of an industrial society; they didn't spend much time denouncing the graduated income tax or Social Security. Goldwater's support comes largely from Southwestern speculators and promoters whose economic views and practices are largely pre-industrial. They have no tradition of Republicanism; many of them are former Democrats, and their loyalty is not to the Republican Party but to Goldwater.

IT is just about impossible to imagine how the earnest Goldwaterites might be persuaded to help in a campaign to put Nelson Rockefeller or Henry Cabot Lodge in the White House, and it is therefore just about impossible to imagine a convention nominating anyone of this sort. A majority of delegates could, of course, decide that there are worse things in life than political schism. The Republicans split in 1912, in the full knowledge that neither William Howard Taft nor Theodore Roosevelt had any hope of election. But unity is the first and last principle of most professional politicians, and it is seldom that they dishonor it. Well before last November, observers here felt that the likeliest outcome of Republican maneuverings in 1964 would be the selection of a candidate who could at least be tolerated by both the Goldwater and the Rockefeller wings of the Party. It is not certain that any such person exists; it is certain, though, that Ambassador Lodge could not be the man of this particular hour if this is what the hour demands. Some people think that Governor Scranton, of Pennsylvania, might prove an ideal compromise candidate, but it is not clear that he holds this view of the matter. Nor is it clear that he would be acceptable. To become acceptable, he would have to demonstrate to the Party leaders wherein he differs from Rockefeller and Lodge, and as far as is currently known he differs from them in no important respects. He is, like them, an Easterner of inherited wealth and status, and all his associations have been with the same political and financial interests that they have been associated with. His record in Congress and in Harrisburg gives no indication that he stands anywhere outside the

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tradition they represent, and nothing that is known of him suggests that he would value the nomination enough to try to establish himself in some other tradition. The case of Richard Nixon is quite different. It was thought for some time that his defeat in California two years ago and his subsequent move to New York made any early resumption of a political career impossible. Our national parties are really federations of state parties, and no man can get very far unless he commands the support and resources of a state organization. In American political terms, Nixon is a stateless person. But if, at present, he has no geographical base, he has no ideological base, either, and the lack of the second may more than offset the lack of the first. He is part of no tradition in Republican politics. He has never found it difficult to move into the center, wherever the center happens to be. He stood midway between Goldwater and Rockefeller in 1960. He made a few enemies in both camps by doing so, but he made some good connections, too. If he isn't nominated again, it will be only because the conflict in the Party is irreconcilable. It is clear that he himself doesn't think this is the case. He thinks he has in his own person the instrument of conciliation.—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

In the final scene of the film, the mother kills the child's pet frog with a knife. Again, the carnage takes place off-screen, though the viewer will find it difficult to realize that he didn't really *see* it happen. Afterwards, we show Ursula getting the knife from the cupboard, then her image, printed in multiple—blurred. She walks toward her mother. We cut to a shot of the mother, her face lit with a witchy yellow glow. She hears the child's voice, and her expression changes; she jumps back and *her* image is multiple-printed. Next, a shot of the knife flying through the air; the woman screams and the sound is reverberated for four seconds. We see her hands struggling against the knife, then they become still, curved in a cathedral-arch over it. We dissolve to a shot of the ocean, filmed through a red filter so that it looks like a sea of blood; this dissolves to a long view of the murder scene: completely silent, with the woman lying on the kitchen floor. The camera pans left to show the child, rocking back and forth, chanting to herself, "wicked girl, bad girl, must be punished," and the chant reverberates into silence. *Ursula* won the Gold Medallion as the best scripted film at the 1961 Cannes Film Festival.

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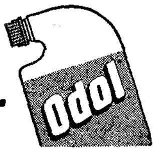
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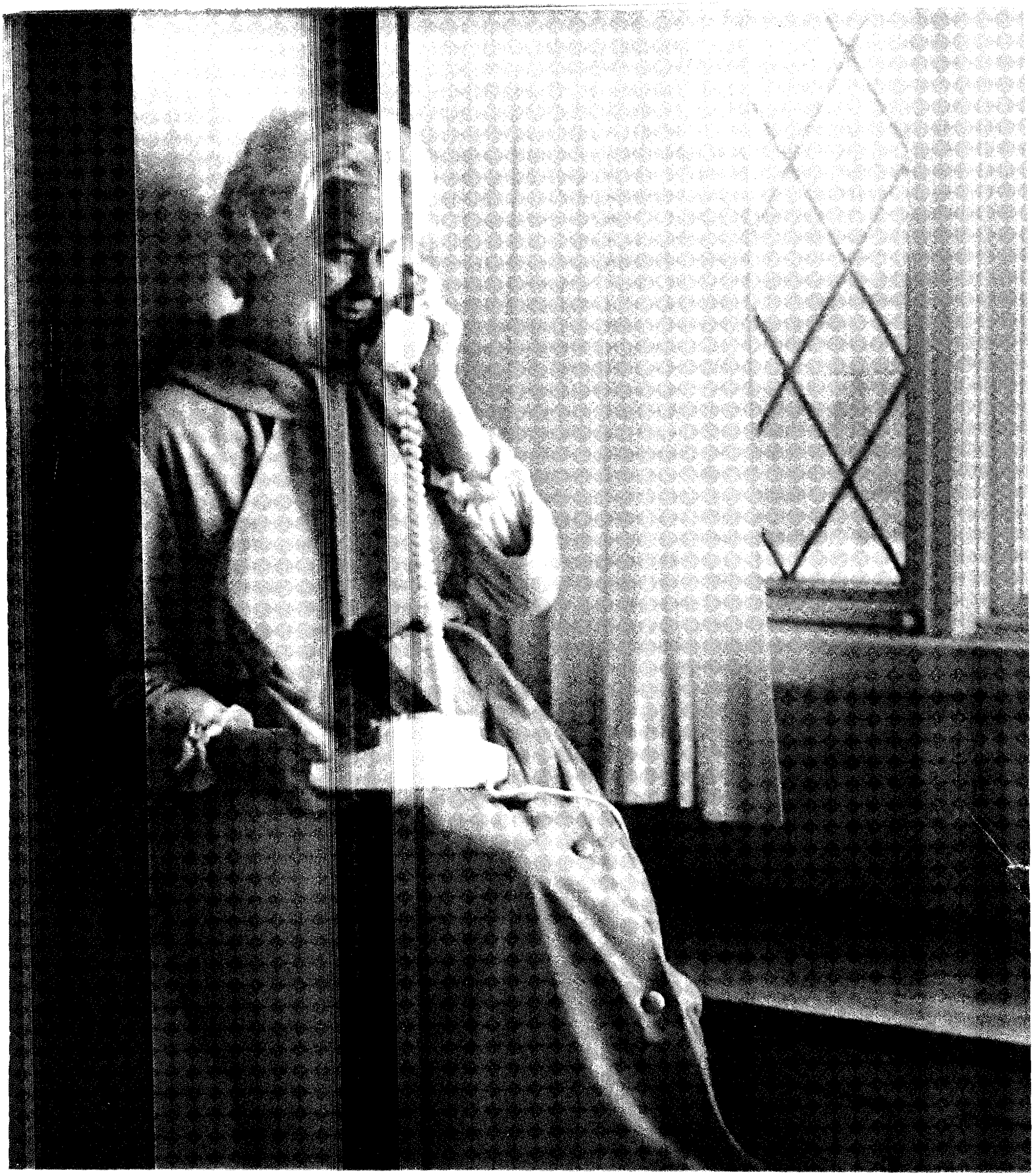

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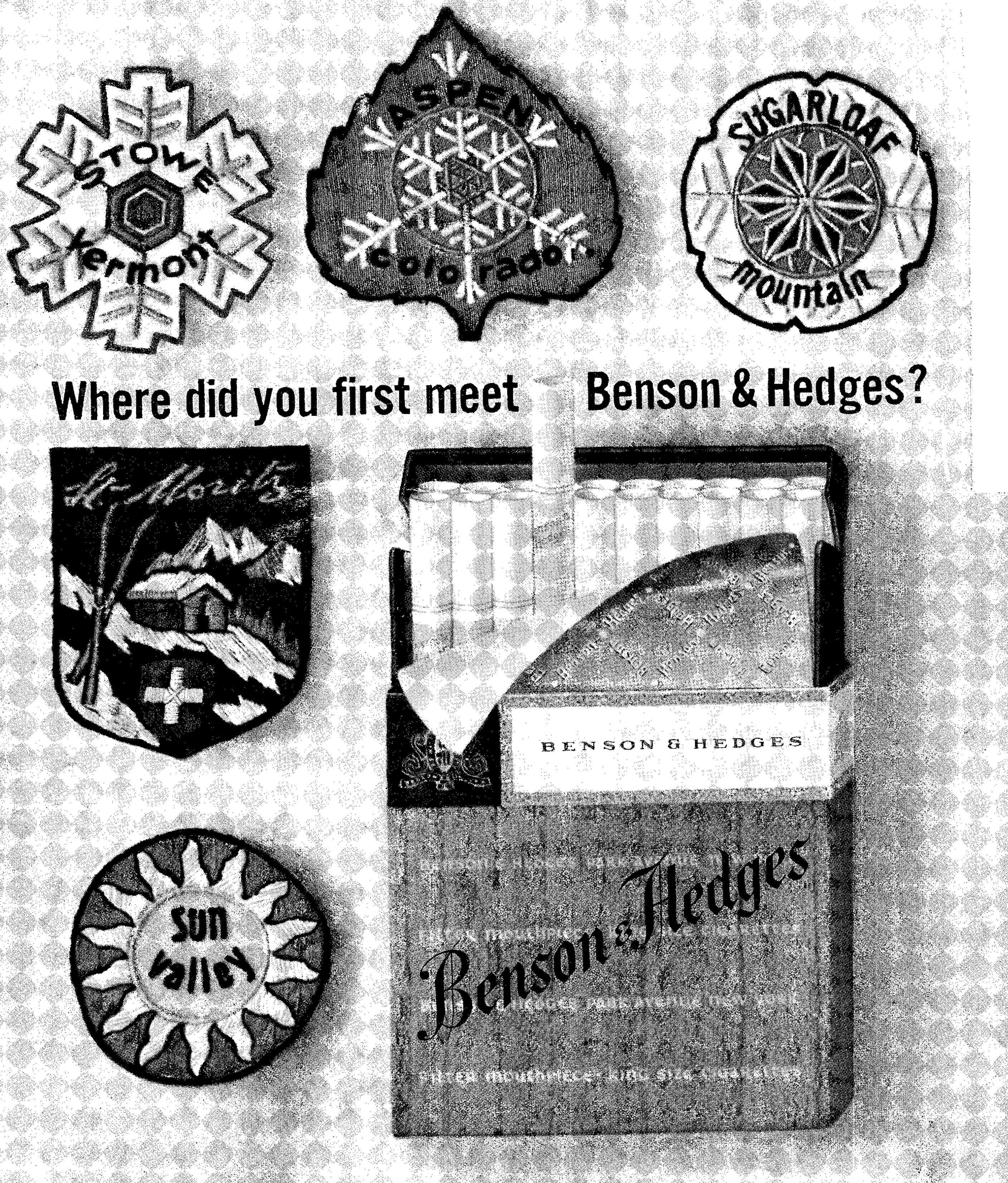

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